

MEMMOIRS

OF THE

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

BY

THOMAS GIBBONS, D.D.

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Then in the history of my age,  
When men review my days,  
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,  
In ev'ry line thy praise.

Psalm lxxi. v. 5, in DR. WATTS'S Imitation.

That ye be not slothful, but followers of them, who through  
faith and patience inherit the promises, considering the end  
of their conversation.

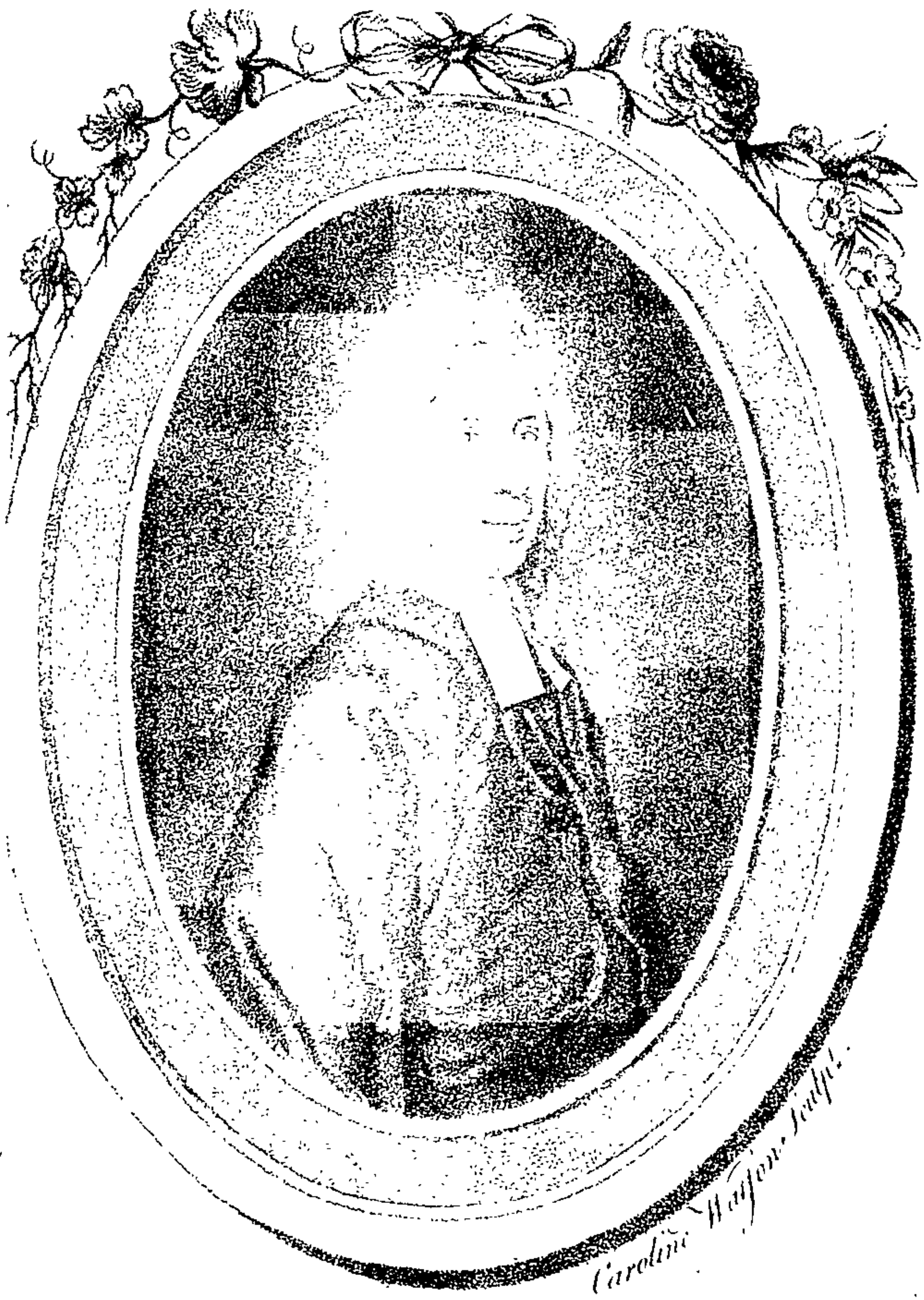
ST. PAUL to the HEBREWS.

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MDCCLXXX.



ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

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T O

Mrs. ELIZABETH ABNEY.

MADAM,

**I**N your family *Dr. Watts* passed almost half the number of his days, during which period you had the best opportunities of knowing his eminent worth, at the same time that, in consort with your excellent parents, you afforded him every accommodation and assistance to render his life happy, and honoured him with the highest regards.

To you therefore, *Madam*, I take the liberty of addressing the Memoirs

A 2

of

## DEDICATION.

of this truly venerable man, though the work has not in the least degree originated from you, but from myself: and I feel a peculiar pleasure in putting the following pages into your hands, as I am persuaded your own knowledge attests the truth of what I have said concerning him, and as I flatter myself that you will consider my endeavours to delineate his character, and pay a just tribute of honour to his memory, as a grateful respect from a person, who was so long favoured with an intimacy with him as myself, and therefore not unworthy your approbation.

That you may continue to walk in the same steps with the *Doctor*, and your pious parents, and that after a life of eminent comfort and usefulness you may arrive at the same perfect



DEDICATION.

fect felicity which I can make no doubt they are now enjoying with their God and Saviour, is the sincere and fervent prayer,

Honoured Madam,

Of your obedient humble Servant,

THOMAS GIBBONS.

Hoxton-Square,  
London, April 11, 1780.

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## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE following Memoirs of *Dr. Watts* are derived from the manuscripts given me by himself, and his Brother *Mr. Enoch Watts*—from the various intelligence I have obtained from others—and from my intimate acquaintance with him for several years before his death. In the course of the work I have largely intermixed my observations upon his writings, and inserted several compositions to his honour by different authors both in prose and verse.

The numerous original letters which conclude the volume are not only very valuable in themselves, but abundantly show in what distinguished esteem the *Doctor* was held by persons of eminent abilities, and therefore the best qualified judges of the accomplishments of others.

If

If it should be found in this my performance, which has cost me no small pains, that after all I have not erected a monument to the memory of this uncommon man equal to his transcendent merits, or that I have not gratified the church and world, or contributed any thing to the general good in the account I have given of him, yet I shall ever enjoy the consciousness that I have used my utmost endeavours for these purposes, which, perhaps with too forward an hope of success, have kindled my ambition, and animated my labour.

I will add, that as I have made my best attempts to exhibit the extraordinary endowments and virtues of *Dr. Watts's* mind, so I have prefixed to my work a portrait of his person taken from an original painting of him lately become the possession of *Mrs. Elizabeth Abney*. This painting gave me the best likeness of him I had ever before seen.

I shall conclude my Preface with two lines from *Virgil* followed with a couplet of my own, which faithfully represent the high honour in which I hold his memory,

and my purposes and prayers to imitate his glorious example.

Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus,  
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.  
Te, venerande Pater, te persequar omnibus horis  
Tramite in æthereo: O utinam quoque passibus æquis!

While Heav'n the pow'r of mem'ry shall prolong,  
Shall in this bosom fan the vital flame,  
Thee will I make the subject of my song,  
And all thy virtues, all thy praise proclaim:

Thee, venerable Sire, will I pursue  
In thy celestial course through all my days:  
Thy swift, swift progress could my soul renew,  
How great would be the pleasure and the praise!



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E R R A T A.

- For *tear up*, p. 82, l. 13, read *tearing*.  
For *decisive*, p. 147, l. 17, read *divisive*.  
For *labaret*, p. 171, l. 16, read *laboret*.  
For *tow'ring*, p. 296, l. 12, read *low'ring*.  
For *stand*, p. 320, l. 10, read *strand*.  
After *Domus*, p. 460, l. 25, insert *odit*.

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# M E M M O I R S

O F

## DR. ISAAC WATTS.

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### C H A P. I.

*His Birth, Childhood, and Classical Education.*

**D**R. *Isaac Watts* was born at *Southampton*, July 17, 1674\*. His inclination for learning made an early display of itself, and it is reported of him that, while he was very young, before he could speak plain, when he had

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\* His father, *Mr. Isaac Watts*, was the master of a very flourishing boarding-school in that town, which was in such reputation that gentlemen's sons were sent to it from *America* and the *West-Indies* for education. He was a most pious, exemplary Christian, and honourable Deacon of the Church of *Protestant Dissenters* in that place. He was imprisoned more than once for his non-conformity, and during his confinement his wife has been known to sit on a stone near the prison-door suckling her son *Isaac*. Several years since the following verses, said in the copy I had of them to be composed by *Mr. Watts* at no less an age than that of eighty-six, were communicated to me by a very respectable gentlewoman at *Southampton*. They are entitled,

B

THE

had any money given him, he would say to his mother, "A book, a book, buy a book." He began

THE SOUL'S DESIRE OF REMOVE.

I.

Long have I sojourn'd in this weary land,  
Where sins and sorrows every where abound:  
Soul-threat'ning dangers see how thick they stand!  
Snares and temptations compass me around:

II.

'Tis an unhealthy clime, where vapours rise,  
Whose pestilential influences shed  
Malignant fumes beneath the gloomy skies,  
Which wound the heart, and stupify the head.

III.

When shall my soul obtain a kind remove,  
These fleshly shackles broke, and I set free  
From this dark dungeon? Soon I'd mount above  
To see my God, the man who died for me.

IV.

My guardian-angel, come, and lead the way,  
Assist my foot-steps in the sacred road;  
I'll follow on through realms of endless day  
Up to the palace of my father, God;

V.

Where solac'd with the beatific sight,  
No evil shall my perfect peace molest,  
But with those holy ones array'd in white  
Shall enter into everlasting rest.

I have now in my hands an original letter of *Dr. Watts* to his father, dated *Newington, Feb. 8, 1736-7*, but two days before his death, in which are the following passages, which show the honour in which the son held the father, as well as are striking proofs of the *Doctor's* pious spirit.

Honoured and dear Sir,

'Tis now ten days since I heard from you, and learned by my nephews that you had been recovered from a very threatening



began to learn *Latin* at four years old, in the knowledge of which, as well as the *Greek* language,

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threatening illness. When you are in danger of life I believe my sister is afraid to let me know the worst for fear of affecting me too much. But as I feel old age daily advancing on myself\*, I am endeavouring to be ready for my removal hence; and, though it gives a shock to nature when what has been long dear to one is taken away, yet reason and religion should teach us to expect it in these scenes of mortality, and a dying world. Blessed be God for our immortal hopes through the blood of *Jesus*, who has taken away the sting of death! What could such dying creatures do without the comforts of the Gospel? I hope you feel those satisfactions of soul on the borders of life which nothing can give but this Gospel, which you taught us all in our younger years. May these divine consolations support your spirits under all your growing infirmities, and may our blessed Saviour form your soul to such an holy heavenly frame, that you may wait with patience amidst the languors of life for a joyful passage into the land of immortality! May no cares nor pains ruffle, nor afflict your spirit! May you maintain a constant serenity at heart, and sacred calmness of mind, as one who has long past midnight, and is in view of the dawning day! The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Let the garments of light be found upon us, and let us lift up our heads, for our redemption draws nigh. Amen.

I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate obedient Son,  
ISAAC WATTS.

Upon the decease of his father, the *Doctor* preached a sermon at his own Meeting, on *Zech. i. 5.* “Your fathers, where are they? And the prophets do they live forever?”

*Mr. Watts* was the father of a numerous progeny, four sons, and five daughters. The *Doctor* was the first-born of

\* The *Doctor* was now in his 63d year.

guage, he made such a swift progress under the care of the Rev. Mr. *Pinborne*, a clergyman of the Establishment, that he became the delight of his friends, and the admiration of the neighbourhood. He studied *Hebrew* also under the same master, as appears from a *Latin Ode* of the *Doct̃or*'s inscribed to him; which we shall give our Readers at the close of the chapter, with an *English* translation. “The *Doct̃or* was early taken notice of,” says Dr. *Jennings*, “for his  
 “sprightliness and vivacity: talents which too  
 “often prove fatal snares to young persons;  
 “but, through the power of Divine grace, he  
 “was not only preserved from criminal follies,  
 “but had a deep sense of religion upon his  
 “heart betimes.” As proofs, the one of his uncommon genius, and the other of his powerful impressions of piety, I will mention two

the family, *Richard* was the second, *Enoch* the third, and *Sarah*, afterwards married to Mr. *Brackstone*, a draper at *Southampton*, was the fifth in succession. I specify the above, as there is an after mention of them in our work.

It may not be improper to be added, that the *Doct̃or*'s grandfather and grandmother were persons of respectable characters, as appears from an ode, in his *Horæ Lyricæ*, on the death of an aged and honoured relative, July 13, 1693, Mrs. M. W. who was evidently, from some passages in the poem, his grandmother. The *Doct̃or*, in a marginal note on the second line of the 5th stanza, tells us, “that his grand-  
 “father, Mr. *Thomas Watts*, had such acquaintance with  
 “the *mathematics*, *painting*, *music*, and *poesy*, &c. as gave  
 “him considerable esteem among his contemporaries. He  
 “was commander of a ship of war 1656, and, by blowing  
 “up the ship in the *Dutch war*, he was drowned in his  
 “youth.”

particulars

particulars concerning him, communicated to me many years since by his sister Mrs. *Sarah Brackstone*, of which I happily took down the memorials in my pocket-book. When he was only about seven or eight years old he was desired by his mother to write her some lines, as was the custom with the other boys after the school hours were over, for which she used to reward them with a farthing. The Doctor obeyed, and presented her with the following couplet:

I write not for a farthing, but to try  
How I your farthing writers can outvie.

About the same time of life he composed a copy of verses, which falling into the hands of his mother, she, upon reading them, expressed her doubts whether he was the author of them. To satisfy her what he was able to perform in poetry he wrote the following Acrostic upon his own name:

I am a vile polluted lump of earth,  
So I've continued ever since my birth,  
Although Jehovah grace does daily give me,  
As sure this monster Satan will deceive me,  
Come therefore, Lord, from Satan's claws  
relieve me.

Wash me in thy blood, O Christ,  
And grace divine impart,  
Then search and try the corners of my heart,  
That I in all things may be fit to do  
Service to thee, and sing thy praises too.

What a prophetic dawn was here of the uncommon brightness of the *Doct̄or's* future day! And how remarkably were the pious wishes of his childhood answered in the eminent services he did to religion, and his spreading wide and far, especially by his sacred poems, the divine praises!

We have signified that we should give our Readers at the conclusion of the chapter the *Doct̄or's Latin Ode* to his *classical Tutor*, the *Rev. Mr. John Pinborne*, with an *English translation*. We the rather insert it, not only on account of its intrinsic merit, but because it contains such a proper and honourable acknowledgment of the benefit he had received from his preceptor, evinces what a master the *Doct̄or* was of the *Latin* tongue at only twenty-years of age, the time the poem is dated, and discovers what a large and intimate acquaintance he had with the first *Roman* and *Grecian* poets. How few pupils comparatively have enjoyed such a master! But fewer masters, I am persuaded, could ever boast themselves of such a pupil.



*Ad Reverendum Virum Dominum JOHANNEM  
PINHORNE †, fidum Adolescentiæ Preceptorem.*

PINDARICI CARMINIS SPECIMEN. 1694.

I.

En te, *Pinorni, Musa Trisantica* \*  
Salutat, ardens discipulam tuam  
Gratè fateri: nunc *Athenas,*  
Nunc *Latias* per amœnitates  
Tuo pererrans te recolit ducem,  
Te quondam teneros et *Ebraia* per aspera gressus  
Non durâ duxisse manu.  
Tuo patefcunt lumine *Thespii*  
Campi atque ad arcem *Pieridôn* iter.  
En altus affurgens *Homerus*  
Arma deosque virosque miscens,  
Occupat ætherium *Parnassæ* culmen: *Homeri*  
Immensos stupeo manes—  
Te, *Maro*, dulcè canens sylvas, te bella sonantem  
Ardua, da veniam tenui venerare *Camœnâ*;  
Tuæque accipias, *Thebane Vates*,  
Debita thura lyræ.

---

† *Mr. Pinborne* was Master of the *Free-School* at *Southampton*, *Rector* of *All-Saints* in the same place, *Prebendary* of *Leckford*, and *Vicar* of *Eling* in the *New Forest*, *Hants*. He was held in repute for learning, and bore the character of a worthy man. There is a monument erected to his memory at *Eling* now standing, bearing this inscription.—  
“ Here lies the body of the *Rev. Mr. John Pinborne*, *Prebendary* of *Leckford*, and *Vicar* of *Eling*, who died  
“ *June 8, 1714. Aged 62.*”

\* *Trisanton* is the *Latin* name for the river *Hanton*, and *Trisantonis portus* is *Latin* for *SOUTHAMPTON*. Hence undoubtedly the *Doctor* calls his *Muse Trisantica*.

Vobis, magna *Trias*! clarissima nomina, semper  
 Scrinia nostra patent, et pectora nostra patebunt,  
 Quum mihi cunque levem concesserit otia et horam,  
 Divina *Mosis* pagina.

## II.

*Flaccus* ad hanc *Triadem* ponatur, at ipse pudendas  
 Deponat veneres. Venias sed *purus*\* et *insons*  
 Ut te collaudem, dum, *sordes et mala lustra*  
 Ablutus, *Venusine*, canis rideſve. Recisæ  
 Hâc lege accedant *Satyræ Juvenalis*, amari  
 Terrores vitiorum. At longè cœcus abeſſet  
*Persius*, obscurus vates, niſi lumina circum-  
 -fuſa forent, *Sphingisque ænigmata*, *Bonde*, ſcidiffes.  
 Grande ſonans *Senecæ* fulmen, grandisque cothurni  
*Pompa Sophoclei* celſo ponentur eodem  
 Ordine, et ambabus ſimul hos amplectar in ulnis.

Tuto, poetæ, tuto habitabitis  
 Pictos abacos: improba tinea  
 Obiit, nec audet ſæva caſtas  
 Attingere blatta camænas.

At tu renidens ſœda epigrammatum  
 Farrago inertum, ſtercoris impii  
 Sentina ſcœtens, *Martialis*,  
 In barathrum relegandus inum  
 Aufuge, et hinc tecum rapias *Catullum*  
 Infulſè mollem, naribus, auribus  
 Ingrata caſtis carmina, et improbi  
 Spurcos *Nasonis* amores.

## III.

Nobilis extrema gradiens *Caledonis* ab orâ  
 En *Buchananus* adest! Divini pſaltis imago  
*Jeffiadæ* ſalveto! potens ſeu Numinis iras  
 Fulminibus miſcere, ſacro vel lumine mentis

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\* Horat. lib. i. ſat. 6.

Fugare noctes, vel citharæ sono  
 Sedare fluctus pectoris :  
 Tu mihi hærebis comes ambulanti,  
 Tu domi astabis focius perennis,  
 Seu levi mensæ simul assidere  
 Dignabere seu lecticæ :  
 Mox recumbentis vigilans ad aurem  
 Aureos suadebis inire somnos  
 Sacra sopitis inire somnos ob-  
 livia curis.

Stet juxta \* *Casimirus*, huic nec parcus ignem  
 Natura indulfit, nec musa armavit alumnum

*Sarbivium* rudiore lyrâ.

Quanta *Polonum* levat aura *cygnum*  
 † *Humana* linquens, en sibi *devii*  
*Montes* recedunt, luxuriantibus  
 Spatiatur in ære pennis.  
 Seu tu fortè virum tollis ad æthera  
 Cognatosve thronos, et patrium polum  
 Visurus confurgis ovans,  
 Visum fatigas, aciemque fallis  
 Dum tuum à longe stupeo volatum,  
 O non imitabilis ales!

#### IV.

*Sarbvii* ad nomen gelida incalet  
*Musa*, simul totus fervere  
 Sentio, stellatas levis induor  
 Alas et tollor in altum.  
 Jam juga *Zionis* radens pede  
 Elato inter sidera vertice  
 Longe despecto mortalia.

Quam juvat altisonis volitare per æthera pennis,  
 Et ridere procul fallacia gaudia sæcli

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\* *M. Casimirus Sarbiewski*, Poeta insignis Polonus.

† Ode V. lib. ii.

Terrellæ grandia inania  
 Quæ mortale genus, heu malè, deperit.  
 O curas hominum miseras ! cano,  
 Et miseras nugas diademata !  
 Ventosæ fortis ludibrium !  
 En mihi subsidunt terrenæ à pectore fæces,  
 Gestit et effrænis divinum effundere carmen  
 Mens afflata Deo—————

————— at vos heroes et arma  
 Et procul este dii, ludicra numina.  
 Quid mihi cum vestræ pondere lanceæ  
*Pallas !* aut vestris, *Dionyse*, *Thyrsis* ?  
 Et clava, et anguis, et leo, et *Hercules*,  
 Et brutum tonitru fictitii patris  
 Abstete à carmine nostro.

## V.

Te *Deus* omnipotens ! Te nostra sonabit *Iesu*  
 Musa, nec affueto cœlestes barbiton ausû  
 Tentabit numeros. Vasti sine limite numen, et  
 Immensum sine lege Deum numeri sine lege sonabunt.

Sed musam magna pollicentem destituit vigor : divi-  
 no jubare perstringitur oculorum acies. En labascit  
 pennis, tremit artubus, ruit deorsum per inane ætheris,  
 jacet victa, obstupescit, filet.

Ignoscas, Reverende vir, vano carmini : fragmen hoc  
 rude licet et impolitur æqui boni consulas, et grati-  
 tudinis jamdiu debitæ in partem reponas.



## AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

To the Rev. Mr. JOHN PINHORNE, the faithful  
Preceptor of my younger Years.

## I.

*Pinhorne*, permit the Muse t'aspire  
To thee, and vent th' impatient fire  
That in her bosom glows;  
Fain would she tune an equal lay,  
And to her honour'd Tutor pay  
The debt of thanks she owes.

## II.

Through *Plato's* walks, a flow'ry road,  
And *Latium's* fields with pleasure strow'd  
She owns thy guiding hand:  
Thou too didst her young steps convey  
Through many a rough and craggy way  
In *Palestina's* land.

## III.

'Twas thine irradiating light  
Open'd the *Thespian* vales to fight,  
And taught the Muse to climb  
The mountains, where the Muses choir  
Now tune their breath, now touch the lyre  
To ecstasy sublime.

## IV.

Of high *Parnassus'* top possess'd  
See *Homer* tow'ring o'er the rest—  
What a stupendous strain!  
In battle gods and men contend,  
The heavens outrageous uproars rend,  
And slaughters drench the plain.

V. My

## V.

My ear imbibes th'immense delight,  
 When *Virgil's* pastoral lays recite  
     The country's humble charms,  
 Or when his Muse exalts her voice,  
 And, like the warlike clarion's noise,  
     Sounds the loud charge to arms.

## VI.

The *Theban bard* \* my soul admires,  
 His tow'ring flights, his mounting fires,  
     The raptures of his rage.  
 Hail, great *Triumvirate!* your lays,  
 The world consenting in your praise,  
     Resound from age to age.

## VII.

When from my labours in the mine  
 Of heav'nly truth and grace divine  
     To leisure I retire,  
 I'll seize your works with both my arms,  
 Take a sweet range among their charms,  
     And catch th' immortal fire.

## VIII.

*Horace* shall with the choir be join'd,  
 When virtue has his verse refin'd,  
     And purg'd his tainted page †:  
 Pleas'd I'll attend his lyric strain,  
 Hear him indulge his laughing vein,  
     And satirize the age.

IX. Next

\* Pindar.

† The *Doctor* has given us an instance of his improvement of part of an ode of *Horace*, lib. iii. ode 29. which has become divine under the new moulding he has bestowed upon it. It is in his *Remnants of Time employed in Prose and Verse*, No. 4. quarto edit. vol. iv. page 608.

*Horace's*

## IX.

Next cleans'd from his unhallow'd scum  
 The mighty *Juvenal* shall come,  
 And high his vengeance wield:  
 His satires sound the loud alarm  
 To Vice, she sees his lifted arm,  
 And cow'ring quits the field.

X. In

*Horace's stanzas are—*

Non meum est si mugiat Africis  
 Malus procellis, ad miseras preces  
 Decurrere, & votis pacisci,  
 Ne *Cypriæ Tyriæque* merces  
 Addant avaro divitias mari.  
 Tunc me biremis præsidio scaphæ  
 Tutum per *Ægeos* tumultus  
 Aura feret, geminusque *Pollux*.

That is in *Mr. Francis's* translation,

Though the mast howl beneath the wind,  
 I make no mercenary prayers,  
 Nor with the gods a bargain bind  
 With future vows and streaming tears  
 To save my wealth from adding more  
 To boundless Ocean's avaricious store.

Then in my little barge I'll ride  
 Secure amidst the foamy wave,  
 Calm will I stem the threat'ning tide,  
 And fearless all its tumults brave;  
 Ev'n then perhaps some kinder gale,  
 While the twin-stars appear, shall fill my joyful sail.

The *Doctor's* improvement is as follows, entitled, *The British Fisherman*.

## I.

Let *Spain's* proud traders, when the mast  
 Bends groaning to the stormy blast,

Run

## X.

In vain should I expect delight  
 From *Persius* wrapt in tenfold night,  
     Unless, *O Bond*, thy ray  
 Had pierc'd the shades that veil him round,  
 And set his sense obscure, profound  
     Amidst the blaze of day.

## XI.

Now *Seneca* with *tragic* lays  
 Demands my wonder and my praise:  
     What thunder arms his tongue!  
 Now *Sophocles* lets loose his rage:  
 With what a pomp he treads the stage,  
     And how sublime his song!

## XII.

In long and regular array  
 My shelves your volumes shall display,  
     Ye fav'rites of the nine!

Run to their beads with wretched plaints,  
 And vow and bargain with their faints,  
 Lest *Turkish* filks, or *Tyrian* wares  
     Sink in the drowning ship;  
 Or the rich dust *Peru* prepares  
 Defraud their long projecting cares,  
 And add new treasures to the greedy deep:

## II.

My little skiff, that skims the shores  
 With half a sail, and two short oars,  
 Provides me food in gentler waves;  
 But if they gape in watry graves,  
 I trust th' Eternal power, whose hand  
     Has swell'd the storm so high,  
 To waft my boat, and me to land,  
 Or give some angel swift command  
 To bear the drowning failor to the sky.

No moth's, no worm's insidious rage  
 Shall dare to riot on your page,  
 Or mar one modest line.

## XIII.

Meantime let *Martial's* blushless Muse,  
 Whose wit is poison'd by the stews,  
     *Catullus'* wanton fire,  
 With *Ovid's* verse, that as it rolls  
 With luscious poison taints our souls,  
 In bogs obscene expire.

## XIV.

See from the *Caledonian* shore,  
 With blooming laurels cover'd o'er,  
     *Buchanan* march along!  
 Hail honour'd heir of *David's* lyre,  
 Thou full-grown image of thy fire,  
 And hail thy matchless song!

## XV.

What terror sounds through all thy strings  
 When in his wrath th'Almighty flings  
     His thunder through the skies!  
 Anon, when heav'n's wide op'ning ray  
 Shines all our gloomy doubts away,  
 How soft the notes arise!

## XVI.

When billows upon billows roll,  
 And night o'erwhelms the tossing soul,  
     How potent is thy lyre  
 To hush the raging storm to rest,  
 Restore the sunshine of the breast,  
 And joy divine inspire!

## XVII.

Thou, sacred bard, whene'er I rove  
 The smiling mead, or shady grove,  
 Shalt entertain my way:

My



My humble mansion thou shalt grace,  
 Shalt at my table find a place,  
 And tune th' extatic lay :

## XVIII.

When the returning shades of night  
 My eyes to balmy sleep invite,  
 Thy sweet angelic airs  
 Shall warble to my ear, till sleep's  
 Soft influence o'er my senses creeps,  
 And buries all my cares.

## XIX.

Next comes the charming *Casimire!*  
 Exulting in seraphic fire  
 The bard divinely sings :  
 The heav'nly Muse inspir'd his tongue,  
 The heav'nly Muse his viol strung,  
 And tun'd th' harmonious strings.

## XX.

See on what full, what rapid gales  
 The *Polish swan* triumphant sails !  
 He spurns the globe behind,  
 And, mountains less'ning to the eye,  
 Through the unbounded fields on high  
 Expatiates unconfin'd.

## XXI.

Whether 'tis his divine delight  
 To bear in his exalted flight  
 Some hero to the skies,  
 Or to explore the seats above,  
 His kindred seats of peace and love,  
 His peerless pinions rise,

## XXII.

With what a wing ! To what an height  
 He tow'rs and mocks the gazing sight,  
 Lost in the tracts of day !

I from

I from afar behold his course  
 Amaz'd with what a sov'reign force  
 He mounts his arduous way.

## XXIII.

Methinks enkindled by the name  
 Of *Casmire*, a sudden flame  
 Now shoots through all my soul.  
 I feel, I feel the raptures rise,  
 On starry plumes I cut the skies,  
 And range from pole to pole;

## XXIV.

Touching on *Zion's* sacred brow,  
 My wand'ring eyes I cast below,  
 And our vain race survey:  
 O how they stretch their eager arms  
 T'embrace imaginary charms,  
 And throw their souls away!

## XXV.

In grov'ling cares, and stormy strife  
 They waste the golden hours of life,  
 And murder ev'ry joy.  
 What is a diadem that's tost  
 From hand to hand, now won, now lost,  
 But a delusive toy?

## XXVI.

From all terrestrial dregs refin'd  
 And sensual fogs, that choke the mind,  
 Full of th' inspiring God  
 My soul shall her sublimest lay  
 To her Creator, Father, pay,  
 And sound his praise abroad.

## XXVII.

Ye heroes, with your blood-stain'd arms,  
 Avaunt! The muse beholds no charms  
 In the devouring sword.

C

Avaunt!

Avaunt! ye despicable train  
Of Gods, the phantoms of the brain,  
By *Greece* and *Rome* ador'd.

## XXVIII.

Say what is *Wisdom's* queen to me,  
Or her fictitious Panoply,  
Or what the *God of wine*?  
I never will profane this hand  
Around his tall imperial \* wand  
The sacred boughs to twine.

## XXIX.

'Tis all romance beneath a thought  
How *Hercules* with lions fought,  
And crush'd the dragon's spires:  
Alike their *Thunderer* I despise,  
The fabled ruler of the skies  
And his pretended fires.

## XXX.

Thy name, Almighty Sire, and thine,  
*Jesus*, where his full glories shine,  
Shall consecrate my lays;  
In numbers, by no vulgar bounds control'd,  
In numbers, most divinely strong and bold,  
I'll sound through all the world th'immeasurable praise.

But in the moment the Muse is promising great things her vigour fails, her eyes are dazzled with the divine glories, her pinions flutter, her limbs tremble; she rushes headlong from the skies, falls to the earth, and there lies vanquished, overwhelmed in confusion and silence.

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\* The *thyrsus* mentioned by the Doctor in his ode was a spear twined round with ivy or bay leaves, which the votaries of *Bacchus* carried about in their hands at his feasts.

Forgive,

Forgive, Rev. Sir, the vain attempt, and kindly accept this poetical fragment, though rude and unpolished, as an expression of that gratitude which has been so long due to your merit.

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As an improvement of our chapter let me entreat all persons, who intend a learned profession, and especially that of divinity, to make themselves well acquainted with the *Latin* and *Greek* languages. Hereby an ample and solid foundation is laid for the superstructure which is to be erected on it. The works of numerous writers of the first character and benefit are composed in one or other of them, and a thorough acquaintance with these authors, which can only be attained by a mastery of the tongues in which they wrote, will wonderfully enlarge our stores of knowledge, and perhaps contribute not a little to infuse dignity and elegance into our compositions. Had not *Dr. Watts* been the good classical scholar he was he might never have shone with such a pre-eminent lustre as a poet and fine writer. By his early proficiency in the *Latin* and *Greek* he was not only prepared for academical exercises and studies, but, whenever he wished to banquet on a *Latin* or *Greek* writer, the rinds in which their rich ideas were inclosed immediately opened their internal treasures to him.

## C H A P. II.

*His Academical Studies.*

I HAVE been informed that, while the Doctor was a youth, *Dr. John Speed*, a physician, and some other gentlemen at *Southampton*, observing his genius, and being willing to encourage it, offered to be at the charge of his education at one of our *English universities*, but that he declined the proposal, saying, “He was determined to take his lot among the dissenters.” Accordingly, in the year 1690, he was sent to *London* for academical education under the *Rev. Mr. Thomas Rowe*, and in 1693, in his 19th year, he joined in communion with the church under the pastoral care of his tutor\*.

“ I have been credibly informed, says *Dr. Jen-*

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\* *Mr. Thomas Rowe* was the son of the *Rev. John Rowe*, M. A. who was ejected by the Act of Uniformity 1662 from *Westminster Abbey*. The father, and afterwards the son were pastors of the church of *Protestant Dissenters* now meeting at *Haberdashers-Hall, London*, of which the Editor of these Memoirs has been pastor 36 years. He thinks it an honour that a predecessor of his was tutor and pastor to so great and good a man as *Dr. Watts*, and that the church under his care has been so eminently distinguished as to have him for a member. I have heard the Doctor speak with great honour of *Mr. Rowe*, and there is an ode addressed to him in his *Lyric Poems*, which breathes the high esteem and affection he had for him.

“ nings,



“ nings, that, while he resided in this college  
 “ of learning, his behaviour was not only so  
 “ inoffensive that his tutor declared he never  
 “ gave him any occasion of reproof, but so ex-  
 “ emplary that he often proposed him as a  
 “ pattern for his other pupils for imitation.”

