

AN  
O R A T I O N

PRONOUNCED AT

N A S S A U - H A L L,

JANUARY 14, 1761;

ON OCCASION OF THE DEATH

OF HIS LATE MAJESTY

KING G E O R G E II.

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## An O R A T I O N, &c.


**W**HEN Majesty itself is clad in the Livery of Sorrow; and the Throne, amidst the solemn Emblems of Mourning, forgets her wonted Splendors: --- When Europe mingles in one general Concert of Lamentation; and when GEORGE the second forsakes our British World; --- what Wonder if *Nassau-Hall*, fond to unite in the sympathizing Chorus, should, this Day, drop a filial Tear.

IF *Virtue* and *Greatness of Mind*, the noblest Ornaments of regal Dignity; if *Justice*, that scorns to be diverted by Bribery or Ambition, tempered with *paternal Tenderness*, ensure the highest Happiness to a free Constitution. --- surely, to weep the Fall of a great, a virtuous, a just, and a merciful Sovereign, is the indispensable Debt of every British Subject.

*MACEDONIA* mourned her *Great ALEXANDER*; *Rome* her *patriot BRUTUS*, and *invincible CATO*; *Greece* lamented her *beloved EPIMENONDAS*; and *Sweden*, in later Years, her *intrepid ADOLPHUS*: But *BRITAIN*, in one illustrious Monarch, hath lost them all! --- an *Adolphus* in warlike Valour; in Generosity and Affection for his Citizens, an *Epimenondas*; in Integrity, a *Cato*; a *Brutus* in Patriotism; in Magnanimity, an *Alexander*; --- and,

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what is far more, GEORGE the CHRISTIAN, and the FRIEND OF MAN!

POWER, void of Wisdom to direct in Execution, or Clemency to mitigate its Rigors, is only a destructive Fire, that burns and lays waste without Distinction. But, where Authority is exercised with Prudence; and its Severities are mollified with Benevolence, it may be compared to a vernal Shower; which, tho' descending with Violence, is yet pregnant with the Fruits of a Year; and leaves Nature, in a universal Smile, invigorated and refreshed.-----*Such* was the wholesome Government we experienced, under the gracious Administration of our departed Monarch!

WHAT more happy, what more auspicious Reign, did ever adorn the Annals of our Island! LIBERTY, our inestimable Privilege, our distinguishing Glory, hath preserved her Banners un sullied and inviolate: Tho' while our King was but as yet great to himself alone, she smiled with peculiar Allurements; upon his Accession to Royalty, instead of suffering the least Diminution, she seemed to augment her most attracting Charms. RELIGION, the Religion of Protestants, has enjoyed the firmest Protection. This, not only Britain herself can testify; but other Realms, to whose oppressed Inhabitants, she has proved a constant and secure Asylum. SCIENCE has been continually enlarging her Dominions; and all the useful Arts adding new Beauties to their former Embellishments.

PROPERTY,

PROPERTY, tho' last, not less inestimable, has been free not only from Violation, but maintained on the surest, the most unshaken Foundations.

GREAT Series of British Freedom ! and thou great Life of unremitted Felicity ! whose every Year roll'd on, big with Blessings to Mankind ; whose every Month might alone be a Chronicle or History ;-----but, to attempt a Discription, would be the most dangerous Proof of our Admiration, that we could exhibit : For, as the brightest Luminary is absorbed and extinguished, in the superior Lustre of the Sun ; so they, who would attempt a Panegyric, and join their feeble Rays with thy resplendent Light, must lose themselves in its aggregated Splendors. A Name so great in itself, stands in Need of no Illustration from the fainter Beams of another : It is not made great by the Panegyrist ; but the Panegyrist is made great by it : That eternal Lamp of Renown, shall live without such Oil as we can afford to perpetuate the Flame.

Is *Louisburgh*, that Bane of America, still fresh in every Man's Memory,---Is *Louisburgh* erased from its Foundations, and no more a Receptacle for our perfidious Foe ? Is *Canada* reduced to Subjection, and our infant Colonies delivered from the Dread of Slavery ? Are Laurels gathered in the remotest Regions of the World, or beneath the burning Tropic, to grace the British Crown ? Does an extensive Trade enrich the Nation ; while all the Arts of Peace, exert their Genius for its Defence and Ornament ?

