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# CORONALIS.



DESIGNED AS

A MEMORIAL OF THE CORONATION

OF HER

MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

## QUEEN VICTORIA.

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SUSSEX ACADEMY, HASTINGS.

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## P R E F A C E.

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WITH nations, as with individuals, there are seasons, which, from their importance and non-recurrence, deserve to be regarded as epochs, or stages in the journey of life; when it is peculiarly imperative to review the past road, to cast a prospective glance upon the future path, and to adopt those measures which wisdom suggests. The Author could not but regard the Coronation of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria as such an event in our national history; and thinking that the reflections in which his own mind had been occupied might prove acceptable to others, if presented in the fairy form of verse, has induced him to lay the following lines before the public. He trusts that his endeavour to avoid, on this happy occasion, anything like a discordant note of political partisanship, will meet with approbation; and he would willingly have followed the same course with respect to the controversy between Protestants and Romanists, had he not felt that by so doing, he

must have omitted a reference to the most stirring events of British history, and promote the popularity of his Poem at the too-expensive sacrifice of principle, when Romanists, on the contrary, are straining every nerve for the re-ascendancy of their principles, and going forth on all sides for the re-conversion (*i. e.* perversion) of the country. Although the Author is opposed to the doctrines of Romanists, he entertains only the most brotherly feeling towards their persons, and would willingly contribute to his utmost to relieve them from the burden of supporting a church to which they are opposed; although he cannot find that the Church of Rome has set such an example to those who differ from her. It is the deliberate conviction of his mind, that "the faith once delivered to the saints" is as capable of overcoming a world in arms and errors now, as it was at the period of its first promulgation; and that nothing is so calculated to dishonor the divine Author of the Gospel as a criminal reliance upon "an arm of flesh," to the neglect of that Hand, which always will direct the helm of His church and bear her triumphantly through every storm into the heavenly haven.

CASTLE HILL, HASTINGS.

## NOTES.

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PAGE 9.

*A colder frost, &c.*

The winter of 1837-8 will be long remembered, for its unusual severity.

PAGE 9.

*A horrid crash, &c.*

While the eye of philanthropy cannot but regard with interest, the tremour of the Papal States, as indicative of a period of returning animation, when they will, it is hoped, cast off the incubus of civil, and especially of religious despotism; there is, indeed, cause for serious apprehension lest the re-action be attended by the licentiousness of the French revolution of 1789, or the infidel spirit which has fearfully prevailed since that of 1830,—a lamentable, but almost necessary consequence of a rupture with Romanism, where the people have not, from the perusal of the Scriptures, seen Christianity in its loveliness and simplicity,

and thereby been prepared to believe that true religion may exist, though the *soi disant* Mother of Churches disgusts them with her *bêtises*.

## PAGE 10.

*A sovereign reigning, &c.*

If absolutism was torn from the crown in the time of the Stuarts, their successors have had cause to rejoice at the absence of a branch which was prolific only in thorns. If less opportunity is now afforded for the display of a mind of the high order of an Alfred's, society is shielded from tyranny, and the regal power freed from much of its most harrassing responsibility; while we trust and believe, that the day is far distant, when the nation would wish to see the crown, supported otherwise than as becomes a state of the rank and importance of Great Britain.

## PAGE 11.

*First among the free!*

The only nation that could compete with Great Britain for liberty, in its extended sense, was America; and by opposing the emancipation of the slave, she has gone far to the rearward of Old England.

PAGE 11.

*Or of a realm, &c.*

The Author has pleasure in acknowledging that as far as he is aware, the originality of this idea, under a different form, is due to the talented Authoress of the Birth-day Tribute, L.E.L.

PAGE 11.

*And for her Maker, &c.*

Perhaps the British arms were never more immediately and entirely employed for the generous and disinterested purpose of defending mankind from cruel bondage and oppression than in the siege of Algiers; the fruit of which engagement was the liberation of numbers,—some of whom had become grey-headed in cruel servitude.

PAGE 13.

*When the bold Saint, &c.*

Efforts have been made to date the principles of Protestantism as contemporary only with Luther; this, however, no one conversant with history will allow to be the case: as, from the first corruption of the Church of Rome, there were men or parties who exposed and denounced those errors, which, when ripe and accumulated, Wickliffe successfully wrote against.

## PAGE 13.

*Salvation's charter, &c.*

The non-publication of one authoritative edition of the Scriptures, in any one living language of "the peoples and multitudes," &c., over which the Church of Rome has presided, gainsays her claim to be the Church of Him who, throughout His revelation, commands the publication and perusal of His Word. Her motive is evident.—What highwayman posts the "hue and cry" bills for his own apprehension?