No doubt can reasonably be made but the *Doctor* diligently applied himself to his studies by any person who considers what a strong and over-ruling inclination he discovered to literature from his earliest age, and the treasures of knowledge and erudition he opened to the world not many years after his academical education was completed. But to put the matter beyond all possible question, I will take the liberty of transcribing two of the *Doctor's Theses* from a manuscript volume in his own hand, given me after his decease by his brother, *Mir. Enoch Watts*. The volume contains no less than twenty-two *Latin* Dissertations which were evidently his college-exercises. The subjects may be ranged under the articles of *Physical, Metaphysical, Ethical, and Theological*.—Two of these *Theses* are as follow :

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*An Deus sit verax? Affirmatur.*

Raræ fanè proterviæ est iste vir qui veracitatem Deo eripere ausit, et omnem rationis lucem ejerâsse oporteat, et ipsum ejerâsse Deum qui fidelem negat : face ergo potius quam

fuste est opus in hac thesi tractanda quæ penitus explicari magis quam laboriosè probari quærit. Ita vero explicanda est, et tali lumine circumfundenda, ut cum aliquo Dei actu aut attributo ne quidem videatur pugnare. Ut pateat Dei veracitas retegenda est veritas in genere, quæ hanc ut speciem sibi inferiorem vendicat. Notio veritatis in congruentiâ sita est, et concordia inter unam rem et aliam. Sic *Physica* veritas est conformitas corporis cum principiis ex quibus ortum est. Veritas apud *Logicos* dicitur cohærentia quæ ideæ mentis cum objecto intercedit. Veritas *Ethica* est cum dicta factis, et facta dictis conformia sunt. Huic analogica est Dei veracitas, ad eam enim attributorum classem redigitur quæ moralis dicitur, quia virtutes illis analogicæ lege morali hominibus præcipiuntur; quapropter conformitatem sermonis divini cum rebus præteritis, præsentibus, et futuris Dei veracitatem ausim appellare, rebus, inquam, præteritis, nunc temporis, et futuris, sive eæ sunt res gestæ, sive propria decreta, sive sint naturæ rerum et essentiæ, sive futura sibi efficienda, seu permittenda tantum. Deum ergo veracem esse significat ipsum nullam unquam decretorum enunciationem, nullam narrationem, nullam doctrinam, suis decretis, rebus gestis, aut naturæ rerum contrariam protulisse; neque aliquid unquam pollicitum esse, aut minatum, aut prædixisse quod non suo tempore vel dedit effectum, vel dabit.

Ut

Ut vero rectè intelligatur quod proposuimus, nec sinistrè acceptum sit par aut trias limitationum adhibenda est.

1. Si quando facer spiritus sancti amanuensis cœlestes tabulas floribus intersperferit rhetoricis tales prophetias sensu literali adimplendas sperare ridiculum esset et absurdum.

2. Si quando se hoc aut illud velle asserit Deus quod non tamen peragit ista volitio æquivocè intelligenda est et de voluntate legislativâ tantum.

3. Si Deus aut polliceatur quid se daturum, aut se puniturum minetur tacitis conditionibus annexis facile ipse à falsitatis suspicione purgatur, licet promissa non peregerit, si conditiones appensæ defunt. Quod ipse Dominus de se testatur, Jerem. xviii. 7, 8, 9, 10. cujus verba, quia multum ad rem faciunt, contractè recitabo. “ Quo momento eloquar contra gentem, me  
“ illam demoliturum esse, si convertatur gens  
“ illa à malo suo pœnitebit quoque me ejus  
“ mali quod cogitavi. Quo autem momento  
“ loquar de gente, &c. me ædificaturum, si  
“ malum fecerit, vicissim pœnitebit me illius  
“ boni quod dixero, &c.”

4. Excipias iterum Dei minas si quando ad plenum non perficiuntur. Adcò summè enim benignum est. Numen, adè mite et creaturæ amans, ut vix possit manus ultrices in ejus cladem armare. Nec tamen vis infertur veracitati, minæ enim, quibus lex sancitur, non tam demonstrant necessarium vindicis justitiæ egres-

sum quatenus omnes pœnæ circumstantias, quam meritum pœnæ in peccante, et in legislatore puniendi jus. Ut demus nebulam hominis lapsi inscitiâ esse indutam quo minùs egregiam dictorum Dei cum factis consonantiam perspicuè cernamus inde tamen Deo quicquid decedere minimè æquum est. Stat ac stabit æternum sacrum volumen veracitate Dei utrâque paginâ inscriptam præferens; ac, ut nullum detur verbum, ratio humana abundè id suadet. Primus verò loquatur ipse Deus, et se veracem pronunciet; imo audiatis (revereamini!) jurantem Deum, Pfal. lxxxix. 35. “Semel juravi  
 “ per sanctitatem Davidi, non mentiar.” Quid magis sacrum, quid magis tremendum quam Numinis jusjurandum? Huic textui astipulatur *Paulus* et confirmat. Heb. vi. 17. “Fide-  
 “ jussit jurejurando ut per res immutabiles in  
 “ quibus fieri non potest ut mentitus sit Deus.”

Sed ad artificialia argumenta divertamus.

1. Divinæ veracitatis locuples testis est tot et tantarum urbium subversio, tot ruina populorum, tot denique privatæ res gestæ, quarum prædictio mille ante annos extitit. Hinc Dei verba autoritas conciliatur et demonstratur verax Deus.

2. Nisi fidelis Deus sit perit religio. Fallaces flammis committantur scripturæ et erubescat longus interpretum grex. Impostor *Moses* et *David*, falsus *Esaias* et quotquot minores prophetæ. Redeat oculis captus *Mæonides*, et commentitiam deorum turbam adorabimus.

Abfit!



Abfit! abfit! Deus fanè nofter et unicus verax est, aut Deus nullus.

3, Si non effectum dat quicquid prædixit Deus, aut novit se non facturum, aut nescivit dum prædixit. Si novit non est summè bonus qui creaturas vellet fallere. si nescivit, non omniscius est, nec quidem immutabilis. Est vero omniscius, et immutabilis, et summâ benignitate omnes suæ actiones perfusæ sunt. Nec possit fallere, nec falli. Agnoscamus ergo summè veracem, et celebremus Deum,

IN ENGLISH.

*Whether God is faithful? Affirmed.*

That man must be arrived at a very unusual pitch of boldness indeed, who dares to rob God of his veracity, since before this he must abjure all the light of reason, and even the Deity himself.

In discoursing upon our Thesis, there is a greater call for definition than argument, as the subject is of such a nature as to require rather an accurate explanation than a laborious proof. Our business is so to open and represent the divine veracity, and diffuse such a light over it, that it may not seem to clash with any act or attribute of Deity.

That we may have a clear conception of the veracity of God, let us consider truth in general, under which the divine veracity as a particular



species is to be comprehended. The notion of truth lies in congruity or agreement between one thing and another. Thus *Physical* truth is the conformity of a body with the principles whence it originated; *Logical* truth is the agreement of the idea in the mind with the object; and *Ethical* truth is the harmony of our words with our actions, and of our actions with our words; analogous to which is the truth of God, for it belongs to that division of the Divine attributes which is styled moral, because virtues analogous to these attributes are by the moral law required of mankind. Upon which account I may be bold to say that the conformity of the word of God with things past, present, and to come, constitutes the idea of divine truth; I say, with things, past, present, and to come, whether they are things actually performed, whether they are particular decrees, whether they are the natures and essences of things, or whether they are future things to be effected, or only permitted. That God is true therefore signifies that he never issued any declaration of his decrees, any history, any doctrine contrary to his decrees, to what was done by him, or to the nature of things; and that he never at any time promised any thing, or threatened any thing, or predicted any thing which in its appointed season he did not perform, or which shall not be performed by him.

But that what we propose may be rightly understood, and that there may be no mistake of

our

our meaning we shall lay down two or three limitations.

1. If at any time the inspired penmen of scripture have inserted into their writings any flowers of rhetoric, it would be both ridiculous and absurd to expect that prophecies delivered in this form should be literally accomplished.

2. If at any time God declares that he wills this or that, which in the result of all he does not perform, this volition is to be understood with latitude, and only expressing his will as a legislator.

3. If God should promise that he will confer any blessing, or should threaten that he would inflict any punishment, in cases where secret conditions are implied, he would be still clear of all imputation of falsehood, though he should neither perform the promise, nor execute the punishment, even though the conditions are not expressed. This God testifies concerning himself, Jer. xviii. 7—10. which passage, as it is so much to our point, I will briefly recite.  
“ At what instant I shall speak concerning a  
“ nation to pluck it up, if that nation turn  
“ from their evil, I will repent of the evil that  
“ I thought to do unto them. And at what  
“ instant I shall speak concerning a nation to  
“ build it, if it do evil in my sight, then will  
“ I repent of the good wherewith I said I would  
“ benefit them.”

4. If God should not fulfil his threatenings to the utmost extent of their meaning he is not  
for

fer that reason to be thought unfaithful. So superlatively kind is the Deity, so merciful, and full of love to his creatures, that scarce can he call forth his vengeance for their destruction, but still his veracity is preserved inviolable; because the threatenings with which his laws are armed do not so much demonstrate the necessary egress of his avenging justice as to all the circumstances of punishment, as the desert of punishment in the offender, and the right of punishment in the lawgiver.

Should we grant that so great a cloud of ignorance darkens the mind of man in his fallen state as to prevent in some cases our clear discovery of the perfect harmony of the word with the actions of Deity, yet by no means are we to detract from the honours of the divine veracity. The sacred volume remains, and shall for ever remain inscribed in both its parts with the truth of God; and even upon the supposition that he had not given us his word, we might be fully satisfied of his veracity from human reason only.

We may observe upon the subject, that God himself speaks to us, and asserts his own faithfulness; nay we shall hear him (and let it be with all becoming reverence) swearing by himself, Psal. lxxxix. 35. "Once have I sworn by my holiness, that I will not lie unto *David*." What can be more tremendous than the oath of God himself? The apostle *Paul* agrees with this text, and ratifies what it declares, Heb. vi.

17. “ Wherein God, willing more abundantly  
 “ to shew unto the heirs of promise the im-  
 “ mutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an  
 “ oath, that by two immutable things, in which  
 “ it was impossible for God to lie, we might  
 “ have a strong consolation, &c.”

But let us now attend to some other arguments, which are rather deductions than express declarations. As,

1. The overthrow of so many and so great cities, of the destruction of so many people, and finally, of so many private events which have taken place, the predictions of which preceded them a thousand years before they happened are proofs of the divine veracity. By these the authority of the word of God is established, and they are so many monuments of his truth.

2. If God were not faithful farewell to all religion. Then let the scriptures over-run with falsehoods be thrown into the flames, and let the long train of interpreters be confounded with shame. *Moses* and *David*, *Isaiab* and all the *minor prophets* have deceived us. Let the blind *Homer* rise from his grave, and we will adore his romantic rabble of Gods.—Perish, perish the thought! Either our God is the only true God, or there is no God at all.

3. If God does not perform what he has predicted, he either knew that he would not do what he had foretold, or he did not. If he knew that he would not do it, he is not supremely



premely good in thus deceiving his creatures ; if he did not know that he would do it, he is neither immutable nor omniscient. But God is omniscient and immutable, and all his actions are expressive of the greatest goodness. He can neither deceive nor be deceived. Let us therefore acknowledge that he is faithful in the highest degree, and praise him accordingly !

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*An mens humana sit immaterialis?*

*Affirmatur.*

Miranda sunt nec minus perniciofa eorum nescio an dixerim philosophorum deliria, qui spiritum humanum materialem esse volunt, cum tanta et menti et sensibus vel raptim abeuntis exinde absurda occurrent, et incommoda quorum pauca infra ostendamus ; at nominum definitiones prius proponenda sunt, ne, sicut hostibus in gratiam redactis eorum arma in se invicem vibrata clangant, ita rebus ipsis consentientibus pugnam committant dictiones.

Per mentem humanam intelligo cogitationem illam, quam quisque in se experitur, vel clariùs sic, principium illud internum omnium nostrarum cogitationum, nostrorum appetituum, et nostrarum voluptatum, cujus ope produci-mus omnes functiones, quæ aliquam cogitationem includunt, in quo, tanquam in primo suo subjecto, omnes cogitationes continentur.



Thesew's nostræ prædicatum, viz. vox *immaterialis* secundo se offert explicandum. Omne illud *immateriale* esse dico, quod non est extensum, quod non habet partes extra partes, quoniam omne extensum in longum, latum, et profundum materiæ nomen apud optimos obtinuit.

Patefacto jam itinere in arenam descendimus. Sed O quot et quanti me in limine aggrediuntur! Primo, occurrit *Epicurus*, instat *Tertullianus*, urgent *Hobbes* et ejusdem sectatores, *Græci* et *Barbari*, *Ethnici*, et veræ religionis, at pauci professores. Illi nollent animos immateriales esse nè fortè fiant immortales, et quò liberius peccent immaterialitatis ideam ex intellectu oblitterant; alii ad firmanda erraticæ suæ religionis dogmata, alii autem ob ignorantiam, præjudicia, & inconsiderantiam inter animam et corpus non satis accuratè distinguunt.

Quod ad argumentationem attinet spectemus. Sequentia ratiocinia hæc è multis pauca selegi.

1. Si corpus possit cogitare cogitatio est modus corporis, et à partium positione aut motû pendat. Quænam jam est ista positio quæ cogitet? Quæ figura? An è tribus an quatuor angulis constat? Si autem in motû constare dicis, quisnam quæso ille motus? Nullum ego præter localem agnosco, et si hic est cogitatio tum quumcunque corpus movet cogitat. Meræ sunt hæc nugæ et afflatû rationis in nihilum reducendæ.

2. Corpus

2. Corpus seu materia est, ut volunt philosophi; principium passivum; at cogitationem actionem esse quis negat, illam præsertim cogitationis speciem quæ voluntas dicitur? Regeras forsan materiem quidem inertem esse, at extensionem dari spiritualem quæ activa est. Respondeo, tecum alias disputationem ineundam esse ut error hic tuus inter extensionem et materiam distinguens revincatur.

3. Si corpus possit cogitare cogitatio est modus corporis essentialis, aut accidentalis. Non essentialis quia tunc inseparabilis esset et omne corpus cogitaret. Nec accidentalis quia accidens nec concipi potest sine subjecto, nè præcisivâ quidem abstractione, nam sic accidens conciperetur sine essentiâ suâ cujus esse est inesse. At conare jam, Adversarie, nonne possis cogitare de voluntate tuâ, et potentiâ teipsum determinandi, de gaudio, amore, et affectibus tuis, sine ullâ perceptione rei externâ? Possis certe, ergo nec cogitatio est accidens corporis.

4. Illud est essentialis rei attributum primum et eam constituit quod possit concipi aliis proprietatibus non conceptis, aliæ vero non sine illo. *Cogitatio* et *extensio* tali modo conveniunt *spiritui* et *corpori*, nec unum eorum aliquid aliud præsupponit in quo fundetur. Sunt ergo essentialia, et specierum propriarum maximè diversarum constitutiva. Quando ergo binæ essentialiæ ad unum aliquod simplex constituendum concurrunt, tunc materiam posse cogitare credam.

5. Pos-

5. Postremum et grande argumentum cui succumbet et assentiet omnis intellectus φιλαληθης hoc modo proponitur. Axioma est in omni ubique philosophia essentiam ab operationibus cognosci. Quales sunt operationes, tale est subjectum. Mentis nostræ operationes sunt cognitio, dubitatio, affectio, & his similes. Nunc quænam extensio cognitioni adjungitur? Nec longitudo certè, nec latitudo, nec crassities. Si ergo cognitio, seu volitio est immaterialis, idem est subjectum cognitionis. Corpus nescit tales actus exerere, nam sic ultra sphæram suæ activitatis ageret, itemque effectus esset nobilior causâ.

Sufficiant hæc, & ut mihi videntur sufficiunt cuivis non pertinaciter opinioni alicui contra rationem inhærenti. Quod si quis post hæc omnia propriam mentem materiam esse asseret, per me licet inter ista degat animalia quæ gramine vescuntur, philosophorum, imo hominum societate prorsus indignus.

IN ENGLISH.

*Whether the Mind of Man is immaterial?  
Affirmed.*

Very surprizing, and no less pernicious are, I know not whether I should not call them, those dreams of some philosophers who maintain that the mind of man is material, as the flagrant absurdities and mischiefs of such a no-

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tion

tion must strike even the most hasty observer, some of which we may point out before we close our discourse.

Previous to our entrance upon our subject it is proper we should settle our terms, lest, like as enemies brought over to our side may fall out with one another, our words should clash, at the same time there is an agreement among the things themselves.

*By the mind of man* I understand that cogitation which every one feels within himself, or, to express myself more clearly, that internal principle of all our thoughts, of our desires, and of our volitions, to which we owe all those operations in which any degree of thought is concerned, or that principle which as in its prime subject includes all our thoughts.

We shall next attend to our *predicate*. I call all that *immaterial* which is not extended, that which has not parts annexed to parts, for whatever has the dimension of length, breadth, and thickness is properly denominated *matter* in the opinion of the best philosophers.

Having opened our way, we now enter into the field. But what a numerous and formidable host immediately appears in array against us? First *Epicurus*, then *Tertullian*, next *Hobbes* and his followers oppose me, *Greeks*, *Barbarians*, *Pagans*, and some, though but a few, professors of the true religion. Some will not admit that the mind of man is immaterial, lest the consequence should press them  
that



that it is immortal, and that they may have no check upon them in their course of sin they exclude from the human soul the idea of immateriality. Others adopt the error that they may by it support their mistaken notions in religion. And a third sort, through ignorance, prejudices, and inconsideration, do not with sufficient accuracy draw the line between *mind* and *matter*.

We shall now consider what arguments may be alleged in proof of our proposition that the mind of man is immaterial. I have selected the following reasons out of many that might be adduced :

1. If the body is capable of thinking, thought is a mode of body, and depends either upon the position of its parts, or upon motion. But what is that position of parts which thinks? What is its figure? Does it consist of three or four angles? Or if thinking depends upon motion, let me ask what is that motion? I know of no motion but what is local, and if this is thinking, then whenever a body moves it thinks. But these are mere bubbles which instantly dissolve before the breath of reason.

2. *Body* or *matter* according to philosophers is a passive principle, but who is there can deny but *thinking* is an action, and more especially that kind of it which is called *volition*? You may perhaps reply, “that matter is inert” “but that there is a spiritual extension which” “is active.” To which I answer, that it ma-



be in a manner different from that of *reasoning*, by which your error should be combated, that of distinguishing between *extension* and *matter*.

3. If body can think, thinking must be either an essential, or an accidental mode. It cannot be an essential mode, for if it were it would be inseparable, and all bodies would think. It cannot be an accidental mode, because we can have no conception of an accident, no, not even upon the most refined abstraction without a subject, otherwise an accident would be conceived of without its essence, when its very being is an in-being in that essence. Now try, my adversary, I address myself to you, whether you cannot think of your will, of the power of determining yourself, of joy, of love, and your other affections without any idea of any thing extended? You can undoubtedly: conclude then that thought is not an accident of body.

4. That is an essential, primary attribute of a thing, and which indeed constitutes it which may be conceived of without other properties, at the same time that other properties cannot be conceived of without an idea of that attribute. *Thinking* and *extension* considered in this manner agree the one to *spirit*, the other to *body*, nor does either the one or the other presuppose any thing besides in which it should be founded; *thinking* and *extension* therefore are essential attributes of two particular kinds of beings which are at the greatest remove from each

each other. Not then till these two essences constitute one simple being shall I believe that thinking belongs to matter.

5. The last and grand argument, to which all lovers of truth will yield their assent, may be thus represented. It is an axiom that universally prevails in philosophy, that an essence may be known by its operations, or in other words, as are the operations such are the subjects. Now the operations of our minds are *knowledge, doubting, affection*, and the like. But what connexion has *extension* with knowledge? Knowledge unquestionably has neither length, breadth, nor thickness. If therefore judgment or volition is immaterial, its subject is immaterial too. The body is incapable of exerting such acts, for it would then go beyond the sphere of its power, and the effect would be more excellent than its cause.

Let these arguments suffice, and to me they appear sufficient to satisfy any mind that will not obstinately adhere to its opinion against the force of reason. If any person, after all that has been alleged, should still insist upon it that his own mind is *material*, I shall have no objection to his turning out among the animals which graze the fields, as he is utterly unworthy the society of philosophers, and indeed of mankind.

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Besides the *Latin theses* in the volume above mentioned, of which we have given the ante-

cedent specimens, there are also inserted two *English Dissertations*, the first made, as the *Doctor* prefixes it, *for our* meeting together (meaning undoubtedly the Students of the Academy) on *Saturday* in *July* 1693, and the other for our meeting together on *Saturday* *Sept. 9,* 1693. These *English Dissertations* appear to us too meritorious not to have a place in our work, and may excite students and candidates for the ministry in the several colleges of religion and learning to imitate the example of the *Doctor* and his fellow-pupils, and therefore we make no apology for presenting them to the world.

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DISSERTATION I.

*Whether the Doctrine of Justification by Faith alone tends to Licentiousness.*

Man, by wilful sinning against an express command, sullied the glory of his innocence, and lost that inherent righteousness which, according to the tenor of the first covenant, entitled him to the favour of God and felicity. Justice requires satisfaction for the injuries done to its law, and a perfect obedience is necessary to procure a new title to happiness. Fallen man is altogether unable either to pay the debt, or to work for life, for the loss of his original righteousness left him wholly destitute  
of

of any power to regain it. If ever therefore he be freed from the curse of this law, it is requisite that its penalty be suffered, and if ever he be admitted again into divine favour it must be by the imputation of the righteousness of another. *Jesus Christ* has undertaken the cause. The eternal Son of God became flesh, and tabernacled among us; he bore the punishment which guilty man had incurred, and fulfilled the law to which the promise of life was annexed. Now that both his sufferings and his obedience are imputed to us in order to acceptance with God, I shall at present only offer these two Scriptures.

Gal. iii. 13. "Christ hath redeemed us from  
 " the curse of the law by being made a curse  
 " for us." What words can be more emphatical? We, who must otherwise have been accursed to eternity, are redeemed therefrom by his being made a curse for us, and the cursing sentence being executed upon him.

The second Scripture is Rom. v. 19. "As  
 " by the disobedience of one many were made  
 " sinners, so by the obedience of one shall  
 " many be made righteous." The words in the original are *κατασταθησονται δικαιοι*, *shall be constituted righteous* according to a law, or covenant, as I heard the *Rev. Mr. Alsop* explain them, and said that he could not tell any other consistent sense of these words.

Thus briefly of the imputation of Christ's righteousness. But how comes it to be imput-



ed to us, or made ours? It is answered by faith alone; so the assembly of divines express it in their catechism. The perfect obedience and full satisfaction of Christ are imputed to us by God, and received by faith alone. 'Tis faith alone receives this righteousness. Good works have nothing to do in the receiving it, or in justifying us. Infinite justice will be satisfied with no less than complete righteousness, and therefore our own broken and imperfect righteousness is insufficient. Consult that text Rom. iv. 5. "To him that works not, but believes on him who justifies the ungodly, his faith accounted for righteousness." Now it cannot be meant that faith itself is imputed as the matter of our righteousness, because faith, considered in itself, is a good work; but what is intended is the object of faith, namely, Christ's righteousness. The Apostle, to avoid all mistakes, declares, 1st, negatively, that works are to be excluded, and, 2dly, positively, that we receive a righteousness by faith.

I shall not insist further on the proof of the point, because it seems to be granted in the question; yet so much was necessary to be premised in order to a regular procedure.

This doctrine is the truth of the Gospel as it is in *Jesus*, and the only mean whereby every one of us may be made holy and happy. The devil therefore has used many artifices to subvert it, among which this is a principal one,



one, namely, filling mens minds with wrong opinions concerning it by representing it as an unholy doctrine; and this is the common prejudice against justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ received by faith alone, that it gives liberty to men to live loofely and sinfully, as though there was no room for good works in our religion, if they be not brought into our justification. But constant experience shows that this is a mistake, for they who embrace this doctrine are for good works as much as any, and dare not oppose the authority of that Spirit who, by the Apostle *James*, pronounces “that faith which is without good works to be dead.” What we contend for is the right place, use, and end of good works in the matters of religion, that they may not be substituted in the stead of *Christ*, and the glory of our salvation be attributed to ourselves, against which the Scripture so often cautions us.

I shall, in a few words, give the true place and use of holiness.

1. It is a part of our salvation purchased by Christ. He redeemed us not only from wrath, but sin too. Tit. ii. 14. where it is said, “he gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity.” Grace is glory begun; now that glory is the purchase of Christ none will deny.

2. Holiness is the end of our redemption and justification, as appears in the forementioned

tioned text, “ who gave himself for us, that  
 “ he might purify unto himself a peculiar peo-  
 “ ple zealous of good works.”

3. The law of creation obliges us to good works. As we are creatures, we are to worship and honour our maker by obedience.

4. As we are bought from the prison of hell we become his servants who paid a price for us, and therefore we are obliged to serve him. 1 Cor. vi. 20. “ Ye are bought with a price,  
 “ therefore glorify God in your body and in  
 “ your spirit, which are God’s.”

5. We are to perform obedience to the commands of *Christ*, in gratitude to him who is our so great benefactor.

6. Holiness is the mean to prepare us for glory, though not to procure glory for us.

7. Holiness is the way to evidence our justification, and give us the assurance and comfort of it.

We now proceed to give some reasons to demonstrate that justification by faith alone is so far from being an impediment to an holy life that it is the only true way to promote it.

1. Good works, after justification by faith, is the order in which God himself has placed them. Eph. ii. 8, 9, 10. “ By grace are ye  
 “ saved through faith,” that is, you are made partakers of salvation in both parts of it, the favour of God and his image, by God’s free gift or grace as the principal cause, and by faith as the instrument receiving it: “ not of  
 “ works,”

“ works,” as it follows, “ lest any man should  
 “ boast, for we are his workmanship created  
 “ in Christ Jesus to good works.” We are  
 not united to *Christ Jesus* by having good works  
 created in us, but being in Christ we are cre-  
 ated to good works. In like manner, Tit. iii.  
 8. it is said, “ that they who have believed in  
 “ God, should be careful to maintain good  
 “ works.” The holy spirit prefaces it with  
 two notes of attention and observation; “ this  
 “ is a faithful saying, and these things I will  
 “ that thou affirm constantly, that they which  
 “ have believed in God be careful to maintain  
 “ good works.”

2. That faith which justifies is the necessary  
 and immediate spring and origin of good  
 works. The first act of faith is acceptance of  
*Christ* to be our way to salvation, to reconcile  
 us to God by his righteousness, and make us  
 fit for his enjoyment by his sanctifying grace.  
 Faith trusts *Christ* for holiness and glory, and  
 immediately upon this act we are justified;  
 “ though, as *Dr. Goodwin* says, faith justifies  
 “ peculiarly as it depends on Christ for his  
 “ perfect righteousness to bring us into the fa-  
 “ vour of God.” (*Goodwin's Triumph of*  
*Faith*, § 2. Chap. i.) But before this act we  
 could not perform any good work, for we re-  
 ceive strength to do good works by this trust-  
 ing. Dependence on our part derives the  
 supply of graces and influences from the spi-  
 rit of God, without whom we can do no-  
 thing.

thing. John xv. 5. But *St. Paul* tells the *Philippians*, chap. iv. 13. "That he could do  
 "all things through Christ strengthening  
 "him." Now that faith is the mean to partake of this communicated power consult Mark xi. 24. John xiv. 13, 14. John xv. 16. John xvi. 23, 24. James i. 5, 6. Christ will so far honour our dependance on him, that he condescends, to speak, with reverence, to the will of believers, as appears by these texts.

3. The love of Christ manifested in free justification without works more effectually and sweetly binds the soul to obedience than any rigid measures which the fear of punishment can use. The natures of believers are, as it were, refined; they are heaven-born, ingenuous, and easily wrought upon by love. It is a common truth, that nothing is done by hatred and fear which might not effectually and pleasantly be performed by love. The effects of pure love are exceeding great. We seldom, if ever, read of any who, out of a mere fear of hell, would endure the greatest miseries of life, who had not the love of God in their hearts. But how many thousands, being fortified with this love to their Redeemer, have joyfully undergone severe torments rather than part with their obedience and holiness, notwithstanding they hoped not to be saved by them? Now the greater the love which is expressed towards us, the stronger are our engagements to love again. Consider then how incomparably  
 greater



greater is that love which appears in *Christ's* giving us himself and his righteousness freely, and completing by himself the work of our redemption, than if he had only entreated the Father to relax the first covenant, and put us into a possibility of acquiring heaven by our own obedience? 2 Cor. v. 14. "The love of Christ constrains us, because we thus judge that if one died for all, then were all dead." That love is a far more efficacious principle than fear appears also from the first epistle of *John*. The whole letter of that beloved disciple breathes nothing but love and holiness. The first is the principle of the latter. He had learned and felt the powers of love in the bosom of his *Jesus*, and recommended that sovereign antidote against sin, that cordial to revive dying holiness to all the followers of his loving Saviour. Heaven is a state of most perfect holiness, and the immediate created principle of it is perfect love, as seems to be implied in 1 John iv. 18. and 1 Cor. xiii. 8—13.

4. The doctrines of perseverance and assurance, for I shall join them both together at present, are supported only by this doctrine of justification by faith alone. But these doctrines are most effectual to promote holiness, therefore the doctrine of justification by faith alone promotes holiness. That assurance and perseverance depend only on justification by faith alone is sufficiently proved, because if our obedience



dience this moment be sincere enough to justify us, our disobedience the next moment may damn us, whereas faith once acted on Christ aright so justifies us that we can never fall from justification, as might be proved from many Scriptures. “ I know whom I have believed,” saith the Apostle, 2 Tim. i. 12. But our opponents themselves grant this by contending against perseverance, and consequently assurance, while they hold that works concur with faith to our justification. It remains therefore only to be proved that assurance is the most effectual mean to promote holiness, and this appears,

(1) As an assurance of salvation keeps us from temptations, and the victorious power of sin. How shall we be able to comply with Satan, and obey that wretched spirit, when we know that we are Christ's, and he has purchased us? How can a man willingly defile that soul with sin, which the blood of Christ has washed into purity and whiteness? This would be to trample the blood of Christ under foot, the least thought of which startles a saint. In Phil. iv. 7. it is said, “ the peace of God, which passes all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds.” *Dr. Owen, in his Treatise of Temptations*, examines the word  $\phi\rho\nu\sigma\epsilon\iota\varsigma$ , shall keep as a garrison. Now when our minds are preserved from being blinded by temptations, and our hearts defended from their prevailing assaults, surely we cannot fall;  
and

and this is done by this peace of God, the peace which God speaks to the conscience and assurance of his love.

(2) Assurance preserves repentance in continual exercise, and so promotes the divine life. An assured person mourns over and stabs his sins, because he knows it is his *Jesus* whom they have pierced. He revenges himself upon the crucifiers of his Lord, and his hatred against sin is as keen as his love to that God-Man, who bore the punishment of it in his stead. Zech, xii, 10.

(3) Assurance of salvation will damp and deaden our affections to the things of this world. Col. iii. 1, 2. "Set your affections  
 " on things above, and not on things on the  
 " earth, for ye are dead," that is to sin, "and  
 " your life is hid with Christ in God." Honour and esteem among men, disgrace and private reproaches, riches and pleasures will have less influence upon, and less room in our minds, when a sense and certainty of the enjoyment of heavenly objects have already possessed them. It is by reason of the interest which these earthly things have in our affections that we are so often captivated to sin, but, when our affections are dead to external objects, how much easier is a strict and religious life?

Now of all these cords which bind the willing soul to holiness and good works the doctrine of justification by obedience is destitute.

5. The last reason which I shall mention is the testimony and example of saints who have tried and practised according to the doctrine of justification by faith alone, and led most holy lives, whereas they who hoped to be saved by good works have lived in the practice of the greatest sins. I shall at present instance only in the *Pharisees*, who trusted not to the righteousness of *Christ*, as *St. Paul* tells us, Rom. x. iii. “but, going about to establish  
“ their own righteousness, they became ignorant of the righteousness of God.” Now of what gross sins does *Christ* accuse the *Pharisees*? How black and deformed would their lives appear if compared with the lives of the apostles, especially of *St. Paul*, who asserted the doctrine of justification by faith alone? The *Pharisees* found it impossible to yield obedience to the divine law in its spirituality, yet rather than forego their presumption of being saved by it, they confined it only to outward acts; yet here they wretchedly failed too, as appears by our Saviour’s frequent reproofs, and awful denunciations against them.

## DISSERTATION II.

*Whether Self-denial in Things in themselves indifferent be not in some Cases necessary? Affirmed.*

By the first man's disobedience our souls fell from God, and were utterly deprived of that liberty to good things which made up a considerable part of our innocent happiness. We are become hereby slaves to our own sinful desires, and miserably enchained to the grand enemy of souls; nevertheless our degenerate faculties continually affect freedom, and retain a pretension, wretched as it is, to liberty: neither are we content with that natural freedom which is seated in our wills, namely, a power to act according to the judgments of reason, and accompanied with delight, but, having rebelliously withdrawn ourselves from our blessed subjection to God, we presumptuously aspire after a moral liberty too. We are unwilling to be governed by the laws of our Maker, or have our appetites restrained by a superior authority. This was the essence of the first ruining sin in thought, and the foundation of that actual transgression which involved us all in misery. *Adam* beget his posterity in his own likeness, and communicated his sinful image to his children. Whence it is that we scorn to be limited and circumscribed, and

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would have laws prescribed to us by nothing but our own lusts. The best of men have too much of this depraved nature remaining in them, and in this imperfect state we cannot perfectly shake off our old innate pride. Mercy therefore to comport with our weakness has not so strictly and severely tied us up as to leave nothing indifferent. Many particular actions there are wherein the law of God has not obliged us. We may perform them, or abstain from them, according to our own pleasure. I speak not of individual actions, but of actions considered in their species or nature. Here I respect them without their ends and intentions, for doubtless, invested with those circumstances, they are either good or evil. There is such a thing as christian liberty, but the great question is how we may so use it, as not to abuse and pervert the end of it. "All things are lawful, says the Apostle in 1 Cor. vi. 12. but all things are not expedient." By this universal term, *all things* can be meant nothing else than all those things which are not forbidden by the divine law. Nevertheless, says he, all these things, though they are not forbidden, yet as to many of them, I will not practise them, for they are not expedient. Now whether this expediency or inconvenience be not something so great as to rise to some necessity of abstinence from those particular actions, is the point controverted. In the treating upon it we shall,



1. Enumerate some particular cases wherein this self-denial seems to be proper.

2. Offer some few considerations to enforce the affirmative. The cases may be taken,

(1) From the action itself when the thing which is neither commanded nor forbidden by the divine law be commanded or forbidden by human laws. They who are our superiors, and whom God has set in authority over us have a right to prescribe laws unto us for the management of those our actions, about which the law of God gives us no precepts. Many things there are which seem to us slight and inconsiderable, but yet our governors see, it may be, good reason to impose them, or restrain us from them, and to break these statutes is to break the statutes of God in some sense, who has ordained us to be subject to all those whom he shall constitute to be higher powers, as you may see at large, Rom. xiii. 1—8. “ Let every soul be subject to the  
 “ higher powers, for there is no power but of  
 “ God.—Whosoever therefore resists the power  
 “ resists the ordinance of God.—And again,  
 “ Ye must needs be subject not only for fear  
 “ of their wrath, and civil punishment, but  
 “ also for conscience sake.” To bring only that instance which our tutor frequently uses, that of burying in woollen. This is neither commanded nor forbidden by God, yet because the civil power and authority command it, we are bound to obey or pay the fine.