Ornament ?-----then, while *America* remains a Continent, and we a rich, a happy, and a free People, that Name shall be illustrious, and the Reign of *George II.* the fairest *Æra* of British Renow n.

-----BUT, Oh ! what an universal Lamentation sounds in our Ears ! What Majesty of Grief do we behold, when Half the Globe is in Mourning ! See *Hanover* and *Prussia*, (agitated with the unusual Commotions of War,) thro' Grief forgetful of their wonted Prowess, almost resign themselves up to their Enemies ! *Berlin* must needs be involved in Darkness, when *Britain's* Glory suffers an Eclipse ! See, how the *Rhine* swells her liquid Sorrows ; and gliding melancholy along the Belgic Plains, at length mingles her Tears with the universal Flood ! And thou, remotest *Ganges*, golden Stream of *India*, thy richest Waves are but so many richer Offerings to his venerable Shade !-----But Oh, what a Funeral didst thou, *Royal Thames* ! behold, when first thy mournful Tide, redundant with many a tributary Flood, rolled sadly murmuring along his recent Tomb !----What Pomp of Grief ! What Grandeur of Distress ! Thou canst of a Truth proclaim, that no Pinnacle of human Greatness, can boast an Exemption from the Grave, that common Repository of Princes as well as Slaves. What avails it, blest Shade ! that thine Image\* should yet attract our Eyes, if its more admired Original be obscured in Death ! What avails thy Shadow, if the Substance be deformed in the Mansions of Corruption !

BUT

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\* Alluding to the Picture of his late Majesty, in the College-Hall.

BUT must we leave our Monarch, in this lowly Situation ? Surely No,-----*Julius Cæsar* might have been exalted to the Seats of Heathen Divinities, by the superstitious Populace ; but we have had a common Father of our Country, whom our Charity would most joyfully translate to the Abodes of the Happy ;---not for his lawless Ambition, not for his Heroism in Injustice ; but, (without mentioning his public Virtues,) for those more hidden Excellencies, which are the peculiar Ornaments of the Religion of Christians.-----And now, no sooner does he enter the Confines of the Blessed, than lo ! what a distinguished Throng of Patriots cluster around, and hail him to a cælestial Diadem.-----But, who is HE, among the dazzling Retinue, that with unrivalled Dignity addresses this late arriv'd Inhabitant ? His Aspect seeming unufually divine ; his Crown, tho' not acquired by the Right of Inheritance, yet, above the Rest, rich and luminous ; and on his Breast-Plate, BRITAIN RESCUED FROM ROME AND TYRANNY : He seems to accost him in these Strains of Congratulation,-----

‘ WELCOME, Great Father of a free and happy  
 ‘ PEOPLE ! Thrice welcome to the Regions of Immortality !  
 ‘ You too are worthy of unfading Honors. If by your  
 ‘ Predecessors, Britain, that Favourite of Heaven, hath  
 ‘ been rescued from the Chains of Slavery, and established  
 ‘ upon the sacred Laws of Liberty and Religion, You  
 ‘ have, with pious Care, preserved the System inviolate ;  
 ‘ and, for the Happiness of your Subjects, wisely improved

‘ every Advantage resulting from such a Constitution.  
 ‘ These blissful Mansions are now the glorious Rewards  
 ‘ of your Piety. Instead of anxious Solicitude about the  
 ‘ humble Affairs of Mortals, let your Mind be here  
 ‘ employed in Offices equal to its Grandeur and Merit.  
 ‘ Another GEORGE succeeds you on the British Throne,  
 ‘ whose highest Ambition shall be to imitate your Virtues,  
 ‘ and render Mankind happy : While his youthful Breast  
 ‘ is even now panting for Glory, I perceive the auspicious  
 ‘ Reign commence.-----’

REVOLVE, Ye illustrious Months, Revolve, big with  
 Britain’s Fame and the Felicity of Britons.-----And Thou,  
 fortunate Youth! begin to rule with Equity and Wisdom.  
 Emulate the Excellencies of thy renowned Predecessor :  
 And then, if the Fates deny thee not an Equivalent of  
 Years, *Thou shalt indeed be*-----A GEORGE.

F I N I S.

