

**BRIGHTON PAPERS.
NO. I. A LETTER TO
THE REV. H. V. ELLIOT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649239276

Brighton papers. No. I. A letter to the rev. H. V. Elliot by Anonymous

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANONYMOUS

**BRIGHTON PAPERS.
NO. I. A LETTER TO
THE REV. H. V. ELLIOT**

9

+

No. I.

BRIGHTON PAPERS.

1300 f. 12

BRIGHTON PAPERS.

No. I.

A LETTER

TO THE

REV. H. V. ELLIOTT, M.A.,

PERPETUAL CURATE OF S. MARY'S CHAPEL,

BRIGHTON.

BY A SUSSEX MAN.

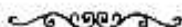
LONDON: J. MASTERS.

BRIGHTON: W. J. TAYLOR, 16 & 17, EAST STREET.

MDCCCLIV.

BRIGHTON:
PRINTED BY W. J. TAYLOR,
EAST STREET.

A LETTER, &c.,



REVEREND SIR,

Lord Chesterfield tells us that it is vulgar to quote a proverb. I am going to be guilty of that vulgarity; for I am about to remind and to prove to you that "*Those who play at bowls must expect rubbers.*"

When a man puts himself forward as the censor of a public institution,—as the accuser of his equals,—as the inciter of popular hatred, and the instigator of a mob, it is natural,—nay, it is necessary, to enquire into that man's antecedents and position. If there shall appear reason to believe that wounded vanity has been at work in his breast,—if it is certain that he has before assumed the office of a public accuser, and has been compelled to retract, in a most grovelling and humiliating manner, the charges that he then made,—his attack, *ipso facto*, loses half its danger. Calumny may injure once; a second time it calls for pity, rather than dread.

Everyone who is acquainted with Brighton is aware that you, Reverend Sir, are the minister of S. Mary's Chapel;—one of those excrescences on the parochial system which a careless age devised, and which the necessity of providing, by any means, Church accommodation, has not yet suffered us to drop. They are aware, moreover, that in this Chapel you are in the habit of doing duty twice on the Sunday; that those who worship—or listen—within its walls have to pay a not inconsiderable sum for that privilege;—that, as a fashionable and profitable Church, it does not invite the poor;—that the few of that class who can force their way in, are consigned to hard benches and dark corners;—in fact, that, emphatically, to the *rich* the Gospel—or that which passes for such—is preached there. It is equally well known that you have no connexion with the parochial system;—that to enter the miserable and fetid rooms of a Brighton hovel, to sympathize with the poor, to rebuke the sinner, to soothe the penitent, to attend the death bed,—is none of your vocation. Your mission is to appear on the platform, or in the pulpit,—to receive the incense of popular applause,—to compose, in the luxurious retreat of Brunswick Square, philippics against hard-writing and ill-paid "Tractarians,"—to attend to the spiritual requirements of your wealthier hearers,—and to be gratified with the adulation due to the Evangelical leader of a fashionable watering place.

It has happened unfortunately for the promoters of hebdomadal religion,—and not comfortably for a minister whose auditors are in the upper classes only, that, within the last seven years, a Church has sprung up in Brighton, where the services are constant,—where the poor are the first objects,—where the district is notoriously the best attended of any in the town. That prayers and the Holy Communion are, at S. Paul's, in the proportion of something like twenty to one, as regards S. Mary's, would, I believe, annoy you little. That the poor, deserted by and deserting you, flock thither in shoals, is, I imagine, a matter which would not excite your envy. But that the congregations, rich as well as poor, should there be so crowded,—that the sermons there delivered, (the chief means of grace, according to your theology,) should be so numerous,—that people *will* begin to draw comparisons between clergy who visit the poor and clergy who do not,—between those whose Church is always and those whose Church is never open,—between those who make preaching the great means of grace and preach twice hebdomadally, and those whom you regard as depreciating that ordinance, and who yet deliver five or six sermons a week;—these things are not pleasant to human nature generally, nor (I hope it is not profane to suspect it) to you individually.

Reverend Sir, you are fond of preaching on the cor-

ruption of man. I have heard you dilate verbosely, at least, if not eloquently on that subject: I have heard you anathematize, with great bitterness, at least, if not with much effect, those who, in your opinion, did not receive that doctrine. Might it not be well to turn your eyes inwards? Is it *not* certain that, in the relative positions of S. Paul's and S. Mary's there is something to excite, among the supporters of the latter, jealousy and envy? And *is* it certain that its Incumbent has so completely overcome that "taint and corruption of our nature," on which he discourses at such length, as to be positively secured against being influenced by the feeling? I say this,—God forbid I should say it otherwise—seriously and solemnly. I say that, let your cause be never so good, let that of S. Paul's be never so bad, there is great danger lest you, at least, in supporting the former, should be mingling wounded vanity and offended pique with higher and holier motives. Remember, I do *not* say that you *are* doing this. But that there is peril lest you should do it, who will deny that knows anything of the heart?

No doubt, previous unspotted reputation may render it highly probable that a man, in attacking a rival, nevertheless does so from a sincere love of truth, and with as little of lower motives as human infirmity will permit. If the accuser, in previous