(2) Another case wherein this self-denial in things in themselves indifferent may be proper may be taken from the persons among whom we live. We must refrain from those things which give offence to other christians, though in themselves they give no offence to God. This particular topic of scandal is one of the most difficult of all the disciplinary controversies, or to adjust the exact bounds and limits as to the taking and giving just offence. In some sense just offence cannot be given but by the doing of those things which are contrary to the law or gospel, because among things, none of which are commanded by the law of God, one is no more commanded than another, so that all offence taken at things lawful proceeds from ignorance, and a want of a clear discerning of the lawfulness of those things, but yet the holy Apostle gives it in charge to the *Romans*, Chap. xiv. 21. "not so much as to eat  
" flesh or drink wine if it offends," and he himself resolves to eat no flesh while the world stands, if any less knowing and weaker christians were offended at it, 1 Cor. viii. 13. This doubt is indeed too hard to be determined by us, yet thus much we may say that where the inconvenience we bring on others by doing such an action overbalances the inconvenience we ourselves receive by it, it may be proper to abstain.

(3) Another case wherein this self-denial in things in themselves indifferent may be proper

per may be taken from the quality and condition of the subject or agent. That which is not forbidden by God is lawful for all men, but there are some persons for whom all things are not convenient. Some conditions and states in life make that thing unbecoming in one which in another is very tolerable. For example, in magistrates and ministers. Their lives certainly ought to be more strict, and that which some might call preciseness in others in these sorts of men will be esteemed seriousness and duty. They may not indulge themselves in pleasures and recreations, especially those which are public, like other men. They are called to greater acts of self-denial. How many times does the Apostle speak of his liberty to take money for preaching which he did not because, being a person of extraordinary and apostolic mission and authority, he would carry it in all things as became him, yea, though he had a more plausible pretension to it than others? 1 Cor. ix. 11, 12. "If we  
" have sown unto you, says he, spiritual things  
" is it a great thing if we shall reap your car-  
" nal things? If others be partakers of this  
" power over you, are not we rather? Ne-  
" vertheless we have not used this power, but  
" suffer all things lest we should hinder the  
" gospel of Christ." He tells us also in the same chapter of his power to marry, and carry about a wife with him wherever he went. He informs us of his authority to eat and drink at

the charge of the *Corinthians*, “Have we not  
 “ power, says he, to eat and to drink? Have  
 “ we not power to lead about a sister, a wife  
 “ as the other apostles, and as the brethren of  
 “ the Lord, and Cephas?”

The reasons of this case self-denial in magistrates and ministers in things indifferent may be the following, [1.] Because the eyes of all persons are in a more especial manner on magistrates in civil life, and pastors in churches. [2.] Because the greater the person offending is, the greater is the offence reckoned. That which obtains the name of innocent mirth and gaiety among men if used by a minister would be changed into the odious appellations of levity and vanity. [3.] Because men in dignity ought, not only to rule over, but be examples to their inferiors, and if their lives are not altogether unspotted the common people will take the liberty to do what they do, and it may be oftener as they consider their latitude as something larger; if therefore magistrates and ministers go to the utmost bounds of what is lawful, others will hardly be restrained from going one step farther, and treading on forbidden ground.

(4) Another case I shall mention wherein self-denial in things indifferent may be proper is where the consequences and effects of those actions which may be lawful are sinful, or at least inconvenient. There are some actions which are not sinful which yet may accidentally



ally have sinful effects on ourselves or others. Those things which dispose to vanity and lightness, or which indispose for duty may not be in themselves forbidden, but yet, because of their effects, they are to be used with great caution and prudence. So those discourses which may be lawful sometimes to recreate the mind, and revive the natural spirits are not fit to be used on the evening before the Lord's Day; or activity and much exercise of body, as running, &c. are not proper before any duty of worship, because they disturb the brain, and put it out of order, or into an indisposition to comply with the soul in religious solemnities, at least they cause an omission of due preparation for those services.

(5) To these cases in which self-denial in things indifferent may be proper we may add the variety of tempers and constitutions of body and mind. That which is in its own nature lawful is not proper for all persons. Such as are feverish and sanguine must not drink much wine or eat of such and such meats. They in whose temper melancholy reigns may have liberty to addict themselves to those recreations and pleasant studies which a more airy and vivacious constitution should less frequently use, and that for this obvious reason because they make the one sort of persons too light, and vain and wandering in their thoughts, to which effects the others are strangers. We come



2. To offer some few considerations to enforce our thesis, that self-denial in things in themselves indifferent is in some cases necessary. That it is necessary for us to deny ourselves in indifferent things upon such occasions as have been mentioned may be many ways proved. I shall at present content myself with a very few arguments, and with little enlargement.

(1) We are under an essential obligation not only to glorify God, but to glorify him to our utmost. Now by indulging ourselves too often in these lawful things, though we may not perhaps positively dishonour God as we might do by thwarting his commands, yet we bring him a less tribute of glory than our abstinence from those actions would do, and this will be interpreted a dishonouring God, consult Mat. xxv. 18. 24.—41, 42, 43.

(2) Many things which are lawful are not so conducive to the edification of ourselves or others. But we ought to be found doing that which may tend to edification and advantage. No moment of our lives should be spent in idleness, for each moment is a mercy from God, and therefore our great end his glory requires an improvement of it. The great Apostle abstained from lawful things that he might exercise himself in things profitable and edifying, 1 Cor. x. 23. “All things are lawful for me, “but all things are not expedient. All things “are lawful for me, but all things edify not.”

(3) When we go to the utmost of what is lawful, and indulge ourselves to the very extremity of what the divine law permits, we are apt to verge a little beyond bounds, for our corrupt nature being prone to what is sinful will at times tread a step farther towards vice than we are aware of. If we permit our tongues to lavish out abundance of words which are not to the purpose, which have no great tendency to our great design of advancing in knowledge and grace we shall be too ready to fall into discourse altogether barren and fruitless. Christian prudence teaches us to restrain our appetites a little within the limits of lawfulness, that so, if they should prove unruly and break forth a little beyond our restraint, yet they might not be guilty of sinful excesses. Besides our passions usually depaint things in false colours. Our desires of an object may represent it within the bounds of lawfulness, when indeed it is one degree beyond it. Since therefore things indifferent and things sinful are oftentimes so near that it is hard to discern betwixt them, and harder to tread aright it is a Christian's interest and duty to walk at a distance.

(4) We are commanded "to abstain from all appearance of evil," 1 Thes. v. 22.; but those lawful things between which and sin there is so near an affinity that they can scarce be distinguished, may be well ranked under the appearances of evil.

(5) The

(5) The last argument may be drawn from the example of saints in scripture, whom a great zeal for the glory of God, and a trembling and awful fear of sin have kept from indulging themselves in things indifferent. You have heard many examples of this nature already. We might again induce *St. Paul*. “ I keep under my body, saith he, and bring it into subjection,” 1 Cor. ix. 27. that it may not be unfit to receive the constant government of my mind. This *keeping under* is expressed by the word *υπωπιαζω*, which signifies to beat down by strong blows. The Apostle doubtless means not such penances as the *Papists* perform of scourgings, &c. but something almost equivalent, as denying it food, sleep, &c. which acts of self-denial the Divine law has no where peremptorily commanded. We might instance in the *Lord Jesus our Saviour*. How much did he deny himself, who was Lord of all, in things lawful for him as a man to teach patience and self-denial to his disciples? So the primitive Christians, Acts iv. 34—37, sold their lands and gave their money into a common stock. This was not in general commanded to saints, nor particularly to them.

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Besides the above compositions in *Latin* and *English* in evidence of the *Doctor's* attention to his studies during his residence at *Mr. Rowe's* academy, other proofs might be produced to  
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the same purpose. *Mr. Enoch Watts* gave me several MS. volumes of his brother's, some of which (not intending at that time to draw up the memoirs of his life) I parted with several years since as curiosities to particular persons. What were the subjects of the volumes I have given away I cannot recollect, only that one of them I believe was an abridgment of *Mr. Theophilus Gale's* learned work, called *The Court of the Gentiles*. Two only of the number which *Mr. Watts* was so kind to present me are still in my hands, one of which is entitled, *Quæstiones Logicæ ut plurimum desumptæ ex Burgersdicii Institutionibus, et Heereboordii Commentariis* 1691, 1692 \*; and the other, *Sententiolæ quædam è Tractatu Lud. de la Forge de mente humanâ collectæ, aut potius Epitome ejusdem tractatûs* 1691 †. Neither of the volumes are very small, and must have cost the *Doctor* considerable pains and patience, if any thing might be called pains and patience to him in his pleasurable pursuit of learning. Shall I remark here what a direct and happy method he took to possess himself of knowledge, I mean the abridgment of writers upon this and the

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\* In English, *Logical Questions* collected for the greatest part from *Burgersdicius's Institutions*, and *Heereboord's Commentaries*.

† Some brief *Opinions* collected from the *Treatise of Lewis de la Forge* concerning the human Mind, or rather an *Epitome* of the work.

other



other science? By this method he made himself master of the subject before him, whatever it was, drew it into a small compass, and imprinted it on his memory. Twenty volumes upon *Logic, Pneumatology, Ethics, &c.* swiftly run over, and without any endeavours thus to exhaust and fix them upon the mind, might not yield the twentieth part of real improvement as one volume thus perused, arranged, and treasured in the memory. It is no wonder therefore that the Doctor recommends the like practice to others in such strong language. “ Shall I be so free, says he, as to assure  
 “ my younger friends from my own experience that these methods of reading will  
 “ cost some pains in the first years of your  
 “ study, and especially in the first authors  
 “ you peruse in any science, or on any particular subject. But the profit will richly  
 “ compensate the pains; and in the following  
 “ years of life, after you have read a few valuable books on any special subject in this  
 “ manner, it will be very easy to read others  
 “ of the same kind, because you will not find  
 “ very much new matter in them which you  
 “ have not already examined \*.”

There was another method also which the *Doctor* adopted, it may be in the time of

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\* Improvement of the Mind, part i. chap. 4. § 7.



his preparatory studies, though of this we are not able to furnish positive evidence, but of which there are the fullest proofs in his further progress of life, namely, that of interleaving the works of authors, and inserting in the blank pages additions from other writers on the same subject. I have now by me, the gift of his brother *Mr. Enoch Watts*, the *Westminster Greek Grammar* thus interleaved by the *Doctor*, with all he thought proper to collect from *Dr. Busby's* and *Mr. Leeds's Greek Grammars* ingrafted by him into the supplemental leaves †; and I have besides in my possession, a present from the *Doctor* himself, a printed discourse by a considerable writer on a controverted point in divinity interleaved in the same manner, and much enlarged by insertions in the *Doctor's* own hand.

Such were the happy, though laborious methods this eminent man took to possess himself of knowledge. He was not contented with superficial glances and hasty surveys. He searched

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† To the title of the *Westminster Greek Grammar* that of *Institutio Græcæ Grammatices compendiarie in Usum Regiæ Scholæ Westmonasteriensis* is added, cum notis mutuis à grammaticis *Busbeii* et *Leedsii*; and in the blank leaf at the beginning he says, *Usque ad paginam 75 grammatices errores correxi, et quæ defuerant supplevi. 1709. I. W.* And in the afore-cited page where he broke off his work he adds: *Huc usque vulgarem grammaticam correxi secundum majorem ἀκρίβειαν grammaticarum Busbeii et Leedsii.*

deep for the mines of wisdom and spared no pains to discover them, and enrich himself with their treasures.

### C H A P. III.

*His occasional Poems during his Studies, or very soon after his closing them.*

**H**AVING given these specimens of the Doctor's college exercises, the two *English* discourses which he delivered at the meetings of his fellow-pupils, and his abridgments of learned writers, as witnesses how diligent he was in the improvement of his time at the academy, it may not be improper next to observe that he found leisure during his stay there for poetical compositions, which might afford him a pleasant relief from his harder studies, and indeed better qualify him for the renewal of them, as the mind, after a season of relaxation, returns with double vigour to the stated business of life\*. The *Doctor* tells us,

“ that

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\* This observation the Doctor himself makes in his treatise *On the improvement of the mind* when he says, “ There  
 “ is yet a further use of reading poetry (and may it not be  
 “ true also of making poetry?) and that is, when the mind  
 “ has been fatigued with studies of a more laborious kind,  
 “ or when it is any ways unfit for the pursuit of more difficult subjects, it may be as it were unbent, and repose  
 “ itself on the flowery meadows where the Muses dwell.  
 “ 'Tis

“ that he had amused himself with verse from  
 “ 15 years old to 50 †;” and during the time  
 of his studies, or in a very short space after he  
 had closed them, we are certain from the dates  
 that he wrote several poems, and if we may  
 judge from the amazing flame in many of them  
 (the poetic fire perhaps generally burning  
 strongest in the poet’s younger years), no incon-  
 siderable number of his *lyric odes*. The pieces  
 which we are assured were composed by him in  
 some one or other year of his studies are the  
 poem called *Light in Darkness*; his verses to *Mr.*  
*Josiah Hort*, afterwards archbishop of *Tuam* in *Ire-*  
*land*; his ode, entitled *Excitatio cordis ad cælum*,  
 his two epistles, the one to his brother *Richard*,  
 and the other to his brother *Enoch*, and his in-  
 comparable ode addressed to our *Lord and Sa-*  
*viour Jesus Christ*. The four last are written in  
*Latin*, which with *English* translations of our  
 own we shall lay before our Readers.

The epistle to his brother *Mr. Enoch Watts*  
 bears date *Sept. 30, 1691*, and is as follows :

---

“ ’Tis a very sensible relief to the soul when it is over-  
 “ tired to amuse itself with the numbers, and the beautiful  
 “ sentiments of the poets, and in a little time this agree-  
 “ able amusement may recover the languid spirits to acti-  
 “ vity, and more important service.” Chap. 20. § 36.

† *Miscellaneous Thoughts*, No. 65.

*Fratri*

*Fratri olim navigaturo.*

I felix, pede prospero  
 I frater, trabe pineâ  
 Sulces æquora cœrula,  
 Pandas carbasa flatibus  
 Quæ tuto reditura sint :  
 Non te monstra natantia  
 Ponti carnivoræ incolæ  
 Prædentur rate naufraga.

Navis, tu tibi creditum  
 Fratrem dimidium mei  
 Salvum fer per inhospita  
 Ponti regna, per avios  
 Tractus, et liquidum chaos.  
 Nec te sorbeat horrida  
 Syrtis, nec scopulus minax  
 Rumpat roborem iatus :  
 Captent mitia flamina  
 Antennæ ; et zephyri leves  
 Dent portum placidum tibi.

Tu qui flumina, qui vagos  
 Fluctus oceani regis,  
 Et sævam Boream domas,  
 Da fratri faciles vias,  
 Et fratrem reducem suis !

## IN ENGLISH.

*To my Brother ENOCH WATTS going a Voyage.*

Brother, may Heaven vouchsafe to bless,  
 And crown your voyage with success !  
 Go, in the planks of pine immur'd,  
 And from surrounding harms secur'd,  
 Go, and with sails expanding wide  
 With pleasure plough the placid tide,

In safety wafted o'er the main,  
 In safety wafted home again.  
 O may no monster of the flood,  
 That roams for prey, and thirsts for blood,  
 Seize you to his tremendous pow'r  
 And with remorseless jaws devour,  
 While the bark shiver'd by the blast  
 Strows with its wreck the watry waste!

My brother trusted to thy care,  
 Half of myself, O vessel, bear  
 Secure through Ocean's wide domain,  
 At best a desert trackless plain,  
 And oft, when hurricanes arise,  
 In billows thund'ring to the skies:  
 Safe from the sand's devouring heap,  
 May'st thou thy wary passage keep,  
 Safe too from each tremendous rock,  
 Where ships are shatter'd by the shock:  
 May only favourable gales  
 Attend thy course and fill thy sails,  
 And may the zephyr's softest wing  
 Thee to thy port serenely bring!

Thou, who dost o'er the seas preside,  
 Rouse them to rage, or smooth their tide,  
 Thou, who dost in thy fetters keep  
 The boisterous tyrants of the deep,  
 To foreign climes secure convey  
 My brother through the watry way,  
 And back conduct him o'er the main  
 To his dear shores, and friends again!

The epistle to his brother *Mr.* and afterwards *Dr. Richard Watts* runs thus:



*Epistola fratri suo dilecto. R. W. I. W.*  
S. P. D.

Rursùm tuas, amande frater, accepi literas eodem fortassè momento, quo meæ ad te pervenerunt; idemque qui te scribentem vidit dies meum ad epistolare munus excitavit calamus: non inane est inter nos fraternum nomen, unicus enim spiritus nos intùs animat, agitque, et concordēs in ambobus efficit motus. O utinam crescat indiès, et vigescat mutua charitas! Faxit Deus, ut amor sui nostra incendat et defæcet pectora. Tunc etenim et alternis puræ amicitiae flammis erga nos invicem divinum in modum ardebimus. Contemplemur *Iesum* nostrum, cæleste illud et adorandum exemplar charitatis. Ille est,

Qui quondam æterno delapsus ab æthere vultus  
Induit humanos, ut posset corpore nostras  
Heu miseras sufferre vices; sponсорis obivit  
Munia, et in sese *Tabulæ* maledicta *minacis*  
Transtulit, et sceleris pœnas hominisque reatum.

Ecce jacet desertus humi, diffusus in herbam  
Integer innocuas versus sua sidera palmas,  
Et placidum attollens vultum, nec ad oscula Patris  
Amplexus solitosve; artus nudatus amictû  
Sidereos, et sponte sinum patefactus ad iras  
Numinis armati. “Pater, hic infige sagittas  
“Hæc, ait, iratum forbebunt pectora ferum;  
“Abluat æthereus mortalia crimina sanguis.”

Dixit, et horrendum fremuère tonitrua cœli  
Insensuſque Deus; quem jam posuisse paternum

Musa

Musa queri vellet nomen, sed et ipsa fragores  
 Ad tantos pavefacta silet; jam dissilit æther,  
 Pandunturque fores, ubi duro carcere regnat  
 IRA, et pœnarum thesauros mille coercet.  
 Inde ruunt gravidi vesano sulphure nimbi,  
 Centuplicisque volant contorta volumina flammæ  
 In caput immeritum; diro hic sub pondere pressus  
 Restat, compressos dumque ardens explicat artus  
 † Purpureo vestes tinctæ sudore madescunt;  
 Nec tamen infando *Vindex Regina* labori  
 Segniùs incumbit, sed lassos increpat ignes  
 Acriter, et somno languentem suscitatur \* ensem:  
 “ Surge, age, divinum pete pectus, et imbue sacro  
 “ Flumine mucronem; vos hinc, mea spicula, latè  
 “ Ferrea per totum dispergite tormina Christum,  
 “ Immensum tolerare valet; ad pondera pœnæ  
 “ Sustentanda hominem suffulciet incola NUMEN:  
 “ Et tu, *sacra Decas legum*, violata tabella,  
 “ Ebibe vindictam; vasta satiabere Cæde:  
 “ Mortalis culpæ pensabit dedecus ingens  
 “ Permissus Deitate cruor”——

Sic fata, immiti contorquet vulnera dextrâ  
 Dilaniatque sinus; sancti penetralia cordis  
 Panduntur, sævis avidus dolor involat alis,  
 Atque audax mentem scrutatur, et ilia mordet,  
 Interea *Servator* † ovat, victorque doloris  
 Eminent illustri § perfusus membra cruore,  
 Exultatque miser fieri, nam fortius illum  
 Urget Patris honos, et non vincenda voluptas  
 Servandi miseros fontes. O nobilis ardor  
 Pœnarum! O quid non mortalia pectora cogis  
 Durus amor? Quid non cælestia?——

† Luke xxii. 44.

‡ Col. ii. 15.

\* Zech. xiii. 7.

§ Luke xxii. 44.

At subsidat phantasia, vanescant imagines.  
 Nescio quò me proripuit amens musa. Volui  
 quatuor lineas pedibus astringere, et ecce!  
 numeri crescunt in immensum; dumque con-  
 citato genio laxavi frœna vereor ne juvenilis  
 impetus theologiam læserit, et audax nimis  
 imaginatio. Heri allata est ad me epistola in-  
 dicans matrem meliusculè se habere, licet ig-  
 nis febrilis non prorsus deseruit mortale ejus  
 domicilium. Plura volui, sed turgidi et cres-  
 centes versus noluerunt plura, et coarctârunt  
 scriptionis limites. Vale, amice, frater, et in  
 studio pietatis et artis medicæ strenuus de-  
 curre! Datum à musæo meo *Londini* xvi. Ca-  
 lend. *Febr.* Anno Salutis 1693.

IN ENGLISH.

*A Letter from ISAAC WATTS to his Bro-  
 ther RICHARD WATTS, wishing him  
 Safety and Peace in God.*

Dear Brother,

I had a second receipt of a letter from you  
 perhaps in the very moment in which mine  
 came to hand; and the very day in which you  
 was writing to me was the same which awak-  
 ened my pen to the discharge of its episto-  
 lary duty to you. We bear not the fraternal  
 name in vain for the same spirit possesses, in-  
 spires, and produces the most harmonious  
 movements in us. May our mutual affection  
 every

every day increase and flourish! God grant his love may purify and kindle our souls! thus shall we in a divine manner burn with reciprocal flames of friendship. Let us contemplate our Saviour, that celestial and adorable example of love.

The Son of God, descending from the skies,  
Assum'd an human form that in our flesh  
He might endure the agonizing pains  
Due to our crimes: our surety he became  
Transferring to himself each baleful curse  
Of Heav'n's vindictive, death-denouncing law,  
And made our guilt and punishment his own.

See him deserted on the naked ground,  
And kneeling on the sod extend his hands,  
And lift his placid count'nance to the skies  
With conscious innocence, but not t'enjoy,  
As he was wont, his heav'nly Father's smiles,  
And kind embraces. See his godlike form  
Expos'd to night's cold blast, and see his breast  
By his own hands expanded to the stroke  
Of Deity in arms. "Here, here, he cries,  
"O Father, plant thy darts, here plunge thy sword  
"Flaming and edg'd for slaughter: blood divine  
"Has pow'r to expiate the crimes of men."

"He said:" th' *Omnipotent* in terror rose,  
And lanch'd the rattling thunders from his hand.  
Now might the *Muse* in melting lays bemoan  
The Father's tender name extinct and lost,  
But the unsufferable noise affrights,  
Confounds her, and in silence seals her tongue.

The skies asunder rend, the doors expand,  
Where VENGEANCE in its iron prison dwells,  
And in a-thousand penal terrors reigns.



Swift issue huge conglomerated clouds  
 Fraught with outrageous sulphur: lightnings thence,  
 All arm'd with tortures exquisitely keen,  
 Voluminous, uninterrupted rush  
 Down on his guiltless head. The wrath immense  
 He firmly suffers, though beneath his pangs  
 The blood reluctant quits its well-known roads,  
 And bathes his limbs in gore, the purple sweat  
 In big round drops descending to the ground.

Still, still *th' Avenging Queen* † her direful work  
 Plies with redoubled fury, loudly chides  
 The lagging fire, and wakes her ling'ring sword  
 To more than sevenfold rage. "Arise, she cries,  
 " And in *Immanuel's* bosom sheathe thy blade,  
 " And drink his sacred blood: my keenest shafts  
 " With all your iron torments wound his heart:  
 " He can endure them all, th' indwelling God  
 " Supports the weak humanity to bear  
 " The weight of sorrows due to human guilt:  
 " And thou, *most holy law* of stamp divine,  
 " Broken, insulted by the sins of men,  
 " Here take full recompence for all thy wrongs.  
 " See the full expiation! See the blood,  
 " Ordain'd thine injur'd honours to restore,  
 " Merit unknown from Deity acquire."

Thus *Vengeance* spoke, and with remorseless rage  
 Transfix'd his heart, and gash'd him o'er with wounds.  
 The inmost deep recesses of his soul  
 Thrown open, *Anguish* there on cruel wing  
 Alights, and, like an hungry vulture, tears  
 And preys upon his heart-strings, but amidst  
 Th' unparallel'd distress the son of God  
 Superior shines, defies the fiercest pangs,  
 And triumphs in his woes. Heroic Zeal

---

† Divine Justice or Vengeance.



For his great Father's glories arm'd his soul  
 Join'd with invincible delight to save  
 Millions of rebels from the gulph of hell.  
 Such his stupendous ardor to endure  
 Vicarious punishment! What will not love  
 When love inspires a mortal breast achieve?  
 But when celestial bosoms catch the fire,  
 What miracles of mercy blaze around?—

But let fancy with all its images subside and  
 vanish. I know not whither the impetuous  
 Muse has hurried me. I designed only four  
 lines in verse, and behold what a number!  
 While I have indulged my rapture I fear my  
 juvenile heat, and too bold an imagination may  
 have made some trespass on divinity.

I received a letter yesterday acquainting me  
 that our mother was somewhat better, though  
 the fever has not quite left her. I intended to  
 have written more particularly, but the swell-  
 ing and growing verses have prevented me,  
 and contracted the limits of my letter. Fare-  
 wel, dear brother, and may you make strenuous  
 advances in the study of religion and medicine!  
 Given from my study in *London* on the six-  
 teenth of the *Kalends of February* 1693.



From this vile flesh what countless ills  
 Arise? Now fear my bosom chills,  
 Now grief in trickling tears distils;

While Sin, the worst of all my foes,  
 Prevents or murders my repose,  
 And snares of dark destruction strows.

On this poor spot where canst thou find  
 Pleasures of such exalted kind  
 To fill the wishes of the mind?

*Jesus*, thy love, far far from sight  
 Midst stars and seraphs pure and bright  
 Dwells high-enthron'd in worlds of light.

Thither shouldst thou attempt to go  
 Th' Almighty would no thunders throw,  
 Nor would one cloud obscure his brow:

Himself invites thee to the skies:  
 From sin and all its sorrows rise;  
 Wings of swift flame his love supplies.

---

We shall close with the *Doctōr's* Ode entitled

*Ad Dominum nostrum et Servatorem IESUM  
 CHRISTUM* \*.

Te, grande numen, corporis incola,  
 Te, magna magni progenies patris;  
 Nomen verendum nostri *Iesu*,  
 Vox, citharæ, calami sonabunt.

---

† The Ode is dated in the first Edition of the *Lyric  
 Poems*, Nov. 1694.

Aptentur auro grandisonæ fides ;  
*Christi* triumphos incipe, barbite,  
 Fractosque terrores averni,  
 Victum erebum, domitamque mortem.

Immensa vastos sæcula circulos  
 Volvère, blando dum patris in sinu  
 Toto fruebatur *Jehovâ*  
 Gaudia mille bibens *Iesus* :

Donec superno vidit ab æthere  
*Adam* cadentem, tartara hiantia,  
 Unaque mergendos ruinâ  
 Heu nimium miseros nepotes :

Vidit minaces vindicis angeli  
 Ignes et enses, telaque sanguine  
 Tingenda nostro, dum rapinæ  
 Spe fremuere erebæa monstra :

Commota sacras viscera protinus  
 Sensère flammæ ; omnipotens furor  
 Ebullit, immensique amoris  
 Æthereum calet igne pectus.

“ Non tota prorsus gens hominum dabit  
 “ Hosti triumphos. Quid Patris et labor  
 “ Dulcisque imago ? Num peribunt  
 “ Funditus ? O prius astra cæcis

“ Mergantur undis, et redeat chaos :  
 “ Aut ipse disperdam Satanæ dolis  
 “ Aut ipse disperdar, et isti  
 “ Sceptra dabo moderanda dextræ.

“ Testor paternum nomen, et hoc caput  
 “ Æquale testor.” Dixit, et ætheris  
 Inclinat ingens culmen, alto  
 Dissiliit ruens olympo.

Mortale corpus impiger induit  
 Artusque nostros, heu tenues nimis  
 Nimisque viles! Vindicique  
 Corda dedit fodienda ferro,

Vitamque morti. Proh dolor! O graves  
 Tonantis iræ! O lex nimis aspera!  
 Mercesque peccati severa  
 Adamici, vetitique fructus

Non pœna lenis!—Quò ruis impotens,  
 Quò *Musa!* largas fundere lachrymas,  
 Bustique divini triumphos  
 Sacrilego temerare fletû?

Sepone questus, læta, deum cane  
 Majore chordâ: psalle sonoriùs  
 Ut ferreas mortis cavernas,  
 Et rigidam penetravit aulam.

Sensere numen regna feralia,  
 Mugit barathrum, contremuit chaos,  
 Dirum fremebat rex Gehennæ  
 Perque suum tremebundus orcum

Late refugit. “ Nil agis, Impie,  
 “ Mergat vel imis te *Phlegethon* vadis  
 “ Hoc findet undas fulmen,” inquit,  
 Et patrios jaculatus ignes

Trajecit hostem. Nigra silentia  
 Umbræque flammæ æthereas pavent  
 Dudum perosæ, ex quo corusco  
 Præcipites cecidere cœlo.

Immane rugit jam tonitru: fragor  
 Late ruinam mandat: ab infimis  
 Lectæque destinata genti  
 Tartara disjiciuntur antris.



Heic strata passim vincula, et heic jacent  
 Unci cruenti, tormina mentium  
 Invisa, ploratuque vasto  
 Spicula *Mors*, sibi adempta plangit.

En, ut resurgit victor ab ultimo  
 Ditis profundo, curribus aureis  
 Astricta raptans monstra noctis,  
 Perdomitumque erebi tyrannum.

Quanta angelorum gaudia jubilant  
 Victor paternum dum repetit polum!  
 En qualis ardet dum beati  
 Limina scandit quans olympi!

*Io triumphe* plectra seraphica  
*Io triumphe* grex hominum sonet,  
 Dum læta quaquaversus ambos  
 Astra repercutiunt triumphos\*.

IN ENGLISH.

To our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

A N O D E.

Thee, *Jesus*, in whose person join  
 The human nature and divine,  
 Th' all-glorious Sire's all-glorious Son  
 Ere worlds were form'd or time begun,

Thee

---

\* This ode may perhaps vie in the merit of its composition with any of the *Lyric* performances of the *Greek* and *Latin* writers. A most astonishing energy animates, I may truly say, every line, and evinces what uncommon poetic powers the Doctor possessed. I will point out what appear

Thee will I praise; thy name ador'd  
 Shall consecrate the tuneful chord;  
 My tongue thy glories shall proclaim,  
 And my pen propagate thy fame.  
 Let strings of sounds divinely bold  
 Be fitted to the vocal gold,  
 And thou, my harp, awake and tell  
 The triumphs of *Immanuel*,  
 How, in the thunder of his might,  
 He put the infernal hosts to flight,  
 In fetters bound their vanquish'd king,  
 Trampled on death, and crush'd his sting.  
 Ages immense through heav'n had roll'd  
 Their ample rounds of radiant gold,  
 While in the realms of endless day  
 He in the Father's bosom lay,  
 Of his unbounded love possess'd,  
 With joys immeasurable bless'd,

Till

---

to me some of the most eminent excellencies of the poem, which, though they may not be observed in a transient reading, yet may strike the mind with self-evident lustre, upon being properly displayed, and duly considered.

In the representation of our Lord's conquests over his and our enemies what can be more strongly descriptive than

*Fractosque terrores averni,  
 Victum erebum, domitamque mortem?*

“The broken terrors of hell, and its powers with those of death vanquished.”

The felicity of the Son of God in the bosom of his divine Father infinite ages before the world began is most happily expressed in the third stanza.

*Immensa vastos sæcula circulos  
 Volvère, blando dum Patris sinû  
 Toto fruebatur *Jehová*  
 Gaudia mille bibens *Iesus*.*

“Immense

Till from th' empyreal heights he saw  
*Adam* transgress his Maker's law,  
 And hell expand its lake of fire  
 T' ingulph the offspring with their fire ;  
 Saw too th' avenging angel stand,  
 Swords and keen lightnings in his hand,  
 And arrows rang'd in dire array  
 Athirst for blood, and wing'd to slay ;  
 Then heard from the abhorr'd profound  
 The monsters of the pit resound  
 Their joys, that man from God was driv'n,  
 And earth to hell's dominion giv'n :  
 Compassion not to be exprest,  
 Like a swift flame, pervades his breast ;  
 To help, to save almighty ire,  
 And love dimensionless conspire,  
 " Not the whole race of men shall be  
 " Plung'd in eternal misery :  
 " What shall my Father's work divine,  
 " Where his refulgent beauties shine,  
 " Perish

" Immense ages rolled their vast circles, while *Jesus* in  
 " the blissful bosom of his Father possessed the full *Jeha-*  
 " *vah*, there imbibing a thousand joys."

What can more forcibly describe the anger, which in-  
 flamed our Lord against Satan for his attempts and success  
 in involving mankind in sin and ruin, and the amazing  
 love of the son of God in becoming incarnate and suffering  
 and dying for our redemption than the lines

Commota sacra viscera protinus  
 Sensere flammam ; omnipotens furor  
 Ebullit, immensique amoris  
 Æthereum calet igne pectus ?

" Immediately (on man's fall) his bowels felt a sacred  
 " flame. Omnipotent fury boils within him, and his  
 " heavenly bosom glows with the fire of infinite love."

“ Perish by hellish fraud and spite?  
 “ Rather let all the stars of light  
 “ Be from their glorious stations hurl’d,  
 “ And night and chaos overwhelm the world:  
 “ I’ll enter *Satan’s* dark domain,  
 “ And bind the felon in my chain,  
 “ Or he shall chase me from the field,  
 “ And I’ll to him my sceptre yield.  
 “ By my Sire’s glories, and by mine,  
 “ Alike immortal and divine,  
 “ I swear.” He said, and bows the skies,  
 And to our world impatient flies.  
 The prince of heaven without delay  
 Assumes an humble form of clay,  
 Though scant the room, and poor th’ abode,  
 Yet honour’d to admit the God!  
 Thus he displays his wondrous grace,  
 Thus he redeems our ruin’d race,  
 Vengeance’ full quiver he receives,  
 And for our own his life he gives.  
 O the distress! th’ effects how dire  
 Of the offended thunderer’s ire!  
 Edict severe! what punishment  
 For *Adam’s* one transgression sent!