## PAGE 13.

*In sober zeal, &c.*

The amiable and pious Bishop Hooper when fastened to the stake had Queen Mary's pardon placed in a box before him, which he was offered on the sole condition of his recanting. The temptation was immense,—but he remained faithful unto death. The Romish church, which never retracts, *has still an ordinance for the burning of heretics*, and, although this is out of use, little thanks are due for forbearance,—as Bunyan's two giants were only harmless, because they were chained.



# CORONALIS.

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## PART I.

A colder frost than wintry blasts have sent,  
The soul must freeze, the feeblest hand prevent  
The Harp from striking to some loyal lay,  
Invoking blessings on the Royal sway  
Of Britain's Queen, upon her Crowning day.  
While nations, like Iberia, heave and rock,  
And dread the terrors of the coming shock,—  
A horrid crash—o'erwhelming fane and tow'r,  
With superstitious and tyrannic pow'r,—  
To ope, perhaps, the dens of dread despair,  
Where democratic tigers howl and tear,  
Thine is the part, Britannia! blest of Heav'n!  
To praise the Hand that bounteously has giv'n  
A state of Pow'r, that knows no hostile dread,  
Abundance, blessing Industry with bread;

A Peace, from liberty and law that flows,  
Not that which stagnant, slavish fears disclose;  
A Sov'reign, reigning not for self alone,  
Who finds in ev'ry heart a loyal throne;  
A Faith, that bids the soul exalted rise  
From earth, to find a home beyond the skies;  
No gloomy rite, no hard requirement mars,  
A Gospel, which no wholesome joy debars,  
But centres all within its heav'n-drawn plan,  
In praise to God and blessedness to man.  
He oft has spread, o'er Albion's favor'd land,  
His shelt'ring shield, His good-dispensing hand,—  
Now places on a height, unreach'd before,  
And e'en has higher honors still in store,  
If well improv'd the boon He now bestows,  
And if in righteousness Britannia grows.  
'Twixt joyous shouts, and cannons' festive roar,  
The harp would seek to tell thy blessings o'er,—  
Describe our duty with the road to fame,  
The certain way to gain a deathless name,  
And e'en a crown of endless glory claim.

## PART II.

Lov'd Albion's annals, open'd to the view,  
With years and scenes of ever-vari'd hue,  
In patriot pride each Briton haileth thee,  
Queen of the blest! and first among the free!  
But what thy glory? Where thy highest good?  
Is oft, alas! but little understood:  
If 'twere in Prowess, both by flood and field,  
Or in thy sceptre's giant stretch and wield,  
Elate we'd tell of battle, storm, and fight;  
Or of a realm that never knows a night;  
Of sires, who, 'neath their Lion-hearted king,  
With val'rous deeds, made Palestina ring;  
Pluck'd from such fields as Cressy or Poitiers  
A wreath, whose verdure braves the blight of years;  
Then sing of sons, who oft have shown again  
Courage, undaunted on the battle plain,  
Or prov'd Britannia mistress of the main.  
Her later thunder, told in terrors loud,  
Defeat, disgrace, upon the Pirate proud,—  
Releas'd the captive from the galling oar,  
And for her Maker had his woes be o'er.  
If e'er thy standard did the breeze adorn,  
'Twas when to save the wretched and forlorn,

Thy deadly lightning o'er the surge was borne!  
In vain, the adamantine walls oppos'd  
Their frowning fronts—to Britain's storm expos'd,  
Which laid in ashes, ruin, and the dust,  
The tyrant's tow'rs of slavery and lust.  
Yet here, alas! how short the arm of man!—  
The shafts miss'd him who had the strife began;  
And gain'd the freedom of the Christian slaves,  
Alone, by sweeping others to their graves.  
If such the errors of the noblest cause,  
With less regret we'll turn away from wars,  
(Which ne'er decide, between the wrong or right,  
But give supremacy alone to might,)  
And seek a glory, in the moral world,  
As ne'er, on battle field, has been unfurl'd.

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### PART III.

Bright beam'd the day, when manly Barons bold  
The Charter did of freedom fair unfold;  
When vow'd the King, to keep the sacred cause,  
And rule the people by establish'd laws.