He

---

His readiness to become man, and so to become our Saviour, and his actual descent from heaven for that purpose are described in most lively and suitable language

———— et ætheris

Inclinat ingens culmen, alto

Desiliitque ruens olympo,

“ He bends the mighty summit of the heaven, and rushing  
 “ ing down leaps from the lofty sky.” Bending the  
 mighty summit, what majesty? Rushing down, and leaping  
 from the lofty sky, what swiftness and alacrity?

The

He tastes the interdicted tree,  
 And death sweeps o'er his progeny.  
 But check, my Muse, thy plaintive lay;  
 Whither do thy wild pinions stray?  
 Suppress these sighs, these groans restrain,  
 What shall a flood of tears profane  
 The triumphs of *Immanuel's* tomb?  
 Rather a joyful strain assume,  
 And in thy noblest numbers tell  
 How he descended into hell,  
 And entered the tremendous cells  
 Where death in night and horror dwells;

The

---

The behaviour of *Satan* upon our *Lord's* entrance into the infernal regions is finely imagined in the following verses.

Dirum fremebat rex gehennæ,  
 Perque suum tremebundus orcum  
 Latè refugit.—

“The king of hell roars horribly, and trembling flies  
 “hither and thither through his domain.” His roaring  
 horribly expresses the terrors that possessed him only at  
 the sight of him who had driven him into that place of pu-  
 nishment, and who now, as he could make no doubt, was  
 come to inflict sorer plagues upon him; and his trembling  
 flight to find some corner or depth of hell to escape his  
 vengeance implies a consciousness of his utter incapacity to  
 encounter his adversary, and a dread of feeling worse tor-  
 ments from his hands, and therefore he instantly and ea-  
 gerly seeks a retreat from his presence and power.

In what images of invincible strength and sovereign ma-  
 jesty do we find the infernal prisons destined for the con-  
 finement of those souls whom *Christ* meant to redeem  
 broken up and destroyed by him?

Immane rugit jam tonitru: fragor  
 Latè ruinam mandat; ab infimis  
 Lectæque designata genti  
 Tartara disjiciuntur antris.

“ Now



The dreary seats his presence own'd,  
 And to their inmost caverns groan'd,  
 Chaos through all his empire shook,  
 Th' alarm th' infernal tyrant took,  
 And, roaring loud in wild affright,  
 Ran, fled through all the realms of night,  
 In hope to hide his guilty head,  
 When thus the Lord of glory said ;  
 " Monster, curs'd cause of sin and woe,  
 " In vain thou try'st to shun my blow :  
 " This bolt shall find, shall pierce thee through,  
 " Though, to conceal thee from my view,  
 " Thou

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" Now immense thunder roars, the peals diffuse wide ruin, and the infernal abodes designed for the chosen race are torn up from their lowest caverns."

But surely nothing can exceed in poetical merit the following stanza where the *Doctor* describes the destruction of the infernal engines of torture, the conquest of death, and his consequent distress :

Heic strata passim vincula, et heic jacent

Unci cruenti, tormina mentium

Invisa ; ploratuq; vasto

Spicula *Mors* sibi adempta plangit.

" Here chains are every where scattered, and here lie  
 " bloody racks, the hated tortures of souls, all in ruins,  
 " and *Death* bemoans his darts taken from him with vast  
 " lamentation." What can be fitter words to express the  
 most pungent sorrow than *ploratu vasto*, vast lamentation?  
 They bring to my mind the lines of *Milton*—

*Cocytus* nam'd of lamentation loud

Heard on the rueful stream —

and in both the poets huge affliction is expressed not in short but long sounds.

The ascent of our Lord from hell as a conqueror with his and our enemies dragged at his triumphal chariot is admirably described in the lines

" Thou under hell's profoundest wave  
 " Should'st dive to seek a sheltering grave."  
 He spoke, and with unerring aim  
 Full on the foe he flung the flame  
 His Father gave: through all the coasts  
 Hell trembled, trembled all the ghosts,  
 Who well etherial fires might dread  
 Ere since before their force they fled  
 From the celestial light and bliss  
 Down to the bottomless abyfs.  
 Now from the deep loud thunders found  
 Scattering immense destruction round,  
 Tear up the dungeons from their base  
 Prepar'd t'immure the chosen race.  
 Here in a thousand fragments lie  
 Engines of hellish tyranny,

Fetters,

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En ut resurgit victor ab ultimo  
 Ditis profundo, curribus aureis  
 Astrieta raptans monstra noctis  
 Perdomitumq; erebi tyrannum !

" See how the victor ascends from the profoundest hell  
 " hurrying away the monsters of darkness, and the van-  
 " quished tyrant of hell bound to his golden chariots."  
 The word *raptans*, *hurrying*, *snatching by violence*, is admirably well chosen to express our Lord's absolute dominion over his and our enemies, and their utter inability to resist his power, when, as the scripture says, " he ascended up on high, and led captivity captive."

There is another beauty in this divine ode which I shall point out, and which shall close my observations upon it. It lies in the last stanza.

*Io triumphe, pleetra seraphica,*  
*Io triumphe; grex hominum sonet,*  
*Dum læta quaquaversus ambos*  
*Astra reperiunt triumphos.*

" Let

Fetters, wheels, racks afunder burst,  
 And every cruelty accurs'd.  
 While *Death* in lamentable groans  
 The plunder of his darts bemoans.  
 But see the God, with conquest crown'd,  
 Returning from the dark profound,  
 See up heav'n's hills the triumph roll'd,  
 See to his wheels of burning gold  
 Proud *Satan* chain'd, and with a throng  
 Of hell's grim monsters dragg'd along.  
 What shouts of joy from angels rise,  
 While he ascends his native skies?  
 What pleasure in the victor glow'd,  
 While through the gates of bliss he rode?  
 His praises, ye seraphic choirs,  
 Resound, and sweep your golden lyres,  
 His praises too all human tongues  
 Resound, and tune the noblest songs,  
 While the glad stars, that round the pole  
 'Twixt heaven and earth incessant roll,  
 Seize from both worlds the tuneful sound,  
 And waft th' immortal echos round.

As an appendix to the above account of the  
*Doctor's* academical studies it may be some en-  
 tertainment to my readers to be informed who

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" Let the seraphic harps tune their songs, let the race  
 " of men sound his praise, while the joyful stars on every  
 " side echo to both the triumphs;" that is, to that  
 of seraphs above, and to that of men below. The  
 stars, perpetually rolling between the heaven of heavens  
 and the earth, are called upon by our divine poet to repeat  
 the songs of angels as they descend to our world, and the  
 songs of men as they ascend to the celestial regions, and  
 thus, as the consequence, there will be a boundless, and  
 immortal praise.

were his fellow-students, and were honoured with his esteem and friendship; I shall mention three of the number, *Mr. Josiah Hort*, *Mr. John Hughes*, and *Mr. Samuel Say*. *Mr. Josiah Hort* was his acquaintance and fellow-pupil as the Doctor told me, and that with this commendation, “that he was the first  
“genius in the academy.” This gentleman, after having been educated at a Dissenting academy, and probably descended from Dissenting parents, went into the Established church. At what age of life he conformed I am unable to determine, though it is evident he was a minister in the church of *England* so early as the year 1708, as it is said at the close of the preface to his collection of sermons\* reprinted at *London* 1757, “that  
“the present edition differed nothing more  
“from that printed at *Dublin* than the addition of the seventeenth sermon, which was  
“preached at the Archdeacon’s visitation at  
“*Aylesbury* in 1708, and first printed the same  
“year.” My information concerning him is that he became chaplain to *Mr. Hampden* †, that he afterwards went into *Ireland* with the

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\* The title of this collection is, “Sermons on practical  
“Subjects inscribed to the Clergy of *Kilmore* and *Ardagh*  
“by the Right Rev. *Josiah Hort*, D. D. Lord Bishop of  
“those Dioceses, late Lord Archbishop of *Tuam*, Pri-  
“mate and Metropolitan of *Connaught*.”

† *John Hampden*, Esq. Member of Parliament for *Bucks*.



Lord Lieutenant in the same capacity \*, was advanced (in what year I cannot ascertain) to the Bishoprick of *Kilmore* and *Ardagh* in that kingdom, and in *January* 1742 was made Archbishop of *Tuam*, with the united Bishoprick of *Enaghdoen* in the room of *Dr. Synge* deceased, and likewise with liberty to retain his other Bishoprick of *Ardagh*. He died Dec. 14, 1751, at what age I cannot affirm, but he must have been far advanced in life as he was *Dr. Watts's* fellow-student fifty-seven years before.

It should seem that *Mr. Hort* was no stranger to the muses, since upon receiving, as seems probable, a copy of verses from him the *Doctor* translated and inscribed to him an epigram of *Martial* to *Cirinius*.

So smooth your numbers, friend, your verse so sweet,  
 So sharp the jest, and yet the turn so neat,  
 That with her *Martial* Rome would place *Cirine*,  
 Rome would prefer your sense and thought to mine :  
 Yet modest you decline the public stage  
 To fix your friend alone amidst th' applauding age.

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\* Who the Lord-Lieutenant was, as I know not at what time *Mr. Hort* went into *Ireland*, I have not sufficient grounds to say, but the fifth sermon of the above-mentioned collection "is said to have been preached before his grace " the Duke of *Bolton* Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland* after " the suppression of the *Preston Rebellion*" in 1715. The Duke of *Bolton* might not improbably therefore be the Lord-Lieutenant whom *Mr. Hort* attended as his chaplain.



So *Maro* did: the mighty *Maro* sings  
 In vast heroic notes of vast heroic things,  
 And leaves the ode to dance upon his *Flaccus'* strings;  
 He scorn'd to daunt the dear *Horatian* lyre,  
 Though his brave genius flash'd *Pindaric* fire,  
 And at his will could silence all the *Lyric* choir:  
 So to his *Varius* he resign'd the praise  
 Of the proud buskin, and the tragic bays,  
 When he could thunder with a loftier vein,  
 And sing of gods and heroes in a bolder strain.  
 An handsome treat, a piece of gold, or so,  
 And compliments will every friend bestow:  
 Rarely a *Virgil*, a *Cirine* we meet,  
 Who lays his laurels at inferior feet,  
 And yields the tenderest point of honour, wit.

Mr. *John Hughes* was also the *Doctor's* friend and fellow-student. This gentleman was born at *Marlborough* in *Wiltshire*, Jan. 9, 1677, but was educated at *London*, receiving the first rudiments of his learning in private schools, and afterwards becoming a pupil of *Mr. Rowe's*, for the *Doctor* says in a letter to *Mr. Duncombe* \*, "that they were fellow-students together in "logic and philosophy." The *Doctor* informed me that *Mr. Hughes* by his own confession so entirely devoted himself to the charms of poetry that he gave little or no attention while he was at the academy to any thing beside, and that

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\* See the Letters by *John Hughes* Esq; and several other eminent persons deceased published from the originals by *John Duncombe* M. A. in three volumes. The letter referred to is the 78th in the 3d volume.

the *Doctor* in consequence advised him to decline the ministry. Accordingly it does not appear that *Mr. Hughes* even so much as preached once in public, and it is very certain that he became a votary, and indeed an eminent favorite of the muses †. What sentiments *Dr. Watts* entertained concerning his poems will appear from a letter of his to *Mr. Duncombe*, dated May 23, 1735 ‡. “ Your letter, says he, “ and the present of *Mr. Hughes’s* works were “ joyfully received by me the next day after “ I saw you. Methinks I see the very man, “ my old acquaintance there with his temper “ and softness, his wit and sprightly genius “ spreading almost over every page. But my “ sorrow freshens and renews upon my heart “ that such a genius did not live to write more “ moral and divine odes in advanced years to “ be a counterpoise to all the charms of pleasure and youth and beauty which his younger poesy indulged. Yet it must be confessed I “ can find nothing which is an offence to virtue and piety, so far as I have perused, and “ I have read more than half. The christian scheme has glories and beauties in it, which “ have superior power to touch the soul beyond all the gods and heroes of the heathen “ heaven or elyſium. I should have been

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† See his poems on several occasions with some select essays in prose in two volumes.

‡ *Hughes’s Letters*, Vol. iii. Letter 87.

“ much pleased to see such a pen employing  
 “ its art on such themes. *Mr. Pope's Messiah*  
 “ always charms me. I speak not now of *Mr.*  
 “ *Hughes's* odes on the *Creator of the world,*  
 “ the *Ecstasy,* &c. because I have read them  
 “ long ago: these have so much dignity in  
 “ them that I wished for more of the same  
 “ kind.”

As *Mr. Hughes* shone as a poet so he had also a fine pen for prose, and had some share in the *Guardian*, a greater in the *Tatler*, and more abundantly contributed to the *Spectator*. As to his situation in life he had for some time an employment in the office of ordnance, and was secretary to two or three commissions under the great seal for purchasing lands for the better security of the docks and harbours at *Portsmouth, Chatham, and Harwich*. In 1717 the Lord Chancellor *Cowper*, to whom *Mr. Hughes* was then but lately known, was pleased of his own accord, and without any previous solicitation to make him his secretary for the commissions of peace, and to distinguish him with singular marks of his favour and affection, and upon his Lordship's laying down the great seal he was at his particular recommendation, and with the ready concurrence of his successor, continued in the same employment under the *Earl of Macclesfield*. It appears from the account of *Mr. Hughes's* life and writings prefixed to his works † that he expe-

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† Page 2.

rienced frequent confinement from indisposition, and had a continual valetudinary state of health, and as his life was thus spent as it were under the stroke of death, so its thread was cut afunder by a consumption at the age only of 42, Feb. 17, 1719.

*Mr. Samuel Say* was another acquaintance and fellow-student with *Dr. Watts*. He was born about 1675, and was the second son of *Mr. Giles Say* minister of *St. Michael's* parish in the town of *Southampton*, but ejected thence by the *Act of Uniformity* in 1662. *Mr. Say*, the son, discovered when he was but young a strong inclination to the ministry. His father accordingly took care to have him educated in the best manner he could for this purpose from his earliest years, and about 1692 he entered as a pupil in *Mr. Rowe's* academy. When he had finished his studies he became chaplain to *Thomas Scott Esq;* of *Liminge* in *Kent*, a gentleman eminent for piety and goodness, and who was blessed with a lady of the same disposition. *Mr. Say* continued in the family three years, and was well esteemed by all for his Christian behaviour and exemplary conversation. Thence he went to *Andover* in *Hampshire*, but in a short time removed to *Yarmouth* in *Norfolk*. He made no long stay there, but soon became a constant preacher in the neighbouring town of *Lowestoff* in *Suffolk*. Here he continued 18 years labouring in word and doctrine, but not being able all the time to bring the people



among whom he ministered into a regular church order, he never settled with them as their pastor. Hence he was invited to a co-pastorship with the *Rev. Mr. Samuel Baxter* of *Ipswich* in *Suffolk*, where he remained nine years, and thence was called to succeed *Dr. Edmund Calamy*, then lately deceased, in the pastorate of the church of Protestant Dissenters in *Westminster*. He removed thither in 1734, and continued in his pastoral relation till *April 12, 1743*, when he left our world after a week's illness in the 68th year of his age.

*Dr. Hughes* in his funeral sermon for *Mr. Say* draws a very lovely character of him as a minister, and the editor of his poems \* and other compositions published a year or two after his death pays him the following honours: “ He had great candour and good breeding  
“ without stiffness or formality; an open  
“ countenance, and a temper always commu-  
“ nicative. He was a tender husband, an in-  
“ dulent father, and of a most benevolent  
“ disposition; ever ready to do good, and to  
“ relieve the wants of the distressed to the ut-  
“ most extent of his abilities. He was well  
“ versed in *Astronomy* and *Natural Philosophy*, had  
“ a taste for *Music* and *Poetry*, and was a good  
“ critic, and master of the *Classics*.” *Mr. Say's* Poems are not destitute of merit, but the two essays in prose published with them, the first on

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\* *William Duncombe* Esq.



the harmony, variety, and power of numbers in general, and the other on those of *Milton's Paradise Lost* in particular, “ have been much  
 “ admired, says the Rev. *Mr. John Duncombe*  
 “ (the editor of *Mr. Hughes's Letters*) by per-  
 “ sons of taste and judgment.” Readers of those essays will learn what beauties arise from numbers, and how much they contribute to fine composition, and be convinced that *Milton's* happy management of his pauses, and his infusion of *Spondees, Trochees, and Dactyls* with the *Iambics* of an English verse, as his subjects and descriptions required, are among the distinguishing glories of his poem. This discovery I believe I may truly affirm was first made by *Mr. Say*, and he therefore is alone entitled to the honour of it, though others have since availed themselves of it without acknowledging to whom they were indebted. It may be further added in the words of the editor of *Mr. Say's* works, “ that these essays were drawn up  
 “ at the request of *Mr. Richardson* the painter,  
 “ who was pleased with *Mr. Say's* uncommon  
 “ way of thinking.” And how just as well as uncommon his way of thinking was I need only refer my readers as proof to the essays themselves. I shall close this article when I have observed that *Dr. Watts* informed me *Mr. Say* was of opinion that to constitute a true poem, Machinery, or the introduction of Deity, Angels, Dæmons, and the like was necessary, observing that the word ποιημα, or poem was  
 I derived

derived from ποιεω to create. For my own part I will not affirm that such a machinery is essential to a true poem, but I own that it is the source of variety, vigour, and grandeur, and therefore, when properly employed, is the first and noblest embellishment.

#### CHAP. IV.

##### *A Review of his Life.*

**A**FTER the *Doctor* had finished his academical studies at the age only of twenty years he returned to his father's house at *Southampton*, where he spent two years in reading, meditation, and prayer; in reading to possess himself of ampler knowledge; in meditation by which he might take a full survey of useful and sacred subjects, and make what he had acquired by reading his own; and prayer to engage the divine influences to prepare him for that work to which he was determined to devote his life, and of the importance of which he had a deep sense upon his spirit.

Having thus employed two years at his Father's he was invited by *Sir John Hartopp* Baronet to reside in his family at *Stoke Newington*, near *London*, as tutor to his son \*, where he  
continued

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\* Among the *Doctor's* works are two discourses, one entitled the *last enemy conquered*, a funeral sermon on the death of *Lady Hartopp*, daughter of *Charles Fleetwood* Esq; and wife  
of

continued five years, and by his behaviour procured himself such esteem and respect as laid the

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of *Sir John Hartopp*, who died *Nov. 9, 1711*; and the other entitled *The happiness of separate spirits made perfect*, a funeral sermon for *Sir John Hartopp* himself, who died *April 1, 1722*. Aged 85. As the *Doct̄or* had no less than five years ingrafture into *Sir John's* family for the purposes of educating his son, it may not be improper to give some account concerning him, especially as the *Doct̄or's* own faithful as well as ingenious pencil has drawn his character.

“ When I name *Sir John Hartopp*, says he towards the  
 “ close of his discourse, all that knew him will agree that  
 “ I name a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian. He  
 “ shone with eminence among persons of birth and title on  
 “ earth †; while his obliging deportment and affable temper rendered him easy of access to all his inferiors, and  
 “ made him the delight of all his friends. Though he  
 “ knew what was due to his quality in this world, yet he  
 “ affected none of the grandeurs of this life, but daily  
 “ practised condescension and love, and secured the respect of all without assuming a superior air. He had a  
 “ taste for universal learning; and ingenious arts were his  
 “ delights from his youth. He pursued knowledge in various forms, and was acquainted with many parts of  
 “ human science. Mathematical speculations and practices were a favourite study with him in younger years,  
 “ and even to his old age he maintained his acquaintance  
 “ with the heavenly bodies, and light and shade whereby  
 “ time is measured. But the book of God was his chief  
 “ study, and his divinest delight. His bible lay before  
 “ him night and day, and he was well acquainted with  
 “ the writers who explained it best. He was desirous of  
 “ seeing what the Spirit of God said to men in the original languages; for this end he commenced some ac-

† His Grandfather *Sir Edward Hartopp* was created a baronet by *King James I*, 1619, but a few years after the institution of the order.

“ quaintance

the foundation of that friendship which subsisted between him and his pupil to the day of his

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“ acquaintance with the *Hebrew* when he was more than  
 “ fifty years old ; and, that he might be capable of judg-  
 “ ing of any text in the *New Testament* he kept his youth-  
 “ ful knowledge of the *Greek* language in some measure  
 “ to the period of life. Among the various themes of  
 “ christian contemplation he took peculiar pleasure in the  
 “ doctrines of grace, in the display of the glories of the  
 “ person of Christ, God in our nature, and the wondrous  
 “ work of redemption by his cross. He adored him as  
 “ his Lord and his God, and, while he trusted in his  
 “ righteousness as the great mediator, and beheld him as  
 “ his crucified Saviour, he was ever zealous to maintain  
 “ the honours due to his divine nature and majesty. His  
 “ practice in life was agreeable to his christian principles,  
 “ for he knew that the grace of God, which brings sal-  
 “ vation to men, teaches them to deny all ungodliness,  
 “ and to live sober, righteous, and religious lives, that  
 “ in all things they may adorn the doctrine of God their  
 “ Saviour. His conversation was pious and learned, in-  
 “ genious and instructive. He was inquisitive into the  
 “ affairs of the learned world, the progress of arts and  
 “ sciences, the concerns of the nation, and the interests  
 “ of the church of Christ, and upon all occasions was as  
 “ ready to communicate as he was to inquire. What he  
 “ knew of the things of God or man he resolved not to  
 “ know them only for himself, but for the benefit of all  
 “ who had the honour of his acquaintance. There are  
 “ many of his friends who will join with me to confess  
 “ how often we have departed from his company refreshed  
 “ and advanced in useful knowledge ; and I cannot but  
 “ reckon it among the blessings of heaven when I review  
 “ those five years of pleasure and improvement which I  
 “ spent in his family in my younger part of life, and I  
 “ found much instruction myself where I was called to  
 “ be an instructor. His zeal for the welfare of his coun-  
 “ try,



his death. But while he assisted *Mr. Hartopp's* studies he did not neglect his own, for not only did

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“ try, and of the church of Christ in it carried him out to  
 “ the most extensive and toilsome services in his younger  
 “ and middle age. He employed his time, his spirits,  
 “ his interest, and his riches for the defence of this poor  
 “ nation, when forty years ago it was in the utmost dan-  
 “ ger of popery and ruin \*. His doors were ever open and  
 “ his carriage always friendly and courteous to the mi-  
 “ nisters of the gospel, though they were distinguished  
 “ among themselves by names of different parties, for he  
 “ loved all who loved Jesus Christ in sincerity. He chose  
 “ indeed to bear a part in constant public worship with  
 “ the *protestant dissenters*, for he thought their practices  
 “ more agreeable to the rules of the gospel. He joined  
 “ himself in communion with one of their churches which  
 “ was under the pastoral care of the *Rev. Dr. John Owen*,  
 “ where he continued an honourable member under suc-  
 “ cessive pastors to the day of his death. Nor was he  
 “ ashamed to own and support that despised interest,  
 “ nor to frequent those assemblies, when the spirit of per-  
 “ secution raged highest in the days of *King Charles* and  
 “ *King James the Second*. He was a present refuge for  
 “ the oppressed, and the special providence of God se-  
 “ cured him and his friends from the fury of the oppressor.  
 “ He was always a devout and diligent attender on public  
 “ ordinances till the last years of his life, when the in-  
 “ firmities of age coming upon him confined him to his  
 “ private retirements. But if age confined him, death  
 “ gave him a release. He is exalted now to the church  
 “ in heaven, and has taken his place in that glorious  
 “ assembly, where he worships among them before the

\* He was three times chosen representative in parliament for his county of *Leicestershire* in those years when a sacred zeal for liberty and religion strove hard to bring in the bill of exclusion to prevent the *Duke of York* inheriting the crown of *England*.

“ throne.



did he make further improvement in those parts of learning in which he instructed the young gentleman, but he applied himself to reading the scriptures in the original tongues, and the best commentators critical and practical.

The *Doctor* began to preach on his birth-day 1698 at 24 years of age, and was the same year chosen assistant to *Dr. Isaac Chauncy*, pastor of the church then meeting at *Mark-lane, London*. But his public labours which met with general acceptance were interrupted by a threatening illness of five months, which was

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“ throne. There he has no need to relieve his memory  
 “ by the swiftness of his pen, which was his perpetual  
 “ practice in the church on earth, and by which means  
 “ he often entertained his family in the evening-worship  
 “ on the Lord’s day with excellent discourses, some of  
 “ which he copied from the lips of some of the greatest  
 “ preachers of the last age. There his unbodied spirit  
 “ is able to sustain the sublimest raptures of devotion,  
 “ which run through the worshippers in that heavenly  
 “ state, though here on earth I have seen the pious plea-  
 “ sure too strong for him, and, while he has been read-  
 “ ing the things of God to his household, the devotion of  
 “ his heart has broken through his eyes, has interrupted  
 “ his voice, and commanded a sacred pause and silence.”

Such was that excellent man in whose family the *Doctor* resided for the instruction of his son, the late *Sir John Hartopp*, Bart. a gentleman of abilities and learning which might have adorned a public sphere, but he preferred a private life all his days. He esteemed and honoured his worthy preceptor while living, and showed his regards to his memory after his decease. He died at *Bath*, *January 13, 1762*.

thought

thought to have originated from the fervor of his zeal in preaching the glorious Gospel of his Lord and Saviour. However his sickness did not discourage him from renewing his delightful work, as soon as Providence was pleased to restore him to health. A good soldier of Jesus Christ when he receives a wound in the field will not be disheartened, but cheerfully return to his arms and duty as soon as he is capable of attempting any further service in the cause of his Divine Master.

In *January* 1701-2 the *Doctor* received a call from the church above mentioned to succeed *Dr. Chauncy* in the pastoral office which he accepted the very day *King William* died, *March* 8, 1701-2, notwithstanding the discouraging prospect which that event particularly gave to non-conformist ministers, and the fears with which it filled the hearts of dissenters in general. But he had set his hand to the plough, and would not look back, and accordingly he was solemnly ordained to the pastoral office on *March* 18th following\*. But the  
joy

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\* My learned and worthy brother, the *Rev. Dr. Savage*, successor to *Dr. Watts* in the pastorate of the church, has favoured me with the records of its transactions in which I find a letter of dismissal and recommendation of *Dr. Watts* from the *Rev. Mr. Thomas Rowe's* church which runs as follows.

To the Church of Christ, of which the *Rev. Dr.*

*Chauncy* was lately Pastor.

Forasmuch as our dear Brother *Mr. Isaac Watts* who was with great satisfaction admitted a member amongst

H

us,

joy of the church in their happy settlement in so able and excellent a pastor was quickly after sadly damped by his being seized with a painful

ful

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us, and hath since walked as becomes the gospel to the glory of God and to the honour of his holy profession, doth now desire his dismissal from us, we do in compliance therewith discharge him from his membership among us in order to his being received by you, praying that his ministerial labours, and those gifts and graces wherewith the Lord Jesus Christ, the great head of the church, hath been pleased so richly to furnish him may be abundantly blessed to the conversion of souls, and your edification, to whose grace and blessing we do from our hearts commend both him and you.

Subscribed with the consent  
of the church by  
Feb. 26, 1701-2.

{ THOMAS ROWE, Pastor,  
NATHANAEL PEACOCK,  
JOHN ANTRIM.

How honourable and affectionate is this testimonial to the *Doctor's* character after eight years continuance with *Mr. Rowe's* church!

It appears from the said records that *Dr. Watts* on the day in which he was ordained to the pastoral office declared publicly and solemnly his acceptance of the choice the church had made of him to that service in the following words:

Brethren,

You know what a constant aversion I have had to any proposals of a pastoral office for these three years, even since the providence of God called me first among you. You know also that, since you have given me an unanimous and solemn call thereto, I have heartily proposed several methods for your settlement without me, but your choice and your affections seemed still to be settled and unmoved. I have objected warmly and often my own indispositions of body which incapacitate me for much service, and I have

pointed



ful and alarming illness, which laid him aside for some time, and from which he recovered but by slow degrees. Upon which the church saw it needful to provide him with a stated assistant, and accordingly the *Rev. Mr. Samuel*

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pointed often to three reverend divines that are members of this church, whose gifts might render them more proper for instruction, and whose age for government. These things I have urged till I have provoked you to sorrow and tears, and till I myself have been almost ashamed. But your perseverance in your choice and love, your constant profession of edification by my ministry, the great probability you shew me of building up this famous and decayed church of Christ if I accept the call, and your prevailing fears of its dissolution if I refuse, have given me ground to believe that the voice of this church is the voice of Christ by you: and to answer this call I have not consulted with flesh and blood: I have laid aside the thoughts of myself to serve the interest of our Lord. I give up my own ease for your spiritual profit and your increase. I submit my inclinations to my duty, and in hopes of being made an instrument in the hands of Christ to build up this ancient church I return this solemn answer to your call, that, with a great sense of my own inability in mind and body to discharge the duties of so sacred an office, I do, in the strength of Christ, venture upon it, and in the name of our Lord Jesus I accept your call, promising in the presence of God and his saints my utmost diligence in all the duties of a pastor so far as God shall enlighten and strengthen me; and I leave this promise in the hands of Christ our mediator to see it performed by me unto you through the assistance of his grace and spirit.

What devotion, humility, and tender regard to the good of souls run through this address, and how well, as will hereafter be shewn, did he afterwards fulfil his ministry according to his sacred engagements!



*Price* was chosen to that service in *July* 1703. But notwithstanding the *Doctōr's* public labours were by these means considerably relieved, yet his health remained fluctuating for some years. However as it increased he renewed his diligence in the discharge of his ministry, and his people were delighted and edified with his sermons from the pulpit, and his converses with them in the visits he made to their families. He went on without any considerable interruption in his work, and with great success and prosperity to the church till the year 1712, when in *September* he was seized with a violent fever which shook his constitution, and left such weakness upon his nerves as continued with him in some degree to his dying day. Upon this occasion prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him. Several days of supplication were kept on his account, in which many of his brethren in the ministry assisted, and wrestled earnestly with the Lord for the continuance of so promising an instrument of his glory. He was graciously pleased to answer their importunate requests by adding to his life more than thirty-six years, most of them indeed years of feeble health to himself, but of eminent usefulness to the church and world. Not till *October* 1716 (more than four years, a long and painful chasm as to the exercise of his ministry both to his people and himself) was the *Doctōr* able to return to his public services, but

but in the mean time his assistant *Mr. Price* was at his desire, and upon his recommendation, chosen by the church to be co-pastor with him, to which office he was ordained *March 3, 1713.*

Though this long interval of sickness was on some accounts a very distressing season, yet a kind providence made it the happiest æra of the Doctor's life, as it was the occasion of introducing him into the family of *Sir Thomas Abney Knt. and Alderman of London\**, who, on principles

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\* As I have given some account of *Sir John Hartopp* I shall also communicate some memoirs of *Sir Thomas Abney* and his lady, in whose family the *Doctor* resided thirty-six years, and where he ended his days.

Upon the decease of *Sir Thomas Abney* the *Rev. Mr. Jeremiah Smith*, his pastor, preached, and published a funeral sermon from 2 Cor. v. 6, 7, 8. To the sermon he has annexed some memoirs of the life and character of *Sir Thomas*, of which the following is an abridgment. *Sir Thomas* was one of the younger sons of *James Abney Esq.* of *Wilsley* in the county of *Derby*, whose ancestors have enjoyed that seat and a fair estate in the neighbourhood above 500 years. He was born in *January 1639*, and was the religious son of worthy and pious parents. His mother dying when he was young, and in the times of public confusion by which the family were no small sufferers, his father placed him at school at *Loughborough* in the county of *Leicester*, that he might be under the eye and care of his aunt the honourable and virtuous *Lady Bromley*, relict of *Sir Edward Bromley a Baron of the Exchequer* in the reigns of *Queen Elizabeth* and *James I.* Her pious instructions, it is believed, made early impressions upon him, and were the happy means of a sober and

principles of the most generous compassion and friendship, took him in a very languishing state

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religious turn of mind which continued through the whole of his life. Thus under the influence of divine grace he was fortified against temptations in his apprenticeship. An heart at that critical juncture pre-engaged and firmly resolved on the side of virtue and religion could not but be of great advantage for his security, especially as he took all opportunities of attending the most judicious and practical preachers, under whom he became the more confirmed in those good principles which his pious aunt had instilled into him. His personal character was in all respects highly commendable, not only clear from the vices of the age but very exemplary and eminent. His piety and serious regard to religion were conspicuous. He feared God from his youth, and shewed the truth and power of that divine principle which guided, animated, and influenced him in all his actions. The duties of the second table, in which he was careful and exact, were all performed in virtue and pursuance of the duties of the first. The fear and love of God, and the desire of pleasing and honouring him were the spring and very life and soul of every action, consecrating, as it were, his whole life, and in a sense making all that he did an honour and worship to his God. To his piety were joined his probity and justice. He was pious towards God, and righteous in his transactions with men. He was sincere in his words and promises, and faithful in his engagements and trusts, never giving into any ways of fraud, deceit, or collusion. He sought no gain but with a good conscience, and made no haste to be rich, and God crowned and blessed his fair and righteous conduct with considerable increase. He was of a meek and quiet spirit, he was affable and courteous, very temperate in meats and drinks, and the pleasures of life. He was very charitable both in his judging and speaking of others, and in administering to the necessities of



state of health to his own house; where he was most liberally supplied with all which could contribute

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of such as were in want. He was of a catholic spirit, extending his love and regard to persons of all parties bearing the Christian name however divided in lesser matters. He was compassionate and tender-hearted, readily sympathising with his friends in their sorrows, and full of pity towards objects of misery. He was patient and self-denying, by no means set upon his own will and way. He was an affectionate and tender husband, a loving and prudent father, and watchful over the good and happiness of his children; he was a just and kind master, and for holy order and government, and the exercises of religion his house might be considered as a temple or a church of the living God. Here were every day the morning and evening sacrifices of prayer and praise, and reading the holy scriptures, many times with proper helps to understand and profit by them. The Lord's day he strictly observed and sanctified. God was solemnly sought and worshipped both before and after the family's attendance on public ordinances. The repetition of sermons, the reading good books, the instruction of the household, and the singing the divine praises together were much of the sacred employment of the holy day; variety and brevity making the whole not burdensome but pleasant, leaving at the same time room for the devotions of the closet, as well as for intervening works of necessity and mercy. Persons coming into such a family with a serious tincture of mind might well cry out, "This is no other than the house of God, this is the gate of heaven!" Besides the ordinary and stated services of religion occasional calls and seasons for worship were also much regarded. In signal family mercies and afflictions, in going journies, in undertaking and accomplishing any matters of greater moment God was especially owned by prayer and thanksgiving; the assistance of ministers being often called in upon such occasions. Through the whole



contribute to his convenience and satisfaction to the end of his days ; for though this eminent friend

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course of his life he was priest in his own family, excepting when a minister happened to be present, or any such sojourned with him. *Sir Thomas's* constant practice was to lead his household in the acts of worship, and to offer up their addresses to God, which he performed with great seriousness of thought, and warmth of affection. The word of God being read constantly as a preface to prayer in his family he chose to do that also himself, unless for a few of the last years of life, in which he thought fit to put the performance of that part of religious duty upon his children. As to the sermons that were read in the evening of the Lord's day he took that service upon himself, and held on in that course to his last sickness and death, and those who resided in his house were witnesses with what affection he went through that work, and how often he hath been melted into tears so that he could scarce proceed without a pause. It may be further remarked concerning this excellent man that when he has just come from the necessary business and affairs of his station, that it was still with such a composure of spirit that he was ever in a frame for the exercises of religion, and gave reason thence to conclude that he walked with God all the day long\*.

Much more might be said concerning this worthy man, particularly of his behaviour in the house of God, his civil life and magistracy, and his serene and comfortable death, but I must prescribe bounds to myself on this head as I have proposed writing not *Sir Thomas Abney's* but *Dr. Watts's* memoirs, but permit me to add a brief account of

\* As a most demonstrative and striking proof of *Sir Thomas's* constant regard to God and the duties he owed him, *Lady Abney* informed me, that he kept up regular prayer in his family during all his mayoralty, and that, upon the evening of the day he entered on his office, he without any notice withdrew from the public assembly at *Guilaball* after supper, went to his house, there performed family worship, and then returned to the company.

friend of his country and the church of God;  
and particularly of the *Doct̄or*, died in the  
year

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the public capacities in which he appeared, and the services he rendered his country in them. In 1693 he was elected *Sheriff of London and Middlesex*, which trust he so honourably and faithfully executed that before his year expired he was chosen *Alderman of Vintry Ward*, and received also the honour of *Knighthood* from *King William*. In 1700 he was chosen *Lord Mayor* some years before his turn. In this year his hearty zeal for the Protestant interest exerted itself in an uncommon degree. He had the courage and resolution at that juncture to propose an address from the *Common Council* to the *King*, though he was much opposed in it by the majority of his brethren of the bench. The design and purport of the address was to signify their resolution and readiness to stand by his *Majesty* in opposition to *France* and the *Pretender*, whom the *French monarch* had lately caused to be proclaimed *King of Great Britain*. By his great pains and prudence *Sir Thomas* surmounted all the obstructions the adversaries of this affair threw in his way, and he carried his point with remarkable success. This address was transmitted to *King William* then beyond the seas, forming, guiding, and uniting the counsels of the Protestant world, and by his power and interest rescuing and sustaining the liberties of *Europe*. When this noble resolution of the city of *London* was publicly known, it animated the affairs of the *King*, and gave new life to his interest both abroad and at home. A considerable person then living complimented *Sir Thomas Abney* on this occasion, assuring him "that he had done more service to  
" the *King*, than if he had raised him a million of money." This leading example of *London*, under the conduct of their chief magistrate, greatly inspirited the whole nation, and was followed by addresses of the like nature from most of the corporations. Upon which the *King* dissolved the *parliament*, and resolved to have the sense of his people  
upon

year 1722, the like benevolent spirit he had discovered was continued by his worthy relict  
*Lady*

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upon the present conjuncture of affairs expressed in their choice of a new one, as he told them in that last admirable speech of his *December 31, 1701*. This *Parliament* † happily attained the ends this excellent *Prince* had in view, for they quickly formed an act *for the abjuration of the Pretender*, and the further establishment of the *Protestant succession* to the throne. This law received the royal assent but the day before the *King* died, and he left it as his best legacy for the nation. By this mean the crown was secured to the house of *Brunswic*, for though it was declared by the preceding *Parliament* to belong to that family, yet, in the apprehension of wise and thoughtful men, the descent of it in the appointed line was too precarious till it was guarded and secured by a subsequent law against all opposers. So much was the succession of the house of *Hanover* to these kingdoms obliged to the zeal and labours of a *Protestant dissenter!*

The above account, as before observed, is extracted from the memoirs of his life by his pastor, and the world may see it confirmed in *Dr. Watts's* paper in his *Miscellanies* entitled the *Honourable magistrate*, and his *elegiac Ode at his death* in the same volume.

*Lady Abney* was the daughter of *John Gunston Esq;* of *Stoke Newington*, and was married to *Sir Thomas* in 1700. Her character is well delineated in its shining excellencies in a sermon upon her death by her Pastor the *Rev. Mr. Samuel Price*, and indeed her graces and virtues, as I can attest from my acquaintance with her, shone in an uncommon union and lustre, which I endeavoured to describe in an *ode* I published not long after her decease. If any persons, judging from the general appearance of religion in

† *Sir Thomas* was chosen by the citizens of *London* a member of this parliament, to the calling of which his conduct in the *Mayoralty* might as we have seen have so much influence.

*Lady Mary Abney*, and their daughters. Her Ladyship survived the *Doctor* above a year, and

the present day, should imagine upon viewing the picture I drew of her Ladyship that I was too lavish of my colours, I am well satisfied, had they known the original; they would confess I had only done justice to it †.

The ode is as follows;

*To the Memory of that amiable Mirror of Christian Grace and Virtue Dame Mary Abney, who departed this Life Jan. 12, 1749-50.*

The Muse, who on her sacred strings  
*Virtue's* immortal honours sings,  
 Thus warbling to the vernal shade  
 The *female Character* essay'd.  
 Let *wisdom's* majesty serene  
 And *dove-like* gentleness be seen  
 On woman's brows, and mingling there  
 At once excite our love and fear.  
 Instead of *vanity's* array  
 T'outvie the lustres of the day  
 Decent and modest be her dress  
 Such as may suitably express  
 How she the inward gem can prize  
 Beyond the casket where it lies.  
 Let *undissembled piety*  
 With heav'n's unerring rules agree;  
 Not like the *popish faith*, which teems  
 With monstrous tales, and idle dreams,  
 Nor fram'd from *pagan schemes* that shun  
 The stream, where peace and pardon run.

† *Mrs. Elizabeth Cooke*, a gentlewoman eminent for her piety and usefulness, whose house was next *Lady Abney's*, and who for many years was well acquainted with her, told me, "that if she should wish herself to be any person complete she would wish herself to be *Lady Abney*." Such were the exalted ideas she entertained of her.



and the youngest of the three daughters *Mrs. Elizabeth Abney* is still living. Of their kind  
and

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Let ev'ry *truth* the scriptures show  
 Upon her heart divinely glow,  
 And shed its undiminish'd rays  
 O'er all the tenor of her days,  
 As shine unquench'd the orbs on high,  
 While meteors mount and blaze, and die.  
 Is she a *wife*? Let *winning love*,  
*Obedience*, and *discretion* prove  
 How well she dignifies the name  
 With nuptial care, and nuptial flame.  
 Is she a *mother*? Let her *skill*  
 And *affiduity* fulfil  
 A mother's arduous task, and guide  
 Her *children* blooming at her side  
 Along religion's blissful ways,  
 And teach the pleasure and the praise:  
 Be it her labour to destroy  
 Each weed that might her plants annoy,  
 To bend the branches as they shoot,  
 And nurse young virtue's bud to fruit.  
 Should *riches* to her charge be giv'n,  
 Let her improve the boon for heav'n;  
 The bounds of wealth let her survey,  
 And in the scales of wisdom weigh  
 What portion *justice* may demand,  
 And what may crown her gen'rous hand,  
 Then ope her charitable door,  
 And deal her *bounties* to the poor;  
 While *plenty* round her house is shown  
 Alike to want or waste unknown,  
*Plenty*, which *Temp'rance's* hand restrains,  
 And guided by *Discretion's* reins.  
 Upon the *Sabbath's* glad return  
*Religion's* radiant lamp should burn

With

and honourable regards to him I will say nothing, except that I myself was a frequent witness of them in the many visits which at different

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With double lustre through the day  
 Without cessation or decay.  
 Be regular attendance giv'n  
 At God's own house, the port of heav'n,  
 Nor let the remnant-hours complain  
 That they have pour'd their sands in vain ;  
 Nor let *religion* veil its light  
 When heav'n's high day has wing'd its flight,  
 But, as the morn and ev'ning run  
 Perpetual circles with the sun,  
 Let pure *devotion's* flames ascend,  
 While her whole family attend,  
 And join in supplicating cries,  
 And grateful honours to the skies.  
 Let *courtesy* with heart sincere  
 In all her life to all appear,  
 But let her fav'rite friends be few,  
 And like herself to virtue true.  
 Let *ever wakeful prudence* guide  
 Her bark o'er life's uncertain tide,  
 Cautious of *flatt'ry's* siren breath,  
 Which lulls the list'ning soul to death,  
 And *slander* which, like *Ætna* pours  
 Tumultuous storm and burning show'rs,  
 But let her be divinely boid  
 Duty's obstructed path to hold,  
 When tempests beat, and thunders roll,  
 And hideous night involves the pole :  
 Pursuing thus her glorious way  
 At length the shores of heav'nly day  
 Shall shine, and with the vision blest,  
 Her soul, of holy calms possess'd,  
 Shall make the port of endless rest."

}  
 Thus

different times I made to that most respectable, virtuous, and happy family.

Though the *Doct̄or's* life from the time of closing his studies affords but little variety, and admits only of a short narration as it flowed along in an even uniform tenor, one year, one month, one week, one day being in a manner a repetition of the former, yet several observations may be made upon the events, few as they may be which occurred, which may prove not unentertaining or uninstruc- tive to my readers. My first observation shall be upon the *Doct̄or's* very favourable opportunities for improvement in the interval between his leaving the academy, and his entrance upon the work of the ministry, which might much contribute to that eminent figure he afterwards made as a divine, and an author. He retired for two years to his father's for the noble purpose of reading, meditation, and prayer. He was in the house of one who undoubtedly loved him with a most tender affection, who had it in his power to grant him, and whose paternal kindness could not refuse every thing that could tend to make

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Thus sung the Muse, fair *Truth* was by,  
 Crown'd with the radiance of the sky,  
 And swift reply'd: "And dares thy verse  
 " *Abney's* high character rehearse?  
 " Her name superior to thy praise  
 " Deserves the songs which angels raise."

him

him comfortable, and promote and forward his laudable designs; he was in the house of a man of eminent piety, and who would not fail to cherish the divine life which to his unspeakable joy he observed in his son. What large draughts of knowledge then must the *Doctor*, considering his early and inextinguishable thirst for improvement, necessarily imbibe by a daily course of reading, contemplation, and prayer, and all this without any interruption amidst the enjoyment of a father's wife and pious counsels and conversation, and the edifying and animating efficacy of his holy example? From his father's roof he removed into the family of *Sir John Harropp*, and there continued five years as a preceptor to his son. Here he enjoyed the advantage of an intimacy with a gentleman of great abilities, and extraordinary piety, which the *Doctor* well knew both how to value and improve. Here he had also the opportunity of conversing with persons of real worth, and taking a large survey of the varieties of mankind from the numerous company that at one time, and on one occasion or other resided in *Sir John's* family, or made their visits to him. Here too he was more firmly securing to himself those rich treasures of learning of which he was already possessed, but which became more fully his own by communicating them to his pupil. Here too he made vast additions to the knowledge he had obtained,



obtained, and entered deep into those parts of science with which he might be but imperfectly acquainted before, and all this to discharge in its full extent of advantage his work as a tutor\*, while at the same time he kept in view his preparation for the ministry, and cultivated those studies which had a more direct and immediate concern with that sacred office to which he had determined to devote his days.

Such were the favourable opportunities the *Doctor* enjoyed for his improvement for several years after he had completed his academical course, and Providence seemed kindly resolved that nothing should be wanting, as to an happy concurrence of situation and residence,

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\* Whether we owe if not the completion yet the origination of the *Doctor's* treatise on *astronomy and geography* to his tuition of *Mr.* afterwards *Sir John Hartopp*, I pretend not to say, but the *Doctor* who dates his dedication of this work to *Mr. Eames* June 11, 1725, declares "that the papers had lain by him in silence above twenty years." Might they not therefore very probably be first drawn up for *Sir John's* use? As to his *Logic* which is addressed to his former pupil, he tells him, "that it was fit the public should receive through his hands what was originally written for the assistance of the younger studies, and was then presented to him." Thus are we assured from the *Doctor* himself that his *Logic* which has met with so general a reception and distinguished applause from the world had its part in the education of *Sir John*, and took its rise in the days in which he was his tutor.

to open the way to his future amazing scene of usefulness to the church and world.

Our next observation shall be made upon that remarkably kind providence which brought the *Doctor* into *Sir Thomas Abney's* family, and continued him there till his death, a period of no less than thirty-six years. In the midst of his sacred labours for the glory of God, and the good of his generation he is seized with a most violent and threatening fever, which leaves him oppressed with great weakness, and puts a stop at least to his public services for four years. In this distressing season, doubly so to his active and pious spirit, he is invited to *Sir Thomas Abney's* family, nor ever removes from it till he had finished his days. Here he enjoyed the uninterrupted demonstrations of the truest friendship. Here, without any care of his own, he had every thing which could contribute to the enjoyment of life, and favour the unwearied pursuit of his studies. Here he dwelt in a family which for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue was an house of God. Here he had the privilege of a country recess, the pure air, the retired grove, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages to sooth his mind, and aid his restoration to health, to yield him whenever he chose them most grateful intervals from his laborious studies, and enable him to return to them with redoubled vigour and  
I delight.

delight. Had it not been for this most happy event he might, as to outward view, have feebly, it may be painfully dragged on through many more years of languor, and inability for public service, and even for profitable study, or perhaps might have sunk into his grave under the overwhelming load of infirmities in the midst of his days, and thus the church and world would have been deprived of those many excellent sermons and works which he drew up and published during his long residence in this family. In a few years after his coming hither *Sir Thomas Abney* dies, but his amiable consort survives, who shows the *Doctor* the same respect and friendship as before, and most happily for him, and great numbers besides, for as her riches were great her generosity and munificence were in full proportion, her thread of life was drawn out to a great age, even beyond that of the *Doctor's*, and thus this excellent man through her kindness, and that of her daughter the present *Mrs. Elizabeth Abney*, who in a like degree esteemed and honoured him, enjoyed all the benefits and felicities he experienced at his first entrance into this family till his days were numbered and finished, and, like a shock of corn in its season, he ascended into the regions of perfect and immortal life and joy. Thus did God most remarkably provide a situation for him for a long succession of years in an house where there was every thing which could

could conduce to his comfort and usefulness. What honours are due to this family from the church and world! Where the name of *Dr. Watts* is mentioned as a distinguished blessing let it ever be gratefully remembered that it might under Providence be owing to *Sir Thomas Abney* and his amiable Lady that he was continued so long a burning, and a shining light in this hemisphere of the church, and that there are such remains of his beneficial lustres in the excellent sermons and other works composed by him under their roof. But I restrain myself. Their eminent characters and particularly their kindness to him are recorded by the *Doctor* himself, and with a fame like his own shall descend to the latest posterity.

Our third remark shall be upon the *Doctor's* frequent strokes of illness, and the benefits which might accrue from them. That he had numerous and very afflicting instances of this kind appears from the accounts *Dr. Jennings* gives in his funeral sermon of his being laid aside by sickness five months soon after his entrance upon his assistantship to *Dr. Chauncey* 1698—of his being visited with another illness quickly after his taking the pastoral charge in 1701—and of a most violent fever which seized him in 1712, shattered his constitution, debilitated his nerves, and prevented his return to his public work till October 1716, as to the *Doctor* no doubt four



very long and painful years. We also find from his own record that he was confined to a bed of sickness in 1729\*. And in 1736 he composed an hymn which he stiles *Complaint and Hope under great Pain*, published in his *Remnants of Time employed in Prose and Verse*. More instances of his bodily disorders, and those to a great degree might be recited, if these already mentioned were not sufficient for our purpose. In this manner did his holy, wife, and gracious Father see fit to afflict him, and he travelled through many a valley of *Baca* (of weeping) in his pilgrimage to the better country. But were not all these dark and distressing dispensations the procedures of wisdom and goodness? And might not these often returning trials be divinely blessed to keep him low, humble, and constantly at the foot of God, as in the case of *St. Paul* who tells us, “that, lest he should be exalted  
 “above measure through the abundance of  
 “revelations he had given him a thorn in  
 “the flesh †?” Might not this excellent man under these sharp afflictions be better able to sympathize with his fellow-faints under their distresses, be enlarged and enlivened in his prayers for them, and be quickened both as to his tongue and pen to administer the more abundant consolations as the apostle speaks,

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\* Preface to his *Humble Attempt*, page 5.

† 2 Cor. xii. 7.

“ And whether we be afflicted it is for your  
 “ consolation and salvation, which is effec-  
 “ tual in enduring the same sufferings, which  
 “ we also suffer ; or whether we be comforted  
 “ it is for your consolation and salvation\*.”  
 May I be allowed here to repeat part of a let-  
 ter communicated to me many years since  
 which the *Doct̄or* wrote to a minister in afflic-  
 tion in which there appears not only a warm  
 vein of true spiritual friendship but a most di-  
 vine powerful pathos which his own experi-  
 ence of trials might perhaps happily inspire.  
 “ It is my hearty desire for you that your  
 “ faith may ride out the storms of temptation,  
 “ and the anchor of your hope may hold be-  
 “ ing fixed within the veil. There sits *Jesus*  
 “ our fore-runner, who sailed over this rough  
 “ sea before us, and has given us a chart,  
 “ even his word, where the shelves and rocks,  
 “ the fierce currents and dangers are well de-  
 “ scribed, and he is our pilot, and will con-  
 “ duct us to the shores of happiness. I am  
 “ persuaded that in the future state we shall  
 “ take a sweet review of those scenes of pro-  
 “ vidence which have been involved in the  
 “ thickest darkness, and trace those footsteps  
 “ of God when he walked with us through  
 “ the deepest waters. This will be a surpris-  
 “ ing delight to survey the manifold harmony  
 “ of clashing dispensations, and to have those  
 “ perplexing riddles laid open to the eyes of

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\* 2 Cor. i. 6.

“ our souls, and read the full meaning of  
 “ them in set characters of wisdom and grace.”  
 Besides all this the *Doctor* has left us striking  
 proofs of his suitable temper of mind, his hope,  
 his faith, his submission, and humble pleadings  
 with God for relief under his trials, and we  
 should not I am persuaded have known so much  
 of his piety had he been a stranger to the fur-  
 nace of affliction. How comfortably does he  
 feel himself, and how does his soul rejoice in  
 his God under the pressures of sickness upon  
 his body in that second part of what he en-  
 titles *Thoughts and Meditations in a long Sickness*  
 1712, 1713 \* ?

Yet, gracious God, amidst these storms of nature  
 Thine eyes behold a sweet and sacred calm  
 Reign thro' the realms of conscience. All within  
 Lies peaceful, all compos'd. 'Tis wondrous grace  
 Keeps off thy terrors from this humble bosom,  
 Though stain'd with sins and follies, yet serene  
 In penitential peace, and chearful hope,  
 Sprinkled and guarded with atoning blood.  
 Thy vital smiles, amidst this desolation,  
 Like heav'nly sun-beams hid behind the clouds,  
 Break out in happy moments with bright radiance  
 Cleaving the gloom ; the fair celestial light,  
 Softens and gilds the horrors of the storm,  
 And richest cordials to the heart conveys.

O glorious solace of immense distress,  
 A conscience and a God ! A friend at home,  
 And better friend on high ! This is my rock

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\* Miscellaneous thoughts in prose and verse, No. 47.

Of firm support, my shield of sure defence  
 Against infernal arrows. Rise, my soul,  
 Put on thy courage. Here's the living spring  
 Of joys divinely sweet and ever new,  
 A peaceful conscience, and a smiling heav'n.

And what a sweet and holy vein of gratitude  
 and praise runs through the fourth part of the  
 above-mentioned *Thoughts and Meditations*, in  
 which, blessing God for his recovery to health,  
 he says,

Rise from my couch, ye late enfeebled limbs,  
 Prove your new strength, and show th' effective skill  
 Of the Divine Physician; bear away  
 This tottering body to his sacred threshold;  
 There, laden with his honours, let me bow  
 Before his feet, let me pronounce his grace,  
 Pronounce salvation through his dying Son,  
 And teach this sinful world the Saviour's name:  
 Then rise, my hymning soul, on holy notes  
 Tow'rd his high throne; awake, my choicest songs,  
 Run echoing round the roof, and, while you pay  
 The solemn vows of my distressful hours,  
 A thousand friendly lips shall aid the praise.

Jesus, great advocate, whose pitying eye  
 Saw my long anguish, and with melting heart  
 And powerful intercession spreadst my woes  
 With all my groans before the Father-God  
 Bear up my praises now; thine holy incense  
 Shall hallow all my sacrifice of joy,  
 And bring these accents grateful to his ear:  
 My heart, and life, and lips, and ev'ry pow'r,  
 Snatch'd from the grasp of death, I here devote  
 By thy blest hands an offering to his name.

Amen. Halleluia.



In evidence of the *Doct̄or's* admirable temper under his trials I shall make another citation from his writings in which he asks, “ But has  
 “ not my spirit been depressed by a sickly con-  
 “ stitution, and confined to a feeble engine of  
 “ flesh under daily disorders? Have I not suf-  
 “ tained many sorrows on this account, and  
 “ wasted some years among the infirmities of  
 “ the body, and in painful idleness? Are there  
 “ not several souls favoured with a more easy  
 “ habitation, and yoked with a better partner?  
 “ Are they not accommodated with engines  
 “ which have more health and vigour, and  
 “ situated in much more happy circumstances  
 “ than mine? What then? Shall I repine at  
 “ my lot, and murmur against my Creator,  
 “ because he has made some hundreds happier  
 “ than I, while I survey whole nations, and  
 “ millions of mankind that have not a thou-  
 “ sandth part of my blessings † ?

In this excellent spirit did he wade through the depths of his afflictions, and glorify God in them. How instructive, how animating his example! The same man that he was in the pulpit, and active life, he was also on the couch of sickness, and at the brink of the grave.

There is an hymn of his, which we before mentioned, entitled *Complaint and Hope under great Pain*, in which there is such a mixture of dutiful resignation to the divine appointments, and earnest pleadings with

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† Miscellaneous Thoughts, No. 5.

the Almighty to relieve him from his sorrows as bears a noble testimony to the excellency of his spirit, and affords a bright pattern for the imitation of the saints of God under his correcting hand.

## I.

Lord, I am pain'd ; but I resign  
To thy superior will ;  
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine  
Appoints the pains I feel.

## II.

Dark are Thy ways of providence,  
While those who love Thee groan ;  
Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense  
Mysterious and unknown :

## III.

Yet nature may have leave to speak,  
And plead before her God,  
Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break  
Beneath thy heavy rod.

## IV.

Will nothing but such daily pain  
Secure my soul from hell ?  
Canst thou not make my health attain  
Thy kind designs as well ?

## V.

How shall my tongue proclaim thy grace,  
While thus at home confin'd ?  
What can I write, while painful flesh  
Hangs heavy on the mind ?

## VI.

These groans and sighs, and flowing tears  
Give my poor spirit ease,  
While ev'ry groan my Father hears,  
And ev'ry tear he sees.

## VII.

## VII.

Is not some smiling hour at hand  
 With peace upon its wings?  
 Give it, O God, thy swift command  
 With all the joys it brings.

We have another observation to make upon the Doctor's life, namely, that, as he was a non-conformist first as one of the laity, and afterwards as a minister, his lot through a kind providence was cast upon very happy days, so that from his birth to his death he had no experience of the bitter hardships of persecution for the sake of a good conscience. He was born in the time of *Charles II.* in which, though his venerable father was imprisoned for his non-conformity, yet it does not appear that any of his family suffered on that account except in the participation of his troubles, of which his son might have little or no remembrance. His successor *James II.* was a devotee to the church of *Rome*, furious in his zeal, and restless and unwearied in his endeavours to introduce popery, and crush the protestant religion; and to accomplish his designs he trampled down the fences of law and justice, and by his instruments of cruelty *Jefferies* and *Kirke* committed such wanton butcheries in the *West of England* as filled the nation with horror. All this the *Doctor* must be acquainted, and deeply affected with at the very time these miseries oppressed

pressed the kingdom, and with thousands and ten thousands more must tremble to behold the great interests of liberty, the protestant religion, and the constitution itself coming nearer and nearer every day and hour to the edge of a precipice, thence to be thrown down, as to outward appearance, into utter and irretrievable ruin. But we do not find from any memorials that either the *Doctor* or any of his family were actual sufferers in these horrible times in their own persons. A blessed revolution takes place in 1688 by the coming of the *Prince of Orange*: the baffled tyrant quits the kingdom, and the glorious deliverer, and his most excellent Princess by the vote of the nation take the crown. Their conjoint reign, and afterwards that of the King only, who several years survived the Queen, proved a most propitious æra to liberty: the act of toleration took place in favour of the protestant dissenters, and persecution in all its cruel oppressions of fines, penalties, and imprisonments is known no more. The *Doctor* enjoyed the invaluable blessing with the rest of his brethren. On King *William's* demise *Ann Princess of Denmark* ascended the throne, and the non-conformists continued unmolested during her reign, though, for some time before her death, the clouds, that had so long vanished, gathered again, and hung in thick darkness over the dissenters, and the friends of freedom and religion in general, but by a remarkable providence they were overblown by the Elector  
of



of *Hanover's*, afterwards *George I.*, accession to the throne. On his decease *George II.* succeeded, and during the reigns of both these excellent kings the dissenters had not the least inroads made upon their liberties, but all was tranquillity and enjoyment. The *Doctor* was removed from our world, while the last of these princes was upon the throne; and thus, through a long extended life, he never in his own person knew any of the distresses of persecution. In what a delightful period, a period such as had not blest our land for ages, if indeed in any age, did this good man live, and he only had the report and not the painful experience of what his venerable fathers in the ministry had suffered, when in 1662 no less than 2000 of them were ejected from their livings, and by the act of uniformity were impoverished, harassed, fined, and imprisoned for worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences, and refusing to comply with the commandments of men. I well remember that, discoursing with the late *Sir Conyers Jocelyn* about *Mr. Baxter* and *Dr. Watts*, he pleasantly but very truly observed, nearly in these words, that “the latter went to heaven on a bed of  
“down in comparison of the former.” Such was the distinguishing privilege with which this holy man was favoured, not only to his own great comfort, but to the great benefit of the church and world, who might, had his feeble frame been hunted down by persecution,

or locked up in a damp suffocating prison, been deprived in a great measure of his numerous useful writings. *Dr. Grosvenor* observes in an excellent sermon of his upon *the Name Jesus* as given to our blessed Lord (Mat. i. 21.) “ that  
“ others have been called Saviours in gaining  
“ a victory, for delivering cities and kingdoms  
“ from slavery and misery. So it is said  
“ (Judg. iii. 9. 15.) that God raised up savi-  
“ ours to his people *Israel*—King *William*, adds  
“ he, our glorious deliverer, may be called a  
“ saviour in such a sense, when he came over  
“ to us, bringing one salvation along with him,  
“ and propagating many, many future salva-  
“ tions for us and our posterity wrapt up in  
“ that most invaluable blessing the *Protestant*  
“ *Succession*, which has now so happily and  
“ wonderfully taken place. The whole nation  
“ was then under deep impressions. We felt  
“ a great deal, but saw a great deal more  
“ coming. The joy was excessive as the ap-  
“ prehensions before were dreadful. The mi-  
“ sery then stood near in full view, obvious to  
“ every capacity. Now it is removed at about  
“ 30 years distance it requires something of  
“ good sense, memory, and gratitude to be af-  
“ fected by it, and these do not abound in our  
“ world. When God turned the captivity of  
“ our *Jacob*, we were like men who dreamed,  
“ and since that time some have fallen asleep,  
“ and others worse, wakeful and watching for  
“ mischiefs to bring us back to the same an-  
“ guish

“guish which hung upon every soul.” But though others, according to *Dr. Grosvenor’s* complaint, might suffer the wonderful deliverance God wrought at the time by King *William*, and the long train of blessings secured under providence by that happy event to fade, if not to die away from their remembrance, yet *Dr. Watts* was by no means of the number of those who forgot the mighty acts of the Lord, but on every occasion gratefully and piously records them. He drew up an hymn of praise for the marvellous salvation by King *William* Nov. 5, 1695\*, in which there appear at once the elevated strains of thanksgiving to God the author, and of honour to the glorious instrument of the truly marvellous mercy. He published an animated Poem in answer to an infamous Satire called *Advice to a painter* written by a nameless author against *King William*, in which he gives a loose to his generous resentment, displays the hero’s merits, and crowns him with the noblest praises †. On the decease of the King he composed a very honourable epitaph

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\* See his *Lyric Poems*, B. 1.

† What renders this poem of the *Doctor’s* in vindication of *King William* the more remarkable is that it is the only copy of verses in all his writings that may be denominated a satire. As if no personal offence he might receive, or any occasion less than that of dispelling the vilest reproach and calumny cast upon the most illustrious benefactor of mankind, and executing a just vengeance upon an execrable malefactor who had done the wickedness could rouse him to poetic indignation and punishment.

upon him, in which he celebrates his eminent virtues in the sweetest melody and sincerest sorrow †. While *Queen Ann* trod in the steps of her worthy predecessors *William* and *Mary*, the *Doctor* addressed a poem to her full of grateful honour in which he forgets not the praises of our glorious deliverer §. He expressly applies *75th Psalm*, which he entitles *Power and deliverance from God* alone to the glorious revolution by *King William*, or the happy accession of *King George* to the throne. Some time after *Queen Ann's* decease he inserted in a new edition of his *Lyric Poems* a beautiful ode in honour of *King George I.* and, when that great prince died, he preached a sermon on the occasion in which he largely delineates his royal excellencies, not without a recital of our obligations to *King William* for the settlement of the crown in the house of *Hanover*. “Let us  
 “recollect, says he, with pleasure the mercy  
 “of God who inspired his predecessor *King*  
 “*William* of glorious memory to lay the foun-  
 “dation of the *Protestant Succession* to the  
 “crown of these kingdoms. Then he pre-  
 “pared an healing balm for the wound which  
 “we received at the death of our late sovereign,  
 “and made an happy provision against a thou-  
 “sand distant dangers.” And on the coronation of *George II.* the *Doctor* wrote a long ode

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† See his *Lyric Poems*, B. 3.

§ See his *Lyric Poems*, B. 2.



full of the most loyal and devout wishes, animated with the fires, and enriched with the beauties of the finest poetry, though he was then between 50 and 60 years of age, as if the joyful event had awakened his muse to all her former vigour, and enabled her to soar to heights which were scarce exceeded by her in her younger days. In the ode he scatters a fresh flower upon the grave of *King William* as if he should not be unremembered on any occasion in which he could with any propriety introduce his name and praises. The following stanzas conclude the poem.

Come light divine, and grace unknown,  
Come, aid the labours of the throne;  
Let *Britain's* golden ages run  
In circles lasting as the sun;

Bid some bright legions from the sky  
Assist the glad solemnity.  
Ye hosts, that wait on fav'rite kings,  
Wave your broad swords, and clap your wings,

Then rise and to your realms convey  
The glorious tidings of the day:  
*Great William* shall rejoice to know  
That *George the Second* rules below.

Thus did the *Doctor* retain and cherish upon his mind, and at all proper opportunities express a lively sense of the wonderful salvation by *King William*, and its consequent blessings in the accession of *the house of Hanover* to the throne of these kingdoms; blessings which the good man to his ineffable comfort enjoyed

without

without interruption through a long day of life. May the glories of *that illustrious family* and the civil and sacred liberties of *Great Britain* be ever mingled, ever shine together, and be perpetuated with increasing strength and splendor till sun and moon shall be no more!

## CHAP. V.

### *His Character as a Christian and Minister.*

**T**HOUGH the *Doctor* cultivated every kind of learning, and perhaps was the most universal scholar of his age, and though he possessed extraordinary abilities as a poet, yet not entertainment but benefit, and that in the most sacred and direct sense, to the church and world evidently appeared to be the end which he kept constantly in view. The far greater part of his works is theological, and devoted to the most important and useful subjects. Children in early age had no small share of his endeavours for their good, as his *songs* and *catechisms* for their particular service in the most easy and condescending language abundantly show.

His Muse was generally employed upon divine themes, and was very rarely permitted to depart from the sanctuary of the Lord †, and  
even

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† For the truth of what I here assert I might make my appeal to his *Psalms, Hymns, Songs for Children, his Miscellanies,*

even though she was thus piously engaged yet if she appeared to seize more time than he could well

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*cellanies*, and by far the greater number of his *Lyric Poems*. I grant indeed that there is a poem of his upon the *Countess of Sunderland*, though not published in his Works, which cannot be called a *Religious Ode*, or be said to contain any precept of virtue, but the occasion and circumstances of it are its sufficient apology. We shall give the *Doctor's* own account of his writing it in a letter to a friend, and then the poem itself.

*To Amyntas.*

Perhaps you were not a little surpris'd, my friend, when you saw some stanzas on the *Lady Sunderland* at *Tunbridge Wells*, and were told that I wrote them, but when I give you a full account of the occasion your wonder will quickly cease.

The *Duke of Marlborough's* three daughters, namely, the *Lady Godolphin*, the *Lady Sunderland*, and the *Lady Bridgewater* had been at the *Wells* some time when I came there, nor had I the honour of any more acquaintance with any of them than what was common to all the company in the *Wells*, that is to be told who they were when they pass by. A few days afterwards they left that place, and the next morning there was found a copy of verses in the *coffee-house* called the *three Shining Sisters*, but, the author being unknown, some persons were ready to attribute them to me, knowing that I had heretofore dealt in rhyme. I confess I was ashamed of several lines in that copy. Some were very dull, and others, as I remember, bordered upon prophane-ness.