But still a brighter ray illum'd the land  
When the bold Saint attack'd the monkish band,  
Who kept "the keys," but, like their kin of old,  
The way to stop, and close from flock, the fold.  
Salvation's charter wide he spread abroad,  
And rais'd aloft the standard of the Lord.  
Truth, sacred truth, e'er winning, bright, and fair,  
Divinely blest, made true Reformers there ;  
Who burst the shackles that enslav'd the mind,  
And gave, like chaff, their dogmas to the wind.  
The dungeon, scourge, and fire, in vain display  
Their woes, to make the martyrs blest, betray  
The Saviour's cause,—to own for truth a lie,  
And thus with error, let their fellows die.  
Of all the heroes that the world have grac'd  
There's none that may with these be plac'd ;  
Who gave their life, and brav'd the burning stake,  
In sober zeal, for truth and virtue's sake.  
No warrior's lot,—no martial shouts and airs,—  
But torture, death, and ribaldry, were theirs ;  
No fed'rate hosts to keep their courage high,  
But Stephen's Lord, and Stephen's help was nigh.  
This faith beheld, and grasp'd, though 'yond the sky.  
Not with their fires, the martyr light decay'd,  
But brighter shone o'er superstition's shade ;

Attracted by its warmth, each candid heart  
Forsook the tyrant, for the lib'ral part,—  
Tore from their limbs the Babylonish vest,  
And in the Saviour's righteousness were drest.  
As mists are chas'd, when day's bright beams arise,  
And the blest light, spreads o'er the circling skies,  
So truth, refulgent, rose on Papal night,  
Nor ceas'd to shine, when that was put to flight;  
But cheer'd and nurtur'd every healthy shoot  
Of knowledge, or of freedom's sacred root.  
Soon high, amid the nations, Britain tow'rs,  
And moves, the envy of tyrannic pow'rs,  
Who league to crush sweet liberty in bud,  
And float their errors in a nation's blood.  
But He, who holds the tempest in His hand,  
The proud Armada, shatter'd on our strand,  
And prov'd the charge, as none might e'er deny,  
That Rome's infallibility's a lie.  
So, when a Tyrant sought again to throw  
O'er faith and liberty the veil of woe,  
The people rose, and sternly vow'd to free  
Themselves and sons from hateful slavery;—  
Drove from the throne the one who dar'd to sport  
With all,—that bade them even life support,

And raised up Him, upon their land to shine,  
From whom descended, in a Royal line,  
Is that Fair One, beneath whose gentle sway,  
Kind Providence has cast our happy day.  
Cheer'd by thy genial sun, my native land,  
Sweet poesy, and ev'ry science bland,  
As well as sterner virtues of the mind,  
Did soon a garden's grateful shelter find;  
While ev'ry cloud, that's dim'd thy hallow'd light,  
And ev'ry storm, that's spent its utmost spite,  
Has pass'd,—to leave a brighter, clearer ray,  
And herald on the high and perfect day.

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## PART IV.

Well may we pause, and from the lofty spot  
On which kind heav'n has plac'd our happy lot,  
Look back, and praise the Great protecting arm;  
Onward behold, and deprecate from harm,  
By that hiest Pow'r still long to be preserv'd,  
And for a course of usefulness reserv'd.

Basking 'neath liberty's meridian sun,—  
The slave's curs'd fetters now for e'er undone;  
Commerce extended to each distant shore,  
The question prompts—What needs Britannia more?  
To conquests fresh, shall still a warlike fire  
Her martial and her naval sons inspire?  
Haste, from some foe, the laurel'd wreath to tear,  
Or, Bootes like, to drive the bulky Bear?  
No chaplets fresh thy peace and honor crave,—  
Be thine alone to succour and to save,  
For this becomes the mighty and the brave.  
Far nobler fields than those of gore and strife  
Demand the energies of fleeting life.  
No longer let it be our darling claim  
To point the gun with an unequal'd aim,  
Or deepest plunge in brother's heart the sword,  
And most destroy, the best work of the Lord:—  
Hence may it be our constant, great concern,  
From ev'ry low and vicious path to turn.  
Strive who shall most the woes of man remove;  
Who most prevail in usefulness and love;  
Nor think enough a country's palm to find,  
But seek to be a Patriot of mankind.  
If such, lov'd Britain! be thy future way,  
Thou need'st not dread the dark and stormy day



That blots out nations from the book of fame,  
Which will not Truth and Righteousness proclaim;—  
Firm shalt thou stand upon thine island rock,  
And give to foam each billow's adverse shock.

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## PART V.