That afternoon I rode abroad as usual for my health, and it came into my head to let my friends see that, if I would choose such a theme, I would write in another manner than that nameless author had done. Accordingly as I was on horseback I began a stanza on the *Three Shining Sisters*, but my ideas, my rhyme, and metre would not hit

well,

well spare from holy studies and exercises as a minister of Christ she was checked and confined within

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well, while the words ran in the plural number, and this slight occurrence was the real occasion of turning my thoughts to the singular, and then, because the *Lady Sunderland* was accounted much the finest woman of the three I addressed the verses to her name. Afterwards when I came to the *coffee-house* I entertained some of my friends with these lines, and they, imagining it would be no disagreeable thing to the company, persuaded me to permit them to pass through the press. This is the whole story, and the real truth.

*An Ode to the Lady Sunderland, 1712.*

I.

Fair nymph, ascend to Beauty's throne,  
And rule that radiant world alone ;  
Let favourites take thy lower sphere ;  
Not monarchs are thy rivals here \*.

II.

The court of Beauty built sublime  
Defies all pow'rs but heav'n and time ;  
Envy, that clouds the hero's sky,  
Aims but in vain her shafts so high.

III.

Not *Blenheim's* field, nor *Ister's* flood,  
Nor standards dy'd in *Gallic* blood,  
Torn from the foe, add nobler grace  
To *Churchill's* house than *Spenser's* face.

IV.

The warlike thunder of his arms  
Is less commanding than her charms ;  
His lightning strikes with less surprise  
Than sudden glances from her eyes.

\* *Lady Sunderland* had been removed from her place at court by *Queen Anne* but a little before.



within her proper bounds. In the preface to his *Lyric Poems* the *Doctor* thus expresses himself: “ ’Tis one of the biggest satisfactions I  
 “ take in giving this volume to the world that  
 “ I expect to be for ever free from the tempta-  
 “ tion of making or mending poems again.  
 “ Let minds which are better furnished for  
 “ such performances pursue these studies, if  
 “ they are convinced that poesy can be made  
 “ serviceable to religion and virtue. As for  
 “ myself, I almost blush to think that I have  
 “ read so little, and written so much. The  
 “ following years of my life shall be more en-  
 “ tirely devoted to the immediate and direct  
 “ labours of my station.” It is further ob-  
 servable that in a season of more confirmed  
 health the *Doctor* not content with his stated  
 services on the Lord’s day formed a society of  
 the younger members of his church for prayer  
 and religious conference, to whom he delivered  
 the substance of that excellent book which he  
 afterwards published, under the title of *A Guide*

## V.

His captives feel their limbs confin’d  
 In iron; she enslaves the mind;  
 We follow with a pleasing pain,  
 And bless the conqueror and the chain.

## VI.

The Muse, that dares in numbers do  
 What paint and pencil never knew,  
 Faints at her presence in despair,  
 And owns th’ inimitable fair.

to *Prayer*: and how concerned he was to promote religion among his people by his visits to their families, as well as his public ministrations, may be learned from what he says in his dedication of the first volume of his sermons to them 1721. “As fast as my health increases  
 “ you may assure yourselves it is devoted to  
 “ your edification. It often grieves me to think  
 “ how poor, feeble, and short my present labours  
 “ are among you, and yet what days of faint-  
 “ ness I generally feel after every such attempt,  
 “ so that I am continually prevented in my  
 “ design of successive visits to you by the want  
 “ of active spirits while I tarry in the city, and  
 “ if I attempt to stay but a week or ten days  
 “ there I find a sensible return of weakness, so  
 “ that I am constrained to return to the coun-  
 “ try air to recruit and maintain this little ca-  
 “ pacity of service. I bless God heartily, and  
 “ you are my witnesses that, in my better sea-  
 “ sons of health heretofore and in the intervals  
 “ of my studies, I was not a stranger to your  
 “ private families, nor thoughtless of your  
 “ souls improvement.” I might venture also  
 to add that it is beyond conjecture that not only  
 from a delight to oblige particular persons,  
 but from an hope of doing public service, he  
 wrote so many recommendatory prefaces as he  
 did, being ready to lend the assistance of his  
 name to give a wider diffusion to pious and use-  
 ful compositions than they would in all proba-  
 bility

bility have obtained without it †. And let it be remembered to his honour as a true and faithful servant and follower of his Lord that he studiously embraced the opportunities which

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† It may be somewhat difficult to collect all the instances of the *Doctor's* recommendations of the works of others. The following may be enumerated.

— Preface to the *Life of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Halyburton.*

— to the *Rev. Mr. Bourne's* volume of Prayers for families.

— to the *Rev. Mr. John Reynolds's* discourses on Reconciliation between God and man.

— to the *Rev. Mr. John Jennings's* discourses on Preaching Christ.

— to an Abridgment of the *Rev. Dr. Cotton Mather's* Life by *Dr. David Jennings.*

— to the *Rev. Mr. Jonathan Edwards's* Narrative of the numerous conversions in *New England 1734, 1735.*

— to the *Rev. Dr. Samuel Clarke's* of *St. Albans' Collection of scripture promises.*

— to the remains of the *Rev. Mr. John Mason* of *Water Stratford.* And

— to the *Rev. Mr. Steele's Religious Tradesman.* Of this book the late *Mr. Benjamin Forfitt*, the honoured founder under God of *The Society for giving Bibles, Testaments, and other good books to the poor*, made a revival, and then desired me to apply to *Dr. Watts* for his recommendation of it to the world. I complied with his request, and, the *Doctor* being too feeble, it being the same year in which he died, to draw up a preface himself, he desired me to do it, which I accordingly did, and he signed it, and then bid me do the same. The book was afterwards printed, and is now distributed by the book-society, with only the *Doctor's* name to the Preface, as I gave *Mr. Forfitt* leave to suppress my own. This particular instance of the *Doctor's* recommendation of the writings of others with its circumstances shews how desirous he was of doing good.

Providence threw in his way of trying to do good to particular persons by profitable and pious converſes with them, of which I will mention the following examples. A gentlewoman now living, and who is an ornament to her ſex, told me that in younger life ſhe was on a viſit at *Lady Abney's*, that ſhe was taken ſomewhat ill, and was left in the houſe (the reſt of the family being gone abroad) with only the *Doctor*, that the good man improved the occaſion to enter into diſcourſe with her, and give her moſt excellent advices, of which ſhe has a pleaſing remembrance to the preſent day. Another inſtance of the ſame kind has been communicated to me by my eſteemed friend and brother the *Rev. Mr. Kingsbury of Southampton*, as he received it from the mouth of the ſon-in-law (now living) of the perſon. “ *Mr. Richard Ellcock* was a ſervant in old *Mr. Watts's* family. *Dr. Watts* going to *London* after the laſt time of his viſiting his father at *Southampton*, *Richard Ellcock* was ordered to go with him a day's journey. The *Doctor* entered into ſerious diſcourſe with him, which made a deep and laſting impreſſion on his heart, and was the mean of his ſound and ſaving converſion. After the *Doctor* came to *London* he wrote to his father recommending the ſervant to his particular regard, for that he doubted not he would make an eminent chriſtian, and ſo he lived and died, leaving an honourable character



“ for piety and uprightnefs behind him. This  
 “ is attested by many.”

Those prime and radical constituents of a truly good character, truth and sincerity, were very conspicuous in the *Doct̄or*. •I never observed him in any of his converses in the least degree affect to conceal or disguise any sentimental differences in religion between himself and others, but on the other hand he appeared quite open and free to a declaration whenever an occasion offered. If there was any thing which he took notice of in his friends not quite so proper or prudent in his judgment he took the liberty of signifying it to them. He might be safely trusted, and his appearances and promises were I am persuaded in perfect unison with his very soul. He pursued the line of duty, or, according to the scripture expressions, *ran the race that was set before him* \* uninfluenced by emoluments or applauses on the one hand, or by opposition or censure on the other. There was nothing in him that could be styled art or design. His soul appeared to have no plaits nor foldings in it, but expanded itself in an open broad view at once, or, to adopt another metaphor, his mind was a clear transparent stream, whose inmost depth was obvious to all, and in which lay not weeds and dirt, but treasures richer than those of *Pañtolus*, whose waters glided over beds of gold. In fine,

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\* Heb. xii. 1.

I make no doubt but that upon the best grounds he could apply to himself the words of *St. Paul* and say, “For our rejoicing is this that in  
 “simplicity and godly sincerity, not with flesh-  
 “ly wisdom, but by the grace of God we have  
 “had our conversation in the world \*.”

He never discovered in his behaviour or conversation any thing like an high opinion of himself. He by no means treated his inferiors with disdain; there was nothing overbearing and dogmatical in his discourse. His aspect, motion, and manner of speech betrayed no consciousness of his superior abilities. On the other hand *Dr. Jennings*, who was long and intimately acquainted with him, in his funeral discourse, bears this honourable testimony to his humility. “It was like a deep shade, says  
 “he, if I may so express it, that set off his  
 “other graces and virtues, and made them  
 “shine with a brighter lustre: and as this  
 “grace had a mighty influence on his heart  
 “and temper, so it had no little effect in form-  
 “ing his sentiments, for he never thought he  
 “could be laid too low as a creature or a sin-  
 “ner that he might do honour to the perfec-  
 “tions and grace of God, and hence in a great  
 “measure arose that high esteem which he had  
 “for the Christian dispensation, which is so  
 “apparently calculated to exalt God and  
 “humble man. Nor was his humility less

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\* 2 Cor. i. 12.

“ conspicuous in his outward carriage toward  
 “ others. Hence flowed that condescension  
 “ and goodness, that humanity and kindness  
 “ which could not but endear him to all who  
 “ had the pleasure of conversing with him, and  
 “ which rendered him venerable in a much  
 “ higher degree than all the honours he re-  
 “ ceived from the world. In short, his de-  
 “ scription of this grace, which he has so beauti-  
 “ fully exemplified in the character of *St. Paul*\*  
 “ seems to be but a transcript of his own heart  
 “ and life.” Great as his abilities were as a  
 poet, and extraordinary as the acceptance of  
 his works was in the world, he speaks concern-  
 ing his compositions in verse in the humblest  
 language. “ I make no pretences, says he, to  
 “ the name of a poet, or a polite writer in an  
 “ age wherein so many superior souls shine in  
 “ their works through the nation.” He then  
 mentions with distinguished honour *Mr. Pope’s*  
 pastoral entitled the *Messiah*, *Dr. Young’s* para-  
 phrase on part of the book of *Job*, and *Mrs.*  
*Rowe’s* Epistles from the dead to the living,  
 and her Letters moral and entertaining, and  
 acknowledges his inferiority to them all †.

In a letter which he wrote to the author of  
 the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, when his decision  
 was requested upon the merits of several *prize-*  
*poems* on the subject of *astronomy*, which had

\* Humility represented in *St. Paul’s* character.

† Preface to his *Miscellaneous Thoughts*, p. 12.

been submitted to his judgment, the *Doctor* thus modestly expresses himself.

“ Sir,                      Newington, Dec. 26, 1734.

“ Though I have sported with rhyme as an  
 “ amusement in younger life, and published  
 “ some religious compositions to assist the wor-  
 “ ship of God, yet I never set myself up  
 “ among the numerous competitors for a poet  
 “ of the age, much less have I presumed to  
 “ become their judge. ’Tis too great an ho-  
 “ nour, Sir, you have done me to place me in  
 “ that situation, when I find myself so utterly  
 “ unfit to execute such an office, and if I had  
 “ ever been blessed with a capacity of this  
 “ kind, yet there is a certain limit and period  
 “ to all mortal powers. The gay colours of  
 “ imagery, and the sprightly relish of verse die  
 “ away, and vanish in my advancing age \*,  
 “ for I have almost left off to read or write  
 “ what was once so engaging. One ought to  
 “ preserve a quick sense of beauties and ble-  
 “ mishes, and an elegant taste of sentiment  
 “ and language in order to pass a judgment on  
 “ the labours of the muses.

“ I acknowledge your civility, Sir, and the  
 “ respect of the gentlemen, who have done me  
 “ this honour. I wish in return I could ad-  
 “ judge the prizes to every one of them, for all  
 “ have their peculiar merit.” The *Doctor*  
 then proceeds to give his opinion of the several

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\* The *Doctor* had now entered his 61st year.



pieces, the recital of which would be foreign to our purpose, as the only reason why we have quoted the letter is to show his low opinion of himself as a poet, while he deservedly stood, and still stands so high in that character in the opinion of the world.

He appeared to be nobly avaricious of his time, and ever watchful to improve it, suffering none of its sands to run down in vain. It is not unlikely but many of his pieces were the products of his thoughts while he was walking or riding. The poem called *A Sight of Heaven in Sickness*, he informed me was made on horseback, and I remember his telling me “that had he  
 “enjoyed the advantages in his younger years  
 “of such a situation as that of *Lady Abney’s* seat  
 “at *Stoke Newington* (intending no doubt the  
 “spacious and delightful gardens and walks  
 “belonging to it which would have been most  
 “propitious to his Muse) where he had com-  
 “posed one piece of poetry, he should have  
 “written ten.”

I am persuaded no person who lived to so great an age had fewer waste moments to account for than the *Doctor*. In his study, his delightful recess, his terrestrial paradise, he was always enlarging his stores of knowledge, or preparing them for a communication to the world. His conversation was such as in all respects became the man of wisdom, the man of God. His observations on others were deep and penetrating, and it is probable their excellencies or defects furnished him with hints

for several papers in his *Miscellanies* in which the different characters of mankind are delineated, but so as to guard against any personal offence in a single instance. When he went abroad among the scenes of rural verdure, beauty, and fruitfulness, like the bee in its industrious ranges for celestial sweets, he was solicitous to gather fresh food for heavenly contemplation, or fresh materials and ornaments for future compositions. The pastures covered with flocks and herds, the fields waving with the ripening harvests, the groves resounding with the melody of the birds enlivened his praises, and he saw, heard, and confessed his God in all. The skies by day struck his soul with admiration of the immense power, wisdom, and goodness of their divine Author, the moon, and starry train by night increased his conceptions of Deity, and in the open manuscript of God, the wide extended heavens, he read the letters of his great and wonderful name with profound homage and veneration. All that met his eye or ear was laid, as it were, under a perpetual tribute to yield him improvement, and consecrate and enrich his moments of leisure and necessary cessation from his studies; and in short, nature was only a scale to his devout soul by which to ascend to the knowledge and adoration of God\*.

When

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\* That what is here said concerning the *Doctor* has the support of truth I might produce in evidence what his  
sister

When he appeared in the pulpit he had a very respectable and serious auditory. Though he had little or no action yet there was such a rich

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sister *Mrs. Brackstone* herself told me of his endeavours while he was at his father's to lead the then young family, of which he was the eldest born, into a knowledge of the wonderful works of God; my own observations of his manner of life for several years, and above all those of *Mr. Parker* his *Amanuensis* for more than 20, and those of *Mrs. Abney* for near 40 years; and I might strengthen the testimonies to his diligence in improving the various scenes of creation by an appeal to his *Lyric Poems*, his *Miscellanies in prose and verse*, and even his *Songs for children*, several of whose themes are taken from the common appearances of nature, but I shall make no citations of this kind as the truth is obvious to all who read them, and as I should quote, if I would make a collection of all his poems on these subjects, a great part of his poetical composures. But let me be permitted to adorn my page with an extract from that very fine ode which makes a part of the first number of his *Miscellanies*, in which he gives honour to God the Creator in the following almost inimitable strains,

My God, I love, and I adore;  
 But saints who love would know thee more:  
 Wilt thou for ever hide, and stand  
 Behind the labours of thine hand?  
 Thy hand unseen sustains the poles  
 On which this huge creation rolls:  
 The starry arch proclaims thy pow'r,  
 Thy pencil glows in ev'ry flow'r;  
 In thousand shapes and colours rise  
 Thy painted wonders to our eyes;  
 While beasts and birds with lab'ring throats  
 Teach us a God in thousand notes.  
 The meanest pin in nature's frame  
 Marks out some letter of thy name:

rich vein of good sense and profitable instruction, there were such propriety, ease, and beauty in his language, such a freedom and at the same time correctness in his pronunciation, accompanied with an unaffected solemnity in the delivery of the most sacred and momentous truths that his ministry was much attended, and he had a considerable church, and crowded congregation. His preparations for the pulpit were only the heads and particulars of his discourses and some few hints under them, so that he preached partly from his notes, and partly without them \*. *Dr. Jennings* thus expresses himself in his representation of him as a preacher. “ It is no wonder, “ says he, that a man thus richly furnished with “ gifts and graces, was an admired preacher. “ Though his stature was low and his bodily “ presence but weak, yet his preaching was “ weighty and powerful. There were a cer- “ tain dignity and respect in his very aspect “ which commanded attention and awe, and “ when he spoke, such strains of truly christian

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Where sense can reach, or fancy rove,  
 From hill to hill, from field to grove,  
 Across the waves, around the sky  
 There's not a spot or deep or high,  
 Where the Creator has not trod,  
 And left the footsteps of a God.

\* I am well assured that he wrote more in his preparations for the pulpit in younger life than he did in advanced years.

“ elo-



“ eloquence flowed from his lips, and these so  
 “ apparently animated with zeal for God, and  
 “ the most tender concern for souls, and their  
 “ everlasting salvation, as one would think  
 “ could not be easily slighted or resisted.” It  
 was remarkable that he gave himself and his  
 hearers proper rests at the end of his sentences,  
 by no means throwing himself into any kind of  
 hurry, or impetuous vehemence. He never  
 seemed at a loss for matter or expression, and  
 appeared to have a perpetual command of him-  
 self and his subject †. In prayer it might  
 perhaps be truly said that he excelled himself.  
 It was throughout an address to Deity, not in  
 florid expressions, not in long and involved  
 sentences, but in easy and unadorned language,  
 and rather short and weighty periods ‡. There  
 was an extent in his addresses to Deity, which  
 comprehended every proper subject, and at the

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† I once asked him whether in his preaching he did not  
 find himself sometimes too much awed by his auditory?  
 He told me “ that when such a man, mentioning a gen-  
 “ tleman of eminent abilities and learning, has come into  
 “ the assembly, and taken his eye, that he has felt some-  
 “ thing like a momentary tremor upon him, but that he  
 “ recovered himself by remembering what God said to the  
 “ prophet *Jeremiah*, chap. i. 7. “ Be not dismayed at  
 “ their faces lest I confound thee before them.”

‡ The *Doct̄or* informed me, “ he took pains with him-  
 “ self in younger life to shorten his sentences, and prevent  
 “ a diffuse and luxuriant style,” and with what happy suc-  
 cess his pulpit performances were a striking testimony,  
 and indeed so were all his publications.

same

same time such a brevity, though not so as to be disagreeably or affectedly sententious, in the representation of each of them, that at the conclusion of his prayer an hearer might find himself at a loss to conceive what more or less could have been said. The like pauses between sentence and sentence were observed by him in prayer which he observed in preaching if they were not rather longer. I might spare myself saying that he was most serious in this part of sacred worship.

In his conversation, as he was far from discovering any thing like an high opinion of himself, so neither did he show any thing like a disposition to traduce or depreciate the characters and abilities of others, but on the other hand he would speak very honourably of persons whom he thought deserving praise\*. He had his opponents, and such as endeavoured to represent him in a disadvantageous light, but I never observed that their treatment drew from him any unkind reflexions or censures in return. I well remember, upon a publication of his some few years before his death, he was

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\* As a further proof of his readiness to commend and not to censure, an appeal might be made to his writings, and particularly to the many poems of honour and friendship in his *Horæ Lyricæ*, and his *Miscellaneous Thoughts*. It is also observable to the same purpose what encomiums he passes in his prose compositions upon the works of others.

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attacked

attacked by one writer for going too much into one kind of theological sentiments, and by another for verging to the contrary. The remark the good man made upon his peculiar fate was, “that a moderator must expect to be  
“boxed on both ears.”

As to foods and drinks he was very moderate and exemplary: he was so far from being in subjection to his appetites, or giving indulgence to them in the least degree imprudent or improper, that he was the very *Sobrius* he so finely describes as a temperate man and a philosopher, “who fed upon partridge and pheasant, venison and ragouts, and every delicacy  
“in a growing understanding, and a serene  
“and healthy soul †.

There was nothing in him which betrayed a penurious temper, or any design and endeavour to lay up treasures on earth. He was rich but it was in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate. The goodness of his heart discovered itself in acts of liberality and munificence, and, “I am credibly informed, says *Dr. Jennings*, that from the  
“time he was received into *Sir Thomas Abney’s*  
“family he constantly devoted a third part of  
“his income to charitable uses.” I am able to affirm that in his last decays, when he was incapable of public service, he refused to receive his usual acknowledgments from the

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† Improvement of the Mind, chap. 1. § 6.

church of which he was pastor, saying, "that as he could not preach, he had no title to any salary." His refusal was not accepted, indeed, as it ought not to have been, as the church owed its increase so much to him, and as he had spent so great a part of his life in his ministry in it. But who can but admire this instance of his delicate sense of honour, and his noble superiority to the influence of worldly gain? It is but a just respect to *Mr. Price*, his colleague, to add that he strenuously opposed and by no means would admit the *Doctor's* declining his income from the consideration of the obligations the interest at *Berry-street* lay under to him.

He never discovered any thing like a furious zeal, or a narrow decisive spirit, but cordially embraced all whom he esteemed the genuine disciples of his Lord, and no party names, nor variety of sentiments in matters of doubtful disputation, and different modes of worship could separate him in affection from such as he had reason to apprehend loved our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Accordingly he maintained a free and friendly correspondence with Christians of various denominations. Though he judged the principles of the *Nonconformists* most favourable to christian liberty, and the rights of conscience, and their forms of worship most agreeable to the simplicity of the gospel, yet he had an high esteem for the persons and writings of many in the established church, as



many of them, both in higher and lower stations had for him, and his writings; and some reverend personages of that communion presented him with their works, and accepted of his in return, on which as on other occasions very serious and affectionate letters have passed between them †.

Nor should the *Doctor's* grateful acknowledgments of the favours he received, or the services which had been done him be passed in silence. The dedication of his piece entitled *The art of reading and writing English* to the three young daughters of *Sir Thomas Abney*, thus expresses the lively sense he had of his obligations to his most generous benefactors, the worthy gentleman and lady, in whose house he resided: “ My honoured young friends, when  
 “ it pleased God to afford me the first degrees  
 “ of release from a long and tiresome weakness  
 “ I thought myself bound to make my best  
 “ acknowledgments of that uncommon gene-  
 “ rosity and kindness of your honoured parents  
 “ by which I was first invited into your fa-  
 “ mily, and my health began to be restored.  
 “ Nor could I do any thing more grateful to  
 “ them, nor pleasing to myself than offer my  
 “ assistance in some part of your education,  
 “ while I was incapable of more public work.  
 “ I began therefore at the first principles of

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† See the Letters from his correspondents at the end of the volume.

“ learning,

“ learning, that I might have an opportunity  
“ to correct any lesser mistakes of your young-  
“ est years, and so perfect your knowledge of  
“ our mother-tongue; for this purpose, when  
“ I found no spelling-book sufficient to answer  
“ my designs, I wrote many of these direc-  
“ tions; but my health was so imperfect that  
“ I was not able at that time to transcribe and  
“ finish this little book, which was designed  
“ for you. Thus it lay by neglected some  
“ years till a *Charity-school* arose at *Chestnut* in  
“ *Hertfordshire*, raised and supported by the  
“ diffusive goodness of your family in concert  
“ with the pious neighbourhood. Then was  
“ I requested, and even provoked to put the  
“ last hand to this work for the better instruc-  
“ tion of the children that were taught there,  
“ though I must confess it has grown up under  
“ my reviews of it to a much larger size than I  
“ ever intended. But, ladies, I take the free-  
“ dom to make you my sole patronesses in this  
“ affair, for I scarce know any thing else that  
“ can effectually defend me for laying out so  
“ many hours in these rudiments of learning,  
“ but a desire to be useful in lesser services  
“ while I am cut off from greater, and the  
“ duty of gratitude to an excellent household,  
“ where so many years of my affliction have  
“ been attended with so rich a variety of con-  
“ veniences and benefits; and now I ask your  
“ leave to offer it to the public. May the va-

“ luable lives of *Sir Thomas Abney* and his ho-  
 “ noured *Lady* be prolonged as blessings to  
 “ the world, while the kindness they have  
 “ shown me is signally and plentifully re-  
 “ warded from heaven with blessings on all  
 “ your heads, and may the little share I have  
 “ had in assisting your education be improved  
 “ by divine providence and grace to your  
 “ temporal and everlasting welfare! So prays  
 “ your affectionate instructor, and obliged  
 “ humble servant, ISAAC WATTS.—*Theobald's*  
 “ in *Hertfordshire*, July 31, 1720.”

So ardent and inextinguishable was his  
 gratitude to *Lady Abney* and *her family* that  
 he mingles his acknowledgments of the fa-  
 vours he had received from them in his will,  
 when he mentions “ the generous and tender  
 “ care shown him by her Ladyship, and her  
 “ family in his long illness many years ago  
 “ when he was capable of no service, and  
 “ also her eminent friendship and goodness  
 “ during his continuance in the family ever  
 “ since.”

The same soul which glowed with gratitude  
 was also eminent for its friendship. Accord-  
 ingly the *Doctor*, who thus acknowledges his  
 obligations to *Lady Abney* in one part of his  
 will, in another passage thus expresses his  
 fraternal love and honour to the *Rev. Mr.*  
*Samuel Price*, who had been assistant to him  
 ten years, and afterwards his co-pastor thirty-  
 five.

five †. He styles him “his faithful friend and  
 “companion in the labours of the ministry,”  
 and mentions a legacy which he leaves him “as  
 “only a small testimony of his great affection  
 “for him, on account of his services of love  
 “during the many harmonious years of their  
 “fellowship in the work of the gospel.” And  
 herein he only gave a testimony in death to  
 that esteem and affection he had professed to-  
 wards him in the dedication, dated *Feb. 21,*

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† *Mr. Price* was a native of *Wales*, and received his education under the Rev. *Mr. Timothy Jollie*, tutor of an academy for the training up young men for the ministry at *Attercliff* near *Sheffield* in *Yorkshire*. He was a man of exemplary probity and virtue, of sound and solid sense, a judicious and useful preacher, and eminent for his gift in prayer. He was very sagacious, very able, faithful, and ready to advise, and communicate his mind in serviceable hints and cautions to his friends. I am well persuaded he laid himself out in doing good, and delighted in it. His publications are not very numerous: what I recollect were a charge at the ordination of the Rev. *Mr. John Angus* at *Bishops-Stortford*, a sermon on the death of *Lady Mary Abney*, and nine discourses in the *Berry-street* Sermons. He has a tomb-stone erected to his memory in *Bunbills-fields*, not far from the *Doctor's*, with the following inscription: “Here lies the body of the Rev. *Mr. Samuel Price*, who served with the truly reverend and excellent *Dr. Watts* in the Gospel under the characters of his assistant and co-pastor forty-five years, to whose uninterrupted goodness and candour he has been highly obliged so great a part of his life. He died in hope of being together for ever with the Lord the twenty-first of *April* 1756.” These modest lines, so full of respect to the Doctor, *Mr. Price* directed in his will should be written on his tomb-stone, which he desired might be erected as near as possible to that of his honoured colleague.



1720-1, to his people of his Sermons on various subjects divine and moral, where he says, “ that he could not conceal his joy that his  
 “ kind and faithful companion in the service  
 “ of their souls practises his ministry with the  
 “ same views and designs (namely, the glory  
 “ of God; and the good of souls) and that  
 “ he had been sensibly owned and assisted of  
 “ God to support and build up the church  
 “ during his long confinement. His labours  
 “ (adds the *Doct̄or*) both for you and for me  
 “ shall ever endear him both to you and me.”

The same dedication furnishes another proof of the deep sense of love and friendship, which possessed the *Doct̄or*'s heart, for he thus writes to his church. “ 'Tis in the service of your  
 “ souls I have spent the best period of my  
 “ life ministering the gospel among you. Two  
 “ and twenty years are now expired since you  
 “ first called me to this delightful work, and  
 “ from that time my cares and labours, my  
 “ studies and prayers have been employed  
 “ on your behalf. I trust they have been ac-  
 “ cepted with God, and, through his Al-  
 “ mighty blessing, have obtained some success.  
 “ As to their acceptance with you I have too  
 “ many and plain evidences to admit a doubt  
 “ of it, which I have often thankfully acknow-  
 “ ledged to God and you. Your forward kind-  
 “ nefs hath always forbid my requests, nor do  
 “ I remember that you ever gave me leave to  
 “ ask any thing at your hands by your con-  
 “ stant

“stant anticipation of all which I could rea-  
“sonably desire. While I was thus walk-  
“ing with you in the fellowship of the  
“gospel with mutual delight God was pleas-  
“ed to weaken my strength in the way, and  
“thereby has given you a fairer opportu-  
“nity to show the vigour of your affection  
“under my long weakness and confinement.  
“Your diligence and zeal in maintaining  
“public worship in the church under the pas-  
“toral care of my dear brother and colleague,  
“your special days and hours of prayer for  
“my recovery, your constant and fervent ad-  
“dresses to the throne of grace on my account  
“in your weekly solemn assemblies, and your  
“cheerful supplies of my necessities under so  
“tedious an affliction, have made me your  
“debtor in an high degree, and have strength-  
“ened the bands of my duty by adding to  
“them the bands of your love.” And pre-  
sently after, “I think I can pronounce it with  
“great sincerity that there is no place, nor  
“company, nor employment on this side hea-  
“ven that can give me such a relish of de-  
“light, as when I stand ministering in holy  
“things to you.”

In his common conversation the *Doctor* never appeared to be at any loss for thought or expression. Indeed no person with whom I was ever acquainted spoke with more ease, readiness, and elegance than he did, and, as his discourse flowed like a clear full stream from  
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an inexhaustible fountain, so it was very instructive and entertaining. I have been at some pains to collect some proofs of this kind, the much greater part of which are taken from the register of my own memory.

“ I look upon the apostle *Paul* and *Cicero* to  
 “ be the greatest geniuses that ever appeared  
 “ in our world.—*Dr. Owen* excelled as an ex-  
 “ perimental, and *Mr. Baxter* as a practical  
 “ divine.—The greatest preachers in my  
 “ younger time were *Mr. John Howe*, and  
 “ *Mr. Thomas Gouge*, whose (that is *Mr.*  
 “ *Gouge’s*) strength lay in the illustration of  
 “ scripture †.—*Mr. Sternct* (the Rev. *Mr.*  
 “ *Joseph*

† Accordingly we find both these ministers eminently distinguished by the *Doctor* in his *Lyrical Poems*. How exquisitely fine is that compliment paid *Mr. Howe* in his ode to him!

Great Man, permit the muse to climb,  
 And seat her at thy feet, &c.

importing that the muse, after she had mounted, and soared to the highest pitch her wings could elevate her, could ascend no higher than to sit at his feet. The closing lines in his elegy on *Mr. Gouge* contain also an encomium of the first magnitude upon *Mr. Howe*, where, in the rapture of his muse, and the height of his affection and esteem, the *Doctor* says

HOWE is a great and single name;  
 Amidst the crowd he stands alone;  
 He stands, but with his starry pinions on,  
 Drest for the flight and ready to be gone.  
 Eternal God, command his stay,  
 Stretch the dear months of his delay,  
 O we could wish his age was one immortal day!

But

“ *Joseph Stennett* grandfather of the present  
 “ truly amiable *Dr. Samuel Stennett*) was in his  
 “ preaching like a silver stream which run  
 “ along without bush or stones to interrupt it.—  
 “ What a change did *Mr. Eames* \* experience?  
 “ But a few hours between his lecturing to  
 “ his pupils, and his hearing the lectures of  
 “ angels.—If in your preaching (to a young  
 “ minister) you perceive you make a mistake,  
 “ don’t go back to rectify it. Many of the  
 “ congregation may not notice it, and they

But when the flaming chariot’s come,  
 And shining guards, t’attend the prophet home,  
 Amidst a thousand weeping eyes,  
 Send an *Elisba* down a soul of equal size,  
 Or burn this worthless globe, and take us to the skies.

As to *Mr. Gouge* he has honoured him with a long and noble elegy. Concerning whom it may be proper to observe that he was not the *Thomas Gouge* ejected from *St. Sepulchre’s, London*, by the act of uniformity 1660, and whose funeral sermon was preached by *Dr.* afterwards *Archbishop Tillotson* so far back as *Nov. 1681*, but another minister who was pastor of a church of *protestant dissenters* meeting near the *Three Cranes Thames street, London*, and who was succeeded by *Dr. Thomas Ridgley*. The *Rev. Mr. John Nesbitt* preached and printed a sermon on his decease which happened *Jan. 8, 1699-1700*, in which he gives him a very great character, quite harmonious with that which the Doctor has drawn of him in his verses to his memory.

\* *Mr. John Eames* F. R. S. He was for several years at the head of a flourishing academy among the *protestant dissenters* in *London*, where he taught *divinity, oriental languages, philosophy, &c.* He was a very learned man, and died suddenly *June 29, 1744.*

“ who



“ who do will excuse it, but if you try to amend  
 “ it you expose it to the observation of all.—  
 “ I could wish young ministers in the coun-  
 “ try might be allowed by their people to read  
 “ a part of *Mr. Henry's* exposition of the Bi-  
 “ ble, or repeat a sermon from some good  
 “ author one part of the Lord's day, as it is  
 “ certainly too much for them to compose  
 “ two sermons a week so early in life.—One  
 “ of the darkest mysteries in Providence is that  
 “ God should suffer a worthless and wicked man  
 “ to have the absolute dominion over nations  
 “ of mankind.—Never mind spoiling a well-  
 “ turned period if you may but have the hope  
 “ of reaching a conscience. Polished and  
 “ harmonious language is oftentimes like oil  
 “ flowing smoothly over marble which leaves  
 “ no traces behind it †.—Poor mankind are  
 “ like feeble riders set on wild horses.—The  
 “ multitude go in a track, *non quà eundum est,*  
 “ *sed quà itur,* not where they should go, but  
 “ where others go.—I know not but my days

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† This direction was given in a charge I heard the  
*Doctor* deliver at the ordination of the Rev. *Mr. Samuel*  
*Snashall* at *Stoke Newington* about *July*, if I mistake not,  
 1738. I well remember also that the minister who prayed  
 over *Mr. Snashall* before the *Doctor* gave the charge made  
 use of this scripture-expression, “ Lord, we remember our  
 “ faults this day.” The *Doctor* took notice of it as fall-  
 ing from the lips of his reverend brother, and approved  
 and adopted it into his preface to his charge in the easiest  
 and happiest manner. Such was his ready and immediate  
 command of thought and language!

“ of restraint and confinement by affliction  
 “ may appear my brightest days when I come  
 “ to take a review of them in the light of  
 “ heaven.—*St. Paul's* thorn in the flesh men-  
 “ tioned 2 Cor. xii. 13. was the debilitated  
 “ state of his nerves occasioned by the over-  
 “ powering glories of heaven, whence I con-  
 “ clude, said he, that the apostle was in the  
 “ body when he was caught up into para-  
 “ dise †.—I had rather be the author of *Mr.*  
 “ *Baxter's Call to the unconverted* than the au-  
 “ thor of *Milton's Paradise Lost*.—Should an  
 “ *heathen* be convinced of his sins, humbly  
 “ and penitentially confess them before God,  
 “ and implore his mercy he would in my opi-  
 “ nion be accepted of him as he was prepared  
 “ for receiving grace, and only wanted the  
 “ object of faith to be revealed to him.—It  
 “ seems quite reasonable and fit that there  
 “ should be a general diffusion and reign of  
 “ the gospel, and that for some consider-  
 “ able continuance before the end of time,  
 “ as there has been such a general dominion  
 “ of sin and misery for so many ages in our  
 “ world.”

Such were the substance, I pretend not to recollect the exact words, of some of the *Doctor's* occasional observations and speeches;

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† The *Doctor's* conjecture admirably agrees with what the apostle says concerning himself, that “ he was with the *Corinthians* in weakness, and in fear, and much trembling.” 1 Cor. ii. 3.

to which I will add some critical remarks which I also gathered from his conversation, and which may not be unacceptable to the public.

*Dr. Young's* description of the *peacock* in his poetical paraphrase of some of the last chapters of the book of *Job*, he styles *admirable* in his works †, but he particularly mentioned to me how much he was pleased with the latter part of that line,

“ Gives all his colours and adorns the day.”

Not the day adorning the peacock, but the peacock adorning the day; but as to *Dr. Young's Night-Thoughts* he pleasantly said, “ that they had too much of the darkness of “ the night in them.” In the Rev. *Mr. John Norris's* ode entitled *the Meditation*, or in other words a view of death the *Doctor* commended the close of the second stanza,

Amazing state ! No wonder that we dread  
To think of death or view the dead :  
Thou'rt all wrapt up in clouds, as if to thee  
Our very knowledge had antipathy :  
Death could not a more sad retinue find,  
Sickness and pain before, and darkness all behind.

Observing that the expressions “ darkness all “ behind” are a very just representation of our ignorance of the state beyond death;

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† See his *Remnants of Time* employed in Prose and Verse, No. 7.

but he was displeas'd with the next stanza.

Some courteous ghost, tell this great secrecy

What 'tis you are and we must be:

You warn us of approaching death, and why

May we not know from you what 'tis to die?

But you having shot the gulph delight to see

Succeeding souls plunge in with like uncertainty.

His objection was that the last lines conveyed a sentiment quite improper and incongruous to the ideas it becomes us to form concerning pious benevolent spirits in their separate state. I will also mention on this head, the *Doctor's* criticisms, his illustration of that passage in Job xli. 18. where it is said concerning the crocodile, "that his eyes are like the eye-lids  
" of the morning." "In the morning you may  
" sometimes observe, said he, upon the edge  
" of the horizon a bright opening of the day,  
" and above it a black scowling cloud. The  
" bright opening of the day is not unlike an  
" eye, and the incumbent cloud is not unlike  
" an eye-lid, and hence the poetic ground for  
" the expression the eye-lids of the morning." I know not where to find a more proper place than the present connexion for inserting a remark which he made upon two or three stanzas in his imitation of the *Psalms of David*, the only time, to the best of my recollection, I ever heard him so much as hint any thing which might seem to convey a good opinion of what he had ever written. The stanzas I refer to



are in his version, or imitation of the seventh *Psalms*.

If I had ere provok'd them first  
Or once abus'd my foe,  
Then let him tread my life in dust  
And lay mine honour low :

If there be malice found in me  
I know thy piercing eyes,  
I should not dare appeal to Thee  
Nor ask my God to rise :

Arise, my God, lift up thine hand  
Their pride and power controul ;  
Awake to judgment, and command  
Deliverance for my soul.

There is the strongest declaration of innocence which can possibly be imagined in the line,

“ Arise, my God, lift up thine hand,” immediately succeeding the *Psalms*'s saying, that “ he should not dare to appeal to him, “ if he harboured any malice against his enemies,” so that, at the same time the holy man presents his prayer to his God, he without the least doubtfulness asserts his own integrity.

I will subjoin to these criticisms of the *Doctor* upon written compositions, an observation which he made upon a performance in painting, to which art he was by no means a stranger, as he found leisure to employ his pencil amidst all the greater labours of his pen.

pen †. In that *Carton* of *Raphael's* where *St. Paul* is represented preaching at *Athens* the apostle is drawn stretching out his hands to their utmost length towards heaven, while the people are held in the most deep and devout attention below. “ I will tell you said the *Doct<sup>r</sup>* what *St. Paul* is saying, BEHOLD HE COMES.” And were we to think as long as we will we could not perhaps conceive any words more suitable to the aspect and attitude of the speaker, and the solemnity reigning upon the countenances of the hearers.

Perhaps it may not be without its benefit if I should add to the *Doct<sup>r</sup>'s* remarks some occasional speeches which he had gathered from others. “ Young man, said *Sir Edmund King* to him in his early life, I hear that you make verses. Let me advise you never to do it but when you can't help it.”—“ If a man would be a great man, said *Sir Richard Blackmore*, he must join the keenness of the razor, and the strength of the axe.”—“ *Dr. Owen* used to say in his advanced age that he would gladly part with all the learning he had acquired by sitting up late at study in younger life if he could but regain the health he had lost by it.”—“ That is an

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† I have seen and there are still remaining four paintings by the *Doct<sup>r</sup>*, which, if I mistake not, an artist would by no means disapprove, the heads of *Democritus*, *Heraclitus*, *Aristotle*, and *Alexander the Great*.

“ excellent observation, said the *Doctor*, of  
 “ *Thomas à Kempis*, that it does not require  
 “ much ingenuity to be a christian.”

He possessed a large portion of wit, perhaps few persons so much, but he never seemed in the least degree fond of displaying it, and much less in the way of satire\*. Wit fell from him like occasional fire from heaven, and, like the ethereal flame, was ever vivid and penetrating.

Just at the entrance of his study on the outside appeared the following lines of *Horace* printed, and hung up in a frame.

—Absentem qui rodit amicum

Qui non defendit, alio culpante; solutos

Qui captat risus hominum, famamq; dicacis,

Fingere

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\* What an aversion he had against satire, and with what tenderness and charity he regarded mankind he himself acquaints us. “ As for the characters which are found  
 “ here in some of the essays I profess solemnly there is  
 “ not one of the vicious or foolish kind designed to re-  
 “ present any particular person. I never thought it  
 “ proper to have mankind treated in that manner, unless  
 “ upon some very peculiar and extraordinary occasions,  
 “ and then I would leave the unpleasing work to other  
 “ hands. It has been the aim and design of my life in  
 “ my hours of leisure, as well as my seasons of business,  
 “ to do what service I could to my fellow-creatures with-  
 “ out giving offence. I would not willingly create need-  
 “ less pain or uneasiness to the most despicable figure  
 “ among mankind. There are vexations enough among  
 “ the beings of my species without my adding to the heap,  
 “ and yet I confess I have often attempted to hit the

“ fore

Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere  
 Qui nequit, hic niger est; hunc tu, *Romane*, caveto.  
*Horat. Sat. iv. l. 81.*

## IN ENGLISH.

He who against an absent friend inveighs,  
 Or, when attack'd, will not protect his praise,  
 He in whose converse biting jests abound,  
 At others cost who sends the laugh around,  
 He who with impudence deals out his lies,  
 And says he saw what never met his eyes,  
 He who still talks and talks or right or wrong,  
 And glories in his flippancy of tongue,  
 He who betrays through levity of mind  
 Th' important secrets to his breast consign'd,  
 This man is black indeed; avoid the pest,  
 Nor let your doors admit him for your guest.

The spaces in the *Doctor's* study where there  
 were no shelves were abundantly covered

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“ fore part in general, but 'tis with this sincere intent  
 “ that the wise and thoughtful, whosoever they are, may  
 “ feel their disease and be healed.—My readers may be  
 “ assured therefore that, though the vices and follies which  
 “ are here displayed may appear to be as just and sincere  
 “ a representation as if they were all borrowed from life,  
 “ yet there are not features enough to describe any per-  
 “ son living. When a reflecting-glass shows the deformity  
 “ of a face so plain as to point to the person he will  
 “ sooner be tempted to break the glass than reform his  
 “ blemishes, but if I can find any error of my own hap-  
 “ pily described in some general character I am then  
 “ awakened to reform it in silence, without the public  
 “ notice of the world, and the moral writer attains his  
 “ noblest end.”—Preface to his *Miscellaneous Thoughts*  
 in Prose and Verse.



with prints of considerable persons, mostly divines. On one side of the large and high pannel over the fire-place a piece of white paper was framed and hung up amidst the portraits with part of a line from *Horace*,

— Locus est pluribus umbris.

ENGLISHED.

Though numerous pictures spread these pannels round,  
Yet here and there a vacant space is found.

And on the other side of the pannel another piece of white paper alike encircled with pictures was in the same manner framed and hung up to view with a *Latin* line, as I suppose, of the *Doctor's* own composition.

Quis me doctorum propria dignabitur umbrâ?

ENGLISHED.

What son of learning will increase my store,  
And to these worthies add one worthy more?

A very inoffensive, genteel, and perhaps successful method of procuring an addition to his illustrious shades.

I will close the chapter when I have added the *Latin* verses which he most probably composed for his own picture, and which are accordingly placed under it.

In *Christo* mea vita latet, mea gloria *Christus*,  
Hunc lingua, hunc calamus celebrat, nec imago tacebit.  
In uno IESU omnia.

ENGLISHED.

In *Christ* my life is safe repos'd,  
I glory in his name;

Him,

Him, whom my tongue and pen disclos'd,  
 My portrait shall proclaim.  
*Jesus!* my whole felicity  
 Is center'd and compriz'd in Thee.

Such was the character of *Dr. Watts* as a Christian and Minister, and these were the graces and virtues with which this extraordinary man was adorned; not that I consider him as perfect, so that there was no shade to be discerned by a close observer amidst his eminent lustres of moral excellency. He sometimes discovered a quick emotion and hastiness of temper, and would speak with a manifest degree of keenness and poignancy, but effervescences of this kind might, at least in part, be owing to the disagreeable sensations occasioned by the weakness and disorder of his body; however they were quite momentary, and he soon returned to his former possession and placid dignity of soul. On the whole, if he had his spots, they were, like those of the sun, abundantly compensated by superior glories.

## CHAP. VI.

### *His Writings in Prose.*

*DR. Jennings* in his funeral sermon says,  
 “ that he questions whether any author  
 “ before *Dr. Watts* ever appeared with repu-  
 “ tation on such a variety of subjects as he  
 M 3 “ has

“ has done both as a prose writer and a poet.  
 “ However, adds he, this I may venture to  
 “ say that there is no man now living, of whose  
 “ works so many have been diffused at home  
 “ and abroad, which are in such constant use,  
 “ and translated into such a variety of lan-  
 “ guages; many of which I doubt not will  
 “ remain more durable monuments of his  
 “ great talents than any representation I can  
 “ make of them, though it were to be graven  
 “ on pillars of brass. Thus did he shine as an  
 “ ingenious man and a scholar.”

As this account is in all respects just it may afford both instruction and entertainment to my readers, especially to such as are desirous to become good preachers and writers, to make a particular inquiry into the excellencies of *Dr. Watts's* compositions, which have been, still are, and undoubtedly will be held in the highest esteem by the intelligent and religious world.

In the present chapter I shall confine my disquisitions to *his writings in prose*, and shall begin with *Perspicuity*, an excellency which shines through all his works.

“ As the all-wise God, says *Cassinus*, at the  
 “ beginning of all things created that most  
 “ lovely and pleasant of all his productions,  
 “ light, by whose beams the dull and sluggish  
 “ world of matter was invested with perfect  
 “ beauty, in like manner, if we may be al-  
 “ lowed to compare our little matters with  
 “ the

“ the infinitely greater operations of Deity,  
 “ should that person, who would acquire the  
 “ honours of a good writer, make it his prin-  
 “ cipal concern to diffuse, like the light which  
 “ overspreads the whole extent of the heavens  
 “ and the earth, *perspicuity* through all the parts  
 “ of his compositions \*.” — “ *Perspicuity*, says  
 “ *Quintilian*, is the first excellence in oratory ;  
 “ and by how much a person is deficient in  
 “ genius, by so much let him endeavour to  
 “ elevate and enlarge himself by this beauty of  
 “ language †.” This *Perspicuity*, as I have  
 already observed, is most eminent in all *Dr.*  
*Watts’s* works, and perhaps no author ever ex-  
 celled him in this first glory of composition.  
 Whatever he discourses upon, be it a theme of  
 morality, a question in philosophy, or the sub-  
 limest doctrine of religion, he is every where  
 clear and easy to be understood. He is so far

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\* Ut inter prima nascentis adhuc mundi cunabula sapi-  
 entissimus artifex rerum et machinator Deus lucem creavit,  
 rerum omnium pulcherrimam, eandemque jucundissimam,  
 cujus afflatû mundus ipse torpentis materiæ, veluti segni-  
 tiem exuens, ad summam pulchritudinem effloruit, pari  
 profectò ratione, si parva cum magnis comparare liceat,  
 orationis artifex in primis curare debet, ut illi *perspicuitas*  
 per omnia membra, quasi per orbem cœli et terrarum lux,  
 affundatur. *Cassinus de Eloquentiâ sacrâ et humanâ*, lib. 2.  
 c. 28.

† Nam et prima est eloquentiæ virtus, perspicuitas ; et  
 quo quisque ingenio minus valet, hoc se magis attollere et  
 dilatare conatur. *Quintil.* 1. 2. c. 3.



from writing obscurely upon a common subject that he brings down the highest subjects to the level of a common capacity by the perspicuous manner in which he treats them. A prime felicity indeed, which might be owing to his own clear and distinct ideas—to his deep investigation and complete knowledge of the subjects upon which he wrote—to his large acquaintance with the *English language*—to his avoiding terms of science and art, obsolete expressions, and words of foreign derivation not familiar to the generality of mankind—to his guarding against a penurious conciseness of style on the one hand, and an ungoverned luxuriance on the other, by the first of which extremes his meaning might be obscured, or not be fully represented for want of a sufficient quantity of words †, and by the last of which he might have been carried into a tedious labyrinth through which a common reader might not have been able to have followed him \*—or this *perspicuity* might  
sometimes

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‡ ————— Brevis esse laboro  
Obscurus fio—————

Horat. de Arte Poeticâ.

I aim to be succinct and round my verse  
Obscurity a veil of darkness throws.

\* Some writers of the first merit for excellent matter have rendered their compositions hard to be understood, and so in some measure diminished their usefulness for want of attending to this point, the restraint of their sentences to a moderate length. They begin a sentence, thoughts  
rise

sometimes take its rise from the apt and well chosen comparisons so frequent in the *Doct̄or's* writings, which illustrate at the same time they enliven and adorn his compositions.

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rise upon thoughts, and they are accordingly communicated in clusters; something needs explanation, something to be guarded, for these purposes they have recourse to parentheses, and all this is done before the sentence is concluded. Whereas had they distributed their matter into two or more periods they would have preserved all their ideas, and would have been comprehended at once by their readers.

The *Doct̄or* has himself treated upon this point, the advantage of a confined style to secure *Perspicuity* in his second part of the *Improvement of the Mind*, chap. 2. § 6. “ A long and tedious style, says he, is very improper for “ a teacher, for this also lessens the *Perspicuity* of it. Some “ learned writers are never satisfied unless they fill up “ every sentence with a great number of ideas and senti- “ ments. They swell their propositions to an enormous “ size by explications, exceptions, and precautions lest “ they should be mistaken, and crowd them all into the “ the same period. They involve and darken their dis- “ course by many a parenthesis, and prolong their sen- “ tences to a tiresome extent beyond the reach of a com- “ mon comprehension. Such sort of writers or speakers “ may be rich in knowledge, but they are seldom fit to “ communicate it. He that would gain an happy talent “ for the instruction of others must know how to disentangle “ and divide his thoughts, if too many are ready to crowd “ into one paragraph, and let him rather speak three sen- “ tences distinctly and clearly, which the hearer receives at “ once with his ears and his soul, than crowd all the “ thoughts into one sentence, which the hearer has for- “ gotten before he can understand it.”

Near akin to the excellence of *Perspicuity* of language is that of *Ease* or *Freedom*. In this also he excels. His discourses are like streams devolving from a fountain, or rays descending from the sun. There is nothing like labour or study in the construction of his sentences, but he seems to write in the same language in which he would have spoken to you. Happy attainment! Attainment I call it, for, however great the *Doctor's* native genius was, it might have cost him no small attention and care in his early time to have formed and habituated himself to a style which appears to be spontaneous, and a natural conveyance of his ideas without confusion, obscurity, or diminution.

As the above excellencies of composition are nobly exemplified in his writings so they have been distinguished by the *Doctor* with the praises they merit in the following passage. “ When  
 “ a man, says he, speaks with much freedom  
 “ and ease, and gives his opinion in the plain-  
 “ est language of common sense, do not pre-  
 “ sently imagine you shall gain nothing by his  
 “ company. Sometimes you will find a per-  
 “ son who in his conversation or his writings  
 “ delivers his thoughts in so plain, so easy, so  
 “ familiar, and perspicuous a manner that you  
 “ both understand and assent to what he says  
 “ as fast as you can read or hear it. Here-  
 “ upon some readers have been ready to con-  
 “ clude in haste, Surely this man says nothing  
 “ but common things—I knew as much be-  
 fore

“ fore—I could have said all this myself.  
 “ This is a frequent mistake. *Pellucido* was a  
 “ very great genius. When he spoke in the  
 “ senate he was wont to convey his ideas in so  
 “ simple and happy a manner as to instruct and  
 “ convince every hearer, and to enforce the  
 “ conviction through the whole illustrious as-  
 “ sembly, and that with so much evidence you  
 “ would have been ready to wonder that every  
 “ one who spoke had not said the same things.  
 “ But *Pellucido* was the only man who could  
 “ do this; the only speaker who had attained  
 “ this art and honour. Such is the writer of  
 “ whom *Horace* would say,

———Ut sibi quisvis

Speret idem, sudet multùm, frustra que labaret

Aufus idem———

Horat. de Arte Poeticâ.

“ Smooth be your style, and plain and natural  
 “ To strike the sons of *Wapping* and *Whitehall*.  
 “ While others think this easy to attain,  
 “ Let them but try, and with their utmost pain }  
 “ They’ll sweat and strive to imitate in vain\*.”

Let a person read one of *Mr. Addison’s* pa-  
 pers in the *Spectator*, or one of *Dr. Watts’s*  
 numbers in his *Miscellanies*, and he shall find  
 the periods flow so smooth and easy that he  
 shall imagine it to be no difficulty to compose  
 in the same manner, but let him but make the

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\* Improvement of the Mind, part 1. chap. 9. § 11.



experiment, and he will soon be convinced that he must have a portion of the same genius to enable him to acquit himself with the like success.

Our next article of observation upon the *Doctor's* writings is that of *Dignity*. Though he steers his flight within the view of all, and sometimes stoops in the lowest condescension, especially in his *Catechisms for young children*, yet when does he ever sink into meannesses, or debase his compositions by any thing puerile or trifling? Where are there any words too low and groveling, and at the highest only just admissible into conversation to be found in all his works? Where are there any trite and hackneyed proverbs of too coarse a texture to be woven into discourses of religion and virtue? Where are there any puns or jingles, affected antitheses, fantastic conceits, or disgusting levities? And, though his similes may be sometimes taken from common life, or common scenes, yet, as wrought up by him, how do they appear in becoming grandeur? I will not venture to affirm that in the numerous treatises he has published there is not so much as a single instance in any of the particulars of debasement that have been mentioned to be met with, yet I may be bold to say that he has upon the whole most happily avoided them, and this too amidst his constant regards to *Perspicuity* and *Freedom*. There is another article which may be ranged under

*Dignity*

Dignity in which the *Doct̄er* also excels, I mean the harmony of his *Metaphors* and *Comparisons*. Nothing is more offensive to an hearer or reader of taste than to find the *tropes of Rhetoric*, when they are carried out into any length, confused and jarring, or made up of images snatched in violation of all propriety from contrary objects, and absurdly huddled together. This incongruity is what *Quintilian* so justly censures when he says, “that many have set  
 “ out with a tempest and ended with a conflagration; the effect of which has been a  
 “ shameful inconsistency \*.” And the *Spectator* passes the like just censure upon it, when he tells us, “that an unskilful author shall run metaphors so absurdly into one another that there  
 “ shall be no simile, no agreeable picture, no apt resemblance, but confusion, obscurity, and  
 “ noise. Thus have I known an hero compared to a thunderbolt, a lion, and the sea; all and each of them proper metaphors for impetuosity, courage, or force, but by bad management it has so happened that the  
 “ thunderbolt has overflowed its banks, the lion has darted through the skies, and the  
 “ billows have rolled out of the *Lybian* de-

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\* Nam id quod imprimis est custodiendum quo ex genere cœperis translationem hoc defines. Multi enim cum initium à tempestate sumpserunt incendio aut ruina finiunt, quæ est inconsequentia rerum fœdissima. Quint. lib. 8. cap. 6. § 2.

“part †.” But where are any such *Metaphors* or *Comparisons* observable in the *Doctōr’s* writings? For my part, I know not of one, but on the other hand it were easy to refer to a great variety that open, flow on, and conclude themselves with the most beautiful harmony. If I should not dwell too long on this particular excellency I would recite a few examples which, as they adorn the *Doctōr’s* pages, may adorn mine. “What uneasy creatures are we made  
 “by our various passions? How often do they  
 “disquiet and torment the soul? How head-  
 “strong is their violence, like an horse un-  
 “broken and untamed? How sudden are their  
 “starts? Their motions how wild and various?  
 “And how unruly are their efforts? Now if  
 “one had but one sovereign bridle, which  
 “could reach and manage them all, one  
 “golden rein, which would hold in all their  
 “unruly motions, and which would also excite  
 “and guide them at pleasure, what an inva-  
 “luable instrument would this be to mortals?  
 “Surely such an instrument is the love of  
 “God, such an invaluable regulator of all the  
 “passionate powers, and it will have this effect  
 “where it is, as it ought to be, strong and su-  
 “preme\*.”— Again, “to employ the passions  
 “for God is to take a most powerful engine out  
 “of the hands of sin and Satan, and reduce it to

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† Spectator, No. 595.

\* Discourse 2d, On the Love of God.

“ the obedience of Christ. It is the recovery  
 “ of a considerable part of human nature out  
 “ of dismal captivity and bondage. The pas-  
 “ sions are the warmest and strongest powers  
 “ of the soul. They are the artillery whereby  
 “ man wages war for or against heaven. The  
 “ passions are by nature devoted to the service  
 “ of sin, and engaged on the devil’s side in his  
 “ wars against the Almighty, and they are  
 “ charged with the seeds of impious fire and  
 “ thunder, but, when divine grace has taken  
 “ hold of them and employed them on the side  
 “ of God and religion, it is like seizing the  
 “ cannon of the enemy from their old batte-  
 “ ries, and planting them in new bulwarks to  
 “ make war upon the devil and all his army †.”

How apt and how well conducted is that simile  
 which the *Doct̄or* adopts when, after he had  
 said that a teacher should not only observe the  
 different spirit and humour among his scholars,  
 but should watch the various efforts of their  
 reason and growth of their understanding, he  
 goes on, and adds “ that he should practice in  
 “ his young nursery of learning as a skilful  
 “ gardener does in his vegetable dominions,  
 “ and apply prudent methods of cultivation to  
 “ every plant. Let him with a discreet and  
 “ gentle hand nip or prune the irregular shoots,  
 “ let him guard and encourage the tender buds  
 “ of the understanding till they be raised to a

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† Discourse 3d, On the Love of God.

“ blossom,



“ blossom, and let him kindly cherish the  
 “ younger fruits †.” “ The love of God, says  
 “ he, is a flower of divine original, and of the  
 “ growth of paradise. If the Holy Spirit has  
 “ planted it in your heart, let not any other  
 “ love be planted too near it, nor too much  
 “ nourished lest it draw away the vital mois-  
 “ ture, and cause the love of God to languish  
 “ and wither \*.” I will add one more *Alle-*  
*gory* or chain of *Metaphors* in which there ap-  
 pears a like beautiful consistency. “ A young  
 “ bright genius, says the *Doctor*, who has fur-  
 “ nished himself with a variety of truths and  
 “ strong arguments, but yet is unacquainted  
 “ with the world, goes forth from the schools,  
 “ like a knight-errant presuming bravely to  
 “ vanquish the follies of men, and to scatter  
 “ light and truth through all his acquaintance.  
 “ But he meets with huge giants and enchant-  
 “ ed castles, strong prepossessions of mind,  
 “ habits, customs, education, authority, inte-  
 “ rest, together with all the various passions of  
 “ men armed and obstinate to defend their old  
 “ opinions, and he is strangely disappointed in  
 “ his generous attempts. He finds now that  
 “ he must not trust merely to the sharpness of  
 “ his steel, and the strength of his arms, but  
 “ that he must manage the weapons of his rea-  
 “ son with much dexterity and artifice, with

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† Improvement of the Mind, part 2. chap. 1.

\* Discourse 7th, Love of God.

“ skill and address, or he shall never be able to  
 “ subdue errors, and to convince mankind \*.”

There is another excellency in his compositions which deserves particular notice, that of *Ardor* or *Animation*. Though in opening, illustrating, explaining, proving, and the like, he is calm and cool, yet when he means to enforce and effectually persuade, what vehemence, what flame, what rapture, not unlike the eloquence of *Demosthenes*, whom *Longinus* compares to a *thunderbolt*, or of *Cicero*, whom the same great critic resembles to a *conflagration* †. I will produce an instance or two of this kind. Under a remark of the *Doct̄or*'s how much it is the business of a minister of the gospel to engage the affections of the hearers, and to bring them over to the service of God and religion, after he has taken notice of the animation which runs through the writings of the prophets, and the discourses of our Lord and his apostles, he thus gives the reins to his divine oratory. “ Can any of us now content our-  
 “ selves to bring cold and languid discourses  
 “ into the pulpit with this bible under our  
 “ hands? Will not all the sacred fervors of  
 “ these inspired preachers reproach us to our  
 “ faces, while we read and explain their ser-  
 “ mons? Shall we go to affect a calm and  
 “ stupid politeness of phrase in the very face  
 “ of these warm and heavenly orators? Can  
 “ we be content any longer to be the cold

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\* Improvement of the Mind, part 2. chap. 5.

† Longinus de sublimitate, § 12.

“ and lifeless rehearers of the great and glo-  
 “ rious things of our religion? Can we  
 “ go on to speak to perishing sinners, who  
 “ lie drowsy and slumbering on the brink of  
 “ hell, in so soft, so calm, and gentle a man-  
 “ ner, as though we were afraid to awaken  
 “ them? What shall we say to these things?  
 “ Does divine love send dreaming preachers  
 “ to call dead sinners to life? Preachers who  
 “ are content to leave their hearers asleep on  
 “ the brink of eternal destruction? Have they  
 “ no such thing as passion belongs to them?  
 “ Have they no pity, no fear? Have they no  
 “ sense of the worth of souls? Have they no  
 “ springs of affection within them? Or do they  
 “ think their hearers have not? Or is passion so  
 “ vile a power that it must all be devoted to  
 “ flesh and sense, and must never be applied  
 “ to objects divine and heavenly? Who taught  
 “ any of us this lazy and drowsy practice? Did  
 “ God or his prophets, did Christ or his  
 “ apostles instruct us in this modish art of still  
 “ life, this lethargy of preaching, as it has  
 “ been called by a late *writer*? Did the great  
 “ God ever appoint statues for his ambassadors  
 “ to invite sinners to his mercy? Words of  
 “ grace written upon brass or marble would  
 “ do the work almost as well. Where the  
 “ preachers become stone, no wonder if the  
 “ hearers are moveless. But let the ministers  
 “ of the living word, who address men upon  
 “ matters of infinite concernment, show if  
 “ possible that they are infinitely concerned  
 “ about

“ about them †.” In like manner the *Doctor* showing how ineffectual discourses on the excellency of virtue would be to reform mankind without awakening their hopes and fears by promises and threats, thus addresses *Lord Shaftesbury* under the name of *Rhapsodus* ‡, who affirms, “ that neither the fear of  
 “ future punishment nor the hope of future  
 “ reward can possibly be called good affec-  
 “ tions.” “ Go, dress up, says the *Doctor*, all  
 “ the virtues of human nature in all the beau-  
 “ ties of your oratory, and declaim aloud on  
 “ the praise of social virtue and the amiable  
 “ qualities of goodness till your hearts or lungs  
 “ ache among the looser herds of mankind, and  
 “ you will ever find, as your *heathen fathers*  
 “ have done before you, that the wild appe-  
 “ tites and passions of men are too violent to  
 “ be restrained by such mild and silken lan-  
 “ guage. You may as well build up a fence  
 “ of straw and feathers to resist a cannon-ball,  
 “ or try to quench a flaming granado with a  
 “ shell of fair water, as hope to succeed in  
 “ these attempts. But an eternal heaven and  
 “ an eternal hell carry divine force and power  
 “ with them. This doctrine from the mouth  
 “ of Christian preachers has begun the reform-  
 “ ation of multitudes. This gospel has reco-

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† Love of God, Discourse 4th.

‡ See his piece entitled *The Moralists, a Philosophical Rhapsody*, vol. ii.



“ vered thousands among the nations from ini-  
 “ quity and death. They have been awakened  
 “ by these awful scenes to begin religion, and  
 “ afterwards their virtue has improved itself  
 “ into superior and more refined principles and  
 “ habits by divine grace, and risen to high  
 “ and eminent degrees, though not to a con-  
 “ summate state. The blessed God knows  
 “ human nature better than *Rhapsodus* doth,  
 “ and has throughout his word appointed a  
 “ more proper and more effectual method of  
 “ address to it by the passions of hope and fear,  
 “ by punishments and rewards \*.”

A fifth excellence observable in the *Doctōr's*  
 writings, and which he possesses in an uncommon  
 measure is that of *Plenitude of ideas*. What sub-  
 ject is there upon which he has written, however  
 dry and unpromising it might seem, but what  
 under his culture has from a barren naked spot  
 been turned into a field or garden of universal  
 verdure and bloom? Is there not evident in all  
 his works an originality of thought, or is there  
 not something said, and that very pertinent and  
 proper, upon the subjects which he discusses  
 which never occurred to us before, or at least  
 never appeared in so bright and pleasing a  
 dress? This excellency I may style a distin-  
 guishing glory in his writings, and it is, if I  
 mistake not, eminently conspicuous in his *De-*

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\* Improvement of the Mind, part 1. chap. 10. § 11.

*scriptions*, of which I shall give a few, and but a few specimens. Would he open to his readers wherein the nature of *Prudence* lies, how happily has he defined it when he says, “*Prudence* consists in judging well what is to be said, and what is to be done on every new occasion; when to lie still, and when to be active; when to keep silence, and when to speak; what to avoid, and what to pursue; how to act in every difficulty; what means to make use of to compass such an end; how to behave in every circumstance of life, and in all companies; how to gain the favour of mankind in order to promote our own happiness, and to do the most service to God, and the most good to men, according to that station we possess, and those opportunities we enjoy\*.” After he has enumerated the ornaments and accomplishments of life proper for persons in younger life, such as *Grammar, Logic, Geometry, Geography, Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, History, and Poetry, &c.* he concludes with a description of the finishing beauties, which he would wish to find in young persons. “But, among all the accomplishments of youth, there is none preferable, says he, to a decent and agreeable behaviour among men, a modest freedom of speech, a graceful and lowly deportment, a chearful gravity and good humour, with a mind ever

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\* Discourse on the Education of children and youth, § 6.

“ serene under the ruffling accidents of human  
 “ life. Add to this a pleasing solemnity and  
 “ reverence when the discourse turns upon any  
 “ thing sacred and divine, a becoming neglect  
 “ of injuries, an hatred of calumny and slan-  
 “ der, an habit of speaking well of others, a  
 “ pleasing benevolence and readiness to do  
 “ good to mankind, and special compassion to  
 “ the miserable, with an air and countenance,  
 “ in a natural and unaffected manner, expres-  
 “ sive of all these excellent qualifications.  
 “ Some of these, he adds, are to be numbered  
 “ among the duties and virtues of mankind,  
 “ but they must be confessed to be ornaments  
 “ as well as virtues. They are graces in the  
 “ eye of man as well as God. These will be-  
 “ speak the affection of all who know us, and  
 “ engage even an ill-natured world betimes in  
 “ our favour. These will enable the youth of  
 “ both sexes, who are so happy as to attain  
 “ them, to enter upon the stage of life with  
 “ approbation and love, to pass through the  
 “ world with ease, as far as ease may be ex-  
 “ pected in so degenerate and unhappy a state  
 “ of things, to finish the scenes of action on  
 “ earth with applause, and leave behind them  
 “ the monument of a good name, when their  
 “ bodies sleep in the dust, and their souls  
 “ dwell with God\*.” The description he

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\* Discourse on the Education of children and youth, § 7.

gives of poetry in its powers and pleasures is such as may well charm us with its beauty at the same time it convinces us of the benefit of a good acquaintance with those writers who have most excelled in that noble art. “Nor  
 “ is this a mere amusement or useleſs embroidery of the mind. It brightens and  
 “ animates the fancy with a thouſand beautiful images, it enriches the ſoul with many  
 “ great and ſublime ſentiments and refined ideas, it fills the memory with a noble variety of language, and furniſhes the tongue  
 “ with ſpeech and expreſſion ſuited to every ſubject. It teaches the art of deſcribing  
 “ well, and of painting every thing to the life, and dreſſing up all the pleaſing and frightful  
 “ ſcenes of nature and providence, vice and virtue in their proper charms and horrors.  
 “ It aſſiſts us in the art of perſuaſion, it leads us into a pathetic manner of ſpeech, and  
 “ writing, and adds life and beauty to converſation \*.” Thunder and lightning both at diſtance and near at hand are admirably re-  
 “ preſented by him in the following deſcription. When we hear the thunder rumbling in  
 “ ſome diſtant quarter of the heavens we fit calm and ſerene amidſt our buſineſs or diver-  
 “ ſions; we feel no terrors about us, and apprehend no danger. When we ſee the ſten-

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\* Education of children and youth, § 7.