Upon the Field that claims thy high emprise  
Full many a point for noble conquest lies.  
Blest Mercy, meetest attribute for man,  
By which alone he 'scapes th'Eternal's ban,  
Loud cries,—“To virtue—fallen ones restore,  
Nor seek thy vengeance in the guilty gore ——;”  
Claims that the Laws be simple, sure, and good,  
Made by the people, and well understood;  
That Ignorance, the sire of brutal vice,  
To crime no more the youthful may entice,  
But soon, according to the Monarch's pray'r,  
All in “the Book” may read God's wonders there.  
“May Labour, too,” Philanthropy exclaims,  
“Rewarded be, for all its toilsome pains;

The peasant's cottage, hung with roses sweet,  
And garden fair, with homely pleasures greet,  
Teach him to feel his int'rest in the land,  
Content to live, and envy not the grand."  
May Civil peace extend her balmy wing,  
And poison'd Party cease her curse to bring;  
But less, still less, within the Church's pale  
Should heav'n-born peace and loving concord fail.  
Oft on the plain a host has been o'erthrown,  
Simply because dissensions have been sown,  
Where closest union should have bound the band,  
And but one heart have nerv'd each warrior's hand.  
So the Arch Foe exerts his utmost skill,  
The Christian camp with malecontents to fill:—  
Gives zealot zeal, for hairs to draw the sword,  
Fight with a brother for a single word,—  
But recreant pass the foemen of the Lord.  
O ye! who 'neath the banner of the Cross  
Yourselves have rang'd, nor dread so great a loss  
As but one frown from Him whose name ye bear,  
Beware His robe of Unity to tear!  
Yet be it said, as 'twas in time of old,  
See what pure love within the Saviour's fold:  
Let each one strive to bear his brother's load,  
And, 'stead of stumbling, help him on the road.

Forth to the fray, in one o'erwhelming mass,  
Ye Christian soldiers, resolutely pass;  
Arm'd by your Captain, with His Sword and Mind,  
A frequent conquest you shall surely find.  
E'en Judah's tribes, though harden'd from their youth,  
Shall own the pow'r of all-convincing Truth;—  
Throw down their arms, and mourn for Him they slew,—  
Fly to His work, as first His servants flew.  
Go, Christian, go, thy standard there unfold,  
Where dwell the Careless and the Sceptic bold.  
The Heathen myriads cry for instant aid,  
And the high duty is on Britain laid,  
Whose barks have borne, to ev'ry clime remote,  
Vices which only could a curse promote;  
She now, at least, the antidote should take,  
And seek, by grace, the wretched to awake;  
For, as unceasing shine her solar rays,  
Unceasing also should be pray'r and praise.

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PART VI.

How blest soe'er may be our future lot  
In temp'ral good, it must not be forgot

That man is guilty, and, while here below,  
Expos'd to sorrow, sickness, and to woe;  
The flow'rs he wreathes, his joyful brow to grace,  
A with'ring blast will soon, at least deface:  
But the blest Gospel of eternal love  
Opes to our view a brighter world above;  
There, not alone from toil and grief we flee,  
But, join'd with angels, pass eternity.  
The means and way, in heav'n's bright courts to dwell,  
With joy, the harp would briefly strive to tell.  
Himself "THE WAY," the Saviour has declar'd,  
Incarnate Deity, by Love prepar'd,  
Whose blood atones, a right whose merit gives  
To each, in faith and holiness that lives;  
While the blest Spirit, who inclines the feet,  
From the first step, supplies all graces meet,  
Till safe, from ev'ry harm and mortal woe,  
Believers into heav'nly mansions go.—  
And when th'approaching Day of days is come,  
Whose awful splendours strike the guilty dumb,  
The lightning's flame, the thunder's loudest roar,  
Such as the universe ne'er felt before,  
Shall loud proclaim the Judge of quick and dead  
Triumphant come,—to trample on the head  
Of "*him and his*" who dar'd oppose the reign  
Of Love, which quick must frown to endless pain

Those who were warned, exhorted—but in vain.  
And with their Lord the saints shall then appear,  
While others rise to meet Him in the air,  
On the bright clouds of unthought glory stand,  
And then receive from His once pierced hand  
A Harp, whose strains shall, 'mid th'unnumber'd quire,  
With heav'n's sweet harmony ne'er pause nor tire;—  
A Crown receive, with life and glory laid,  
The gift of Him,—the costly price who paid,—  
'That man with His high bliss might be array'd.  
Thus, though the joyous day is pass'd and gone,  
On which Britannia's solemn Crown was worn  
By Her, who has all hearts her throne around,  
With ties of sympathetic interest bound,  
Thou need'st not mourn the past—poor Mem'ry fond,  
The CORONATION DAY still lies beyond.  
Since o'er the future, close is drawn the veil,  
Not e'en a zealous strain shall now prevail  
On Royal life, t'obtrude a loyal hope,  
But hail a promise in its widest scope,  
That all, who love the Saviour of mankind,  
"Working for good, shall surely all things find."  
But yet a nation's pray'rs shall glad arise  
To that blest One, who reigns above the skies;

Entreat, that ev'ry blessing in life's pow'r  
Abundantly on Britain's Queen may show'r;—  
A crown of glory on the last Great Day:  
While earnestly my humble Harp does pray  
Ne'er 'gain to strike a Coronation lay.