“ der streaks of lightning play afar off in the  
 “ horizon of an evening sky we look on and  
 “ amuse ourselves as with an agreeable spec-  
 “ tacle without the least fear or concern.  
 “ But lo, the dark cloud rises by degrees, it  
 “ grows black as night, and big with tem-  
 “ pests; it spreads, as it rises to the mid  
 “ heaven, and now hangs directly over us;  
 “ the flashes of lightning grow broad and  
 “ strong, and, like sheets of ruddy fire, they  
 “ blaze terribly all round the hemisphere. We  
 “ bar the doors and windows, and every ave-  
 “ nue of light, but we bar them all in vain;  
 “ the flames break in at every cranny, and  
 “ threaten swift destruction. The thunder  
 “ follows bursting from the cloud with sudden  
 “ and tremendous clashes; the voice of the  
 “ Lord is redoubled with violence, and over-  
 “ whelms us with terror, it rattles over our  
 “ heads, as though the whole house was broken  
 “ down at once with a stroke from heaven,  
 “ and were tumbling on us amain to bury us  
 “ in the ruins. Happy the man whose hope  
 “ in his God composes all his passions amidst  
 “ these storms of nature, and renders his whole  
 “ deportment peaceful and serene amidst the  
 “ frights and hurries of weak spirits and un-  
 “ fortified minds \* !” I shall close the speci-  
 men of the *Doct<sup>r</sup>*'s eminent talents for *De-*

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\* Miscellaneous thoughts in prose and verse, No. 23.

*scription*, in which he has ideas at command to enable him to say enough, and judgment to teach him when to say no more, with that admirable Meditation of his *for the first of May*.  
“ What astonishing variety of artifices, what  
“ innumerable millions of exquisite works is  
“ the God of nature engaged in every mo-  
“ ment! How gloriously are his all-pervading  
“ wisdom and power employed in this season  
“ of the year, this spring of nature! What in-  
“ finite myriads of vegetable beings is he  
“ forming this very moment in their roots and  
“ branches, in their leaves and blossoms, their  
“ seeds and fruits! Some indeed began to dis-  
“ cover their bloom amidst the snows of *Ja-*  
“ *nuary*, or under the rough cold blasts of  
“ *March*. Those flowers are withered and va-  
“ nished in *April*, and their seeds are now  
“ ripening to perfection. Others are shewing  
“ themselves this day in all their blooming  
“ pride and beauty, and, while they adorn the  
“ gardens and meadows with gay and glowing  
“ colours, they promise their fruits in the days  
“ of harvest. The whole nation of vegetables  
“ is under the divine care and culture, his  
“ hands form them day and night with ad-  
“ mirable skill and unceasing operation, ac-  
“ cording to the natures he first gave them,  
“ and he produces their buds and foliage, their  
“ flowery blossoms and rich fruit in their ap-  
“ pointed months. Their progress in life is  
“ exceeding swift at this season of the year, and  
“ their

“ their successive appearances and sweet chan-  
 “ ges of raiment are visible almost hourly.  
 “ But these creatures are of lower life, and give  
 “ but feebler displays of the maker’s wisdom.  
 “ Let us raise our contemplations another sto-  
 “ ry, and survey a nobler theatre of divine  
 “ wonders. What endless armies of animals  
 “ is the hand of God moulding and figuring  
 “ this moment throughout his brutal domi-  
 “ nion ! What immense flights of little birds  
 “ are now fermenting in the egg, heaving and  
 “ growing towards shape and life ! What vast  
 “ flocks of four-footed creatures, what droves  
 “ of large cattle are now forming in their ear-  
 “ ly embryos imprisoned in the dark cells of  
 “ nature, and others perhaps moving towards  
 “ liberty, and just preparing to see the light !  
 “ What unknown myriads of insects in their  
 “ various cradles and nesting places are now  
 “ working towards vitality and motion, and  
 “ thousands of them with their painted wings  
 “ just beginning to unfurl, and expand them-  
 “ selves into fluttering and day-light, while  
 “ other families of them have forsaken their  
 “ husky beds, and exult and glitter in the  
 “ warm sun-beams !

“ An exquisite world of wonders is compli-  
 “ cated even in the body of every little insect,  
 “ an ant, a gnat, a mite, which is scarce visible  
 “ to the naked eye. Admirable engines !  
 “ which an whole academy of philosophers  
 “ could never contrive ; which the nation  
 “ of

“ of poets have neither art nor colours to  
“ describe; nor has a world of mechanics  
“ skill enough to frame the plainest or coarsest  
“ of them. Their nerves, their muscles, and  
“ the minute atoms which compose the fluids  
“ fit to run in the little channels of their veins  
“ escape the notice of the most sagacious ma-  
“ thematician with all his aid of glasses. The  
“ active powers and curiosity of human nature  
“ are limited in their pursuit, and must be  
“ content to lie down in ignorance—Hitherto  
“ shall ye go, and no further.

“ 'Tis a sublime and constant triumph  
“ over all the intellectual powers of man,  
“ which the great God maintains every  
“ moment in these inimitable works of na-  
“ ture, in these impenetrable recesses and  
“ mysteries of divine art; and the month of  
“ *May* is the most shining season of this tri-  
“ umph. The flags and banners of Almighty  
“ wisdom are now displayed round half the  
“ globe, and the other half waits the return of  
“ the sun to spread the same triumph over the  
“ *southern* world. This very sun in the firma-  
“ ment is God's prime minister in this won-  
“ drous world of beings, and he works with  
“ sovereign vigour on the surface of the earth,  
“ and spreads his influences deep under the  
“ clods to every root and fibre, moulding  
“ them into their proper forms by divine di-  
“ rection. There is not a plant, nor a leaf,  
“ nor one little branching thread above or  
“ beneath



“ beneath the ground, which escapes the eye  
 “ or influence of this beneficent star. An il-  
 “ lustrious emblem of the omnipresence and  
 “ universal activity of the Creator †.”

*Quintilian* observes concerning *Horace*, “ that  
 “ he is remarkably pure and polished in his  
 “ numbers, and eminent for his observation  
 “ of the manners of men, and that he is al-  
 “ most the only *Lyric* poet who merits our  
 “ perusal, for that he sometimes towers into  
 “ sublimity, that he abounds with sweetness  
 “ and elegance, and is wonderfully happy in  
 “ the boldness of his figures and expressions \*:”  
 and *Petronius* compliments him as distinguished  
 for a *curiosa felicitas* †, an *elaborate* or *elegant*  
*felicity*.

*Petronius* may intend such a manner of com-  
 position as to thoughts and language as ap-  
 pears perfectly spontaneous and unstudied, or  
 the first free effusions of the poet, but yet  
 mingled with such a propriety and elegance  
 as to challenge the admiration and praise of  
 every reader. An eagle-winged genius can

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† *Miscellaneous Thoughts*, No. 23.

\* *Multo est tersior ac purus magis Horatius, et ad no-  
 tandos hominum mores præcipuus. Lyricorum idem Ho-  
 ratius ferè solus legi dignus; nam et insurgit aliquando,  
 et plenus est jucunditatis, et gratiæ, et variis figuris et  
 verbis felicissimè audax. Quintil. lib. x. cap. i.*

† *Homerus testis & Lyrici, Romanusq; Virgilius, & Ho-  
 ratii curiosa felicitas. Petron. Sat.*

with as much ease ascend and soar amidst the heights of heaven as a minuter mind can lift itself up on its feeble plumes a few inches above the common level of the ground.

Are not the like praises due to *Dr. Watts's* compositions both in prose and verse? Are there not in his writings such an happiness joined with elegance in his ideas, and such a choice of words and expressions in all respects correspondent to them as to stamp them with an incomparable value, and so avouch them for his own as to distinguish them from all others? Some specimens of this kind I shall produce, and the rather as they may excite such as would wish to have the reputation of good writers to use their best endeavours to attain it, though, after all their exertions, they may never reach that full measure in which this excellency was possessed by the *Doctor*.

“ Let God alone be the solid and everlasting rest and refuge of our souls, whose *life is eternity*, whose kingdom reigns over all, and his dominion is for ever and ever †.”

“ If your life should be lost in such a cause as this (in attempts for the reformation of manners) it will be esteemed *martyrdom in the sight of God*, and shall be thus written down in the book of the wars of the Lord. Believe me these red lines will look well in the re-

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† Sermon on *George the First's* death.

“ *cords of heaven*, when the judgment shall be  
 “ set and the books opened in the face of  
 “ men and angels \*.”

“ A wish or desire (describing a wise and  
 “ tender mother, and the dutiful regards of  
 “ her daughters grown up under her care in  
 “ return) has the same power over them now,  
 “ as a command had in their infancy and  
 “ childhood, *for the command was ever dressed*  
 “ *in the softest language of authority*, and this  
 “ made every act of obedience a delight, till  
 “ it became an habitual pleasure †.”

“ Nothing could displease *Phronissa* (so this  
 “ good mother is called) more than to hear  
 “ a jest thrown upon natural infirmities. She  
 “ *thought there was something sacred in misery,*  
 “ *and it was not to be touched with a rude*  
 “ *hand ‡.*”

“ My soul is touched with such a divine  
 “ influence that it cannot rest, while God  
 “ withdraws, as the needle trembles, and *hunts*  
 “ *after the bidden loadstone §.*”

“ Such christians as these (such who are  
 “ weak and too much under the influence of  
 “ their passions) live very much by sudden  
 “ fits and starts of devotion without that uni-  
 “ form and steady spring of faith and holiness

\* Sermon to reformation societies 1707.

† Discourse on Education, § 11.

‡ Id. § 11.

§ Remnants of Time employed in Prose and Verse,  
 No. 18.

“ which

“ which would render their religion more even  
 “ and uniform, more honourable to God, and  
 “ more comfortable to themselves. They are  
 “ always high on the wing, or else lying  
 “ moveless on the ground. *They are ever in  
 “ the heights or the depths, travelling on the  
 “ bright mountains with the songs of heaven on  
 “ their lips, or groaning and labouring through  
 “ the dark vallies, and never walking onward as  
 “ on an even plain towards heaven †.*”

“ How easy will it be for our blessed Lord  
 “ to make a full accomplishment of all his  
 “ predictions concerning his kingdom? Sal-  
 “ vation shall spread through all the tribes  
 “ and ranks of mankind, *as the lightning from  
 “ heaven in a few moments would communicate a  
 “ living flame through ten thousand lamps or  
 “ torches placed in a proper situation and neigh-  
 “ bourhood ‡.*”

“ Faith kept in lively exercise *can make roses  
 “ spring out of the midst of thorns, and change  
 “ the briars of the wilderness into the fruit-trees  
 “ of paradise\*.*”

“ *What need is there that I should wrap up the  
 “ shining honours of my Redeemer in the dark  
 “ and shadowy language of a religion (the Jew-  
 “ ish) that is now for ever abolished §?*”

† Love of God, Discourse fifth.

‡ Preface to the Narrative of the surprising Conversions  
 in *New England*, page 8.

\* Sermons on various subjects. Sermon the 32d.

§ Preface to his *Imitation of the Psalms of David*.

“ Your



“ Your own meditations can furnish you  
 “ with many a delightful truth in the midst of so  
 “ heavy a sorrow, *for the covenant of grace has*  
 “ *brightness enough in it to gild the most gloomy*  
 “ *providence*, and to that sweet covenant your  
 “ soul is no stranger \*.”

“ This book is of excellent use to lie on the  
 “ table in a chamber of sickness, and now and  
 “ then *to take a sip of the river of life, which*  
 “ *runs through it in a thousand little rills of*  
 “ *peace and joy* †.”

“ If my christianity raises my pious pas-  
 “ sions in the church or in the closet may the  
 “ same christian spirit be found in all my be-  
 “ haviour! May it regulate my words, and  
 “ adorn my actions, that God, angels, and  
 “ men may see *the golden thread of religion*  
 “ *running through my heart and life in an uniform*  
 “ *manner in all times, places, and stations* ‡.”

“ Come, my soul, rouse thyself from thy  
 “ dull lethargic temper, *shake off the dust which*  
 “ *hangs heavy on thy better powers. Hast thou*  
 “ *not been long weary of such cold and frozen*  
 “ *devotion*, as is practised in this earthly state?  
 “ Hast thou not long complained of loving

\* Letter to the Rev. Mr. John Shower, on the death of his daughter, prefixed to his elegy on her in the Doctor's *Lyric Poems*.

† Preface to *Dr. Clarke's Collection of the Promises of Scripture*.

‡ Love of God, Discourse fifth.

“ thy God so little, and of tasting so little of  
 “ his love? Come raise thyself above these  
 “ dull and despicable scenes of flesh and sense,  
 “ above all that is not immortal. Lift up thy  
 “ head with cheerfulness and eager hope; *look*  
 “ *out with longing eyes beyond the shadowy region*  
 “ *of death, and salute the dawning of the eternal*  
 “ *day; stretch out thy arms of intense desire,*  
 “ *and send a flight of devout wishes across the*  
 “ *dark valley to meet the approaching joys of im-*  
 “ *mortality\*.”*

“ Such a conversation and such a character  
 “ made up of piety and virtue were prepared  
 “ for the attacks of a fever with malignant  
 “ and mortal symptoms. Slow and unful-  
 “ pected were the advances of the disease till  
 “ the powers of reason began to falter and  
 “ retire, *till the heralds of death had made their*  
 “ *appearance, and spread on her bosom their purple*  
 “ *ensigns†.”*

I might go on and fill many a page with  
 examples of the *Doctor's* elaborate or elegant  
 felicity taken from his *prose writings* and then  
 collect as great or a greater number of them  
 from his *poetry*, but I shall restrain myself,  
 especially as the next chapter will be employed  
 in a survey of his poems, where the several  
 citations from them, though introduced for

\* Love of God, Discourse seventh.

† Sermon on the death of *Mrs. Sarah Abney*, daughter  
 of *Sir Thomas Abney*, &c.

other purposes, may serve as proofs how much he excelled in this prime beauty of composition: suffice it only to add that what was said concerning another person may be with the greatest justice applied to the *Doctor*, “ that  
 “ whatever subject he treated on, and his ready  
 “ genius turned itself to all, he illuminated it  
 “ with a lustre peculiar to himself, not unlike  
 “ the golden ray of *Titian*, that, diffusing itself  
 “ through the whole tablet avouched it for his  
 “ own †.”

All that I shall attempt further in the examination of his prose-performances shall be confined to his *Sermons* which, if I am right in my opinion, are the standards of truly useful preaching, such as is calculated to inform the minds, convince the consciences, impress the memories, and reach and command the hearts of mankind in those matters of infinite moment, the glory of God, and their own present comfort, and everlasting salvation.

To show that his *Sermons* deserve these praises let it be observed that there is nothing like a parade or ostentation of learning in them, that there are no terms of *Grammar* or *Logic* unintelligible to a common reader, and that the

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† In quodcunque opus se parabat, et per omnia sane versatile illius se adduxit ingenium, nescio quâ luce sibi propriâ, id illuminavit, haud dissimili ei aureo *Titiani* radio qui per totam tabulam gliscens eam verè suam enunciat. *Fitz-Osborne's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 50.

language in which they are composed is rather the language of conversation than that of set compositions, though by no means beneath the dignity due to the pulpit and the press. His discourses are not made up of divisions broken into divisions till they appear little better than the numerous naked arms, boughs, and sprigs of a tree in the barrenness of the winter. His heads and particulars are comparatively but few, and they are enriched with much enlargement. Beautiful is their foliage, and plenteous and pleasant are their fruits.

The *branching sermon*, as the *Doctor* styles it, is what he ever avoided in his example, as he very properly reprehends it in his writings. “ It is a vain affectation, says he, to  
 “ draw out a long rank of particulars in the  
 “ same sermon under one general, and run up  
 “ the number to *eighteenthly*, or *seven and twen-*  
 “ *tietbly*. Men who take delight in this sort of  
 “ work will cut out all their sense into shreds,  
 “ and every thing they can say of any thing  
 “ will be a new particular.

“ This sort of folly and mistaken conduct  
 “ appears weekly in *Polyramus's* lectures, and  
 “ renders all his discourses lean and insipid.  
 “ Whether it proceed from a mere barrenness  
 “ of thought, and a native dryness of soul, that  
 “ he is not able to vary his matter, and am-  
 “ plify beyond the formal topics of an analysis,  
 “ or whether it arise from an affectation of



“ such a way of talking it is hard to say, but  
 “ it is certain that the chief part of the audi-  
 “ tory are not over-much profited or pleased.  
 “ When I sit under his preaching I fancy my-  
 “ self brought into the valley of *Ezekiel's* vi-  
 “ sion. *It was full of bones, and behold there were*  
 “ *very many in the valley, and lo they were very*  
 “ *dry.* Ezek. xxxvii. 1, 2. It is the variety of  
 “ enlargement upon a few proper heads that  
 “ clothes the dry bones with flesh, and ani-  
 “ mates them with blood and spirits : it is this  
 “ that colours the discourse, makes it warm  
 “ and strong, and renders the divine proposi-  
 “ tions bright and persuasive : it is this brings  
 “ down the doctrine or the duty to the under-  
 “ standing and conscience of the whole audi-  
 “ tory, and commands the natural affections  
 “ into the interest of the gospel ; in short it is  
 “ this, which under the influence of the Holy  
 “ Spirit, gives life and force, beauty and suc-  
 “ cess to a sermon, and provides food for souls.  
 “ A single rose bush, or a dwarf pear with all  
 “ their leaves, flowers, and fruit about them  
 “ have more beauty and spirit in themselves,  
 “ and yield more food and pleasure to man-  
 “ kind than the innumerable branches, boughs,  
 “ and twigs of a long hedge of thorns. The  
 “ fruit will feed the hungry, and the flower  
 “ will refresh the fainting, which is more than  
 “ can be said of the thickest oak in *Bashan*;  
 “ when it has lost its vital juice. It may  
 “ spread

“ spread its limbs indeed far and wide, but  
 “ they are naked, withered, and sapless \*.”

As the *Doctor* in his sermons never run into a barren superfluity of particulars, so on the other hand he cautiously shunned and as much I might say more disliked the other extreme that of an harangue without any division of the subject. I will repeat in part what he has with just reason objected against this method of preaching, and of which I may be bold to say there is not a single instance in the vast multitude of his discourses. “ Is it not possible,  
 “ says he, to forsake one extreme without fall-  
 “ ing into a worse? Is there no medium be-  
 “ tween a sermon made up of sixty dry parti-  
 “ culars, and a long loose declamation without  
 “ any distinction of the parts of it? Must the  
 “ preacher divide his works by the breaks of a  
 “ minute watch, or let it run on incessantly  
 “ like the flowing stream of the hour-glass  
 “ which measures his divinity? Surely *Fluvio*  
 “ preaches as though he knew no medium,  
 “ and, having taken a disgust heretofore at one  
 “ of *Polyramus*’s lectures, he resolved his dis-  
 “ courses should have no distinction of parti-  
 “ culars in them. His language flows smoothly  
 “ in a long connexion of periods. The atten-  
 “ tion is detained in a gentle pleasure, and, to  
 “ say the best thing possible of it, the hearer is

\* Second part of the Improvement of the Mind, ch. 6. § 2.

“ soothed into something like divine delight,  
 “ but he can give the inquiring friend scarce  
 “ any account what it was that pleased him.  
 “ He retains a faint idea of the sweetness, but  
 “ has forgot the sense. Tell me, *Fluvio*, is  
 “ this the most effectual way to instruct igno-  
 “ rant creatures in the several articles of faith,  
 “ and the various duties of the christian life?  
 “ Will such an uniform flow of language im-  
 “ print all the distinct parts of christian know-  
 “ ledge on the mind in their best form and  
 “ order? Do you find such a gentle and gliding  
 “ stream of words most powerful to call up the  
 “ souls of sinners from their dangerous and fa-  
 “ tal lethargy? Will this indolent and move-  
 “ less species of oratory make a thoughtless  
 “ wretch attend to matters of infinite moment?  
 “ Can a long purling sound awaken a sleepy  
 “ conscience, and give a perishing sinner just  
 “ notions of his dreadful hazard? Can it fur-  
 “ nish his understanding and memory with all  
 “ the awful and tremendous topics of our reli-  
 “ gion, when it scarce leaves any distinct im-  
 “ pression of one of them in his soul? Can you  
 “ make the arrow wound where it will not  
 “ stick? Where all the discourse vanishes from  
 “ the remembrance can you suppose the soul  
 “ to be profited or enriched? When you  
 “ brush over the closed eye-lids with a feather  
 “ did you ever find it give light to the blind?  
 “ Have any of your soft harangues, your con-  
 “ tinued

“tinued threads of filken eloquence ever raised  
 “the dead? I fear your whole aim is to talk  
 “over the appointed number of minutes upon  
 “the subject, or to practise a little upon the  
 “gentler passions without any concern how to  
 “give the understanding its due improvement,  
 “or furnish the memory with any lasting plea-  
 “sure, or to make a knowing and religious  
 “christian.—Preachers talk reason and re-  
 “ligion to their auditories in vain if they do  
 “not make the argument so short as to come  
 “within their grasp, and give a frequent rest  
 “to their thoughts. They must break the  
 “bread of life into pieces to feed children with  
 “it, and part their discourse into distinct pro-  
 “positions to give the ignorant a plain scheme  
 “of any one doctrine, and enable them to  
 “comprehend, or retain it. *Polyramus*’s audi-  
 “tors have some confusion in their knowledge,  
 “but *Fluvio*’s hearers have scarce any know-  
 “ledge at all †.”

It may be added concerning the *Doctor*’s  
 sermons that in proper places they are both  
 cool and argumentative, and again flaming and  
 pathetic. They are calculated perhaps I might  
 truly say, without a single exception to en-  
 lighten the understanding, convince and fix  
 the judgment, and at the same time penetrate  
 the heart, and diffuse a divine fervor through

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† Second part of the Improvement of the Mind, ch. 6. § 3.



the soul. They are also scriptural, eminently so, not to the exclusion of arguments that may be visible from the light of nature, or grow up from the dictates of conscience, but so as to pay a just honour to the oracles of God, the rule of our faith, the spring of our joys, and our guide to the celestial glory. In a word the *Doctor*, considered as a minister, admirably answers to the character he has drawn of an able divine, and I am persuaded that it may be with the fullest truth and justice applied to himself. In this view I transcribe it from his excellent pages. “ *Ergates*, says he, is a workman that  
“ need not be ashamed. He preaches like a  
“ man who watches for our souls, as one who  
“ must give an account. He never affects to  
“ choose a very obscure text lest he should  
“ waste too much of the hour in explaining  
“ the literal sense of it. He reserves all those  
“ obscurities till they come in course at his seasons of public exposition, for it is his opinion that preaching the gospel for the salvation of men carries in it a little different idea  
“ from a learned and critical exposition of the  
“ difficult texts of scripture. He knows well  
“ how to use his *Logic* in his compositions, but  
“ he calls no part of the words by their *logical*  
“ names, if there be any vulgar names which  
“ answer them. *Reading* and *Meditation* have  
“ furnished him with extensive views of his  
“ subject, and his own good sense hath taught  
“ him to give sufficient reasons for every thing  
“ he

“ he asserts, but he never uses one of them till  
“ a proof be needful. He is acquainted with  
“ the mistaken glosses of expositors, but he  
“ thinks it needless to acquaint his hearers  
“ with them, unless there be evident danger  
“ they might run into the same mistake. He  
“ understands well what his subject is not, as  
“ well as what it is, but, when he would ex-  
“ plain it to you, he never says, first, nega-  
“ tively, unless some remarkable error is at  
“ hand, and which his hearers may easily fall  
“ into for want of such a caution. Thus in  
“ five or ten minutes at the most he makes his  
“ way plain to the proposition or theme on  
“ which he designs to discourse, and, being so  
“ wise as to know well what to say and what to  
“ leave out, he proportions every part of his  
“ work to his time; he enlarges upon the sub-  
“ ject by way of illustration, till the truth be-  
“ comes evident and intelligent to the weakest  
“ of his hearers; then he confirms the point  
“ with a few convincing arguments, where the  
“ matter requires it, and makes haste to turn  
“ the doctrine into use and improvement.  
“ Thus the ignorant are instructed, and the  
“ growing christians are established and im-  
“ proved. The stupid sinner is loudly awak-  
“ ened, and the mourning soul receives conso-  
“ lation. The unbeliever is led to trust in  
“ Christ and his gospel, and the impenitent  
“ and immoral are convinced and softened,  
“ are melted and reformed. The inward voice  
“ of

“ of the Holy Spirit joins with the voice of the  
 “ minister; the good man and the hypocrite  
 “ have their proper portions assigned them,  
 “ and the work of the Lord prospers in his  
 “ hand. This is the usual course and manner  
 “ of his ministry. This method being natural  
 “ and easy he casts many of his discourses into  
 “ this form, but he is no slave to forms and  
 “ methods of any kind. He makes the nature  
 “ of his subject and the necessity of his hearers  
 “ the great rule to direct him what method he  
 “ shall choose in every sermon, that he may  
 “ better enlighten, convince, and persuade.  
 “ *Ergates* well knows that where the subject it-  
 “ self is entirely practical he has no need of  
 “ the formality of long uses and exhortations.  
 “ He knows that practice is the chief design  
 “ of doctrine, therefore he bestows most of his  
 “ labour on this part of his office, and in-  
 “ termingles much of the pathetic under every  
 “ particular, yet he wisely observes the special  
 “ dangers of his flock, and the errors of the  
 “ time he lives in, and now and then, though  
 “ very seldom, he thinks it necessary to spend  
 “ almost an whole discourse in mere doctrinal  
 “ articles. Upon such an occasion he thinks  
 “ it proper to take up a little larger part of  
 “ his hour in explaining and confirming the  
 “ sense of his text, and brings it down to the  
 “ understanding of a child. At another time  
 “ perhaps he particularly designs to entertain  
 “ the few learned and polite among his audi-  
 “ tors,

“ tors, and that with this view that he may  
“ ingratiate his discourses with their ears, and  
“ may so far gratify their curiosity in this part  
“ of his sermon as to give an easier entrance  
“ for the more plain, necessary, and important  
“ parts of it into their hearts. Then he aims  
“ at and reaches the sublime, and furnishes an  
“ entertainment for the finest taste, but he  
“ scarce ever finishes his sermon without com-  
“ passion to the unlearned, and an address  
“ which may reach their consciences with the  
“ words of salvation. I have observed him  
“ sometimes after a learned discourse come  
“ down from the pulpit as a man ashamed,  
“ and quite out of countenance. He has  
“ blushed and complained to his intimate  
“ friends lest he should be thought to have  
“ preached himself, and not *Christ Jesus the*  
“ *Lord*. He has been ready to wish he had  
“ entertained the audience in a more unlearned  
“ manner, and on a more vulgar subject lest  
“ the servants and the labourers and the trades-  
“ men there should reap no advantage to their  
“ souls, and the important hour of worship be  
“ lost, as to their improvement. Well he  
“ knows and keeps it upon his heart that the  
“ middle and lower ranks of mankind, and  
“ people of an unlettered character make up  
“ the greater part of the assembly, therefore  
“ he is ever seeking how to adapt his thoughts,  
“ and his language, and for the greatest part  
“ of



“ of all his ministrations to the instruction and  
 “ profit of persons of common rank and capa-  
 “ city. It is in the midst of these he hopes to  
 “ find his triumph, his joy, and crown in the  
 “ last great day, *for not many wise, not many*  
 “ *noble are called.* There are so much spirit  
 “ and beauty in his conversation that it is  
 “ sought and desired by the ingenious men of  
 “ his age, but he carries a severe guard of  
 “ piety always about him which tempers the  
 “ pleasant air of his discourse, even in the  
 “ brightest and freest hours, and before he  
 “ leaves the place, if possible, he will leave some-  
 “ thing of the favour of heaven there. In the  
 “ parlour he carries on the design of the pul-  
 “ pit, but in so elegant a manner that it  
 “ charms the company, and gives not the least  
 “ occasion for censure. His polite acquaint-  
 “ ance will sometimes rally him for talking so  
 “ plainly in his sermons, and sinking his good  
 “ sense to so low a level. But *Ergates* is bold  
 “ to tell the gayest of them, “ Our public  
 “ business, my friend, is chiefly with the weak  
 “ and ignorant, that is, the bulk of mankind.  
 “ The poor receive the gospel. The me-  
 “ chanics and day labourers, the women and  
 “ children of my assembly have souls to be  
 “ saved. I will imitate my blessed Redeemer  
 “ in preaching the gospel to the poor, and  
 “ learn of *St. Paul to become all things to all*  
 “ *men, that I may win souls, and lead many*  
 “ *sinners*

“ *sinners to heaven by repentance, faith, and ho-  
 “ *liness* †.*”

I shall conclude the chapter with some verses, if they deserve the name, from *an Elegiac Poem* of mine to the memory of the *Doctor* published soon after his decease, in which I have endeavoured a description of him as a minister.

While deep attention holds the list'ning throng,  
 And piety and wisdom grace his mien,  
 And mould his ev'ry accent, he fulfils  
 His holy, high commission. Hark! he sounds  
 The trump of *Sinai*, and describes the curse  
 Flame-wing'd, and level'd at the sinner's head;  
 Warns, urges, begs him to escape the blow.  
 Now *Calvary's* different scenes he sets in view,  
 Unfolds the wonders of the Cross, proclaims  
 How *Jesus* spreads his willing arms t'embrace  
 The guilty soul, and sheds his vital blood  
 To quench the fiery vengeance of the law,  
 And full forgiveness with the skies procure.  
 Now *Eloquence*, like the fair vernal sun,  
 Which melts the bands of winter's freezing reign,  
 And o'er the world its smiling radiance throws,  
 In lovely charms displays celestial truth,  
 And stamps the Maker's image on the heart.  
 Anon each *vice* in its detested forms  
 Of horror glares malevolent and wild,  
 The monstrous birth of hell, itself the food  
 Of its own vipers, and by doom divine  
 Condemn'd to the dire regions whence it rose.

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† Second part of the *Improvement of the Mind*, chap. 6.  
 § 1.

These were the themes that dwelt on *Watts's* tongue;  
 When he address'd the crowd, and this his zeal!  
 No trivial subject ere debas'd his strain;  
 No pomp of language smother'd half his sense;  
 No learned disquisitions starv'd the mind;  
 No sharp invectives wak'd the soul to rage;  
 But all was weighty, amiable, sublime,  
 Solemn, devout, as angels once were heard,  
 When they, descending from their thrones above,  
 Reveal'd to men the counsels of the skies.

## CHAP. VII.

*His Writings in Poetry. In Two Parts.*

PART I. *Containing a View of his Horæ Lyricæ, or Lyric Odes, and the Poems in his Miscellanies.*

THE *Doctor's* poetical writings are numerous, and all of them have considerable merit. They are numerous as appears from his large collection of *Lyric Poems*, his book of *Hymns*, his *Imitation of the Psalms*, his *Songs for children*, and several pieces of *Poetry* in his *Miscellaneous Thoughts*. We shall make some observations upon all of them, and begin with his *Horæ Lyricæ*, and the poems in his *Miscellanies*.

In his *Horæ Lyricæ* he gives a full licence to his Muse, and she soars without any kind of check or controul very frequently in *Pindaric* and once in *Sapphic* measures, nor is she laid under the necessity of selecting such words that are level to the lowest capacities as is the case as to

his *Hymns, Psalms, and Songs for Children*, that his end in writing them might not be defeated. It may yield both profit and pleasure to open some of the particular beauties of these compositions. Do just and expressive *Metaphors*, new but suitable and surprising Names to things, elegant *Periphrases*, &c. enliven and adorn our poetry, are not the following to be met with in his *Lyric Odes*, and the *Poems in his Miscellanies*?

The heavens,	-	-	Fields of azure.
The sky,	-	-	Starry arch, or roof of vaulted gold, or vaulted azure.
The sun,	-	-	The eye of heaven.
His beams,	-	-	Radiant gold.
The moon,	-	-	The silver queen of night, the beauty of the night, the fair queen of silence.
The stars,	-	-	The twinkling measurers of time, or glimmering fires.
The earth,	-	-	Sometimes a little dwelling place, a nest of worms, a mighty molehill, and sometimes, the description being varied according to the occasion, nothing more than an atom.

The



The seas,	-	-	God's watry kingdom.
Lightnings,	-	-	Fiery arrows, or bright horrors.
Thunder and lightning,	Heaven's artillery.		
Blood spilt in battle,	Flowing crimson.		
Man,	-	-	A bubble.
The soul,	-	-	An heavenly star.
The body,	-	-	A clod, a weak cottage.
The season of youth,	-		Blooming hours.
The blood,	-	-	Life's purple stream.
Minds sensual and ef-	}	-	Waxen images of souls.
feminate,			
Sins,	-	-	A brood of vipers.
Death,	-	-	Iron slumbers.
Billows,	-	-	Rolling mountains.
Tears,	-	-	Briny dew.
The charms of beauty,	Delicious danger.		
Diseases, drought, and	}	-	The flashes of the wrath-
death,			
Harvests,	-	-	The riches of the field.
Leaves and boughs,	-		The honours of the wood.
Birds,	-	-	The minstrels of the field.
Custom,	-	-	The tyranness of fools.

Do *Allegories*, or continuations of *Metaphors* afford a rich entertainment to the imagination? They frequently occur in the *Doctōr's poetry*. In his *poem* called *Self-consecration* is the following stanza.

Change

Change me, O Lord, my flesh shall be  
 An instrument of song to Thee,  
 And thou the notes inspire :  
 My tongue shall keep the heavenly chime,  
 My chearful pulse shall beat the time,  
 And sweet variety of sound shall in thy praise conspire.

And again in the *hymn* styled *Happy frailty*.

Weak cottage † where our souls reside !  
 This flesh a tott'ring wall  
 With frightful breaches gaping wide ;  
 The building bends to fall.  
 All round it storms of trouble blow,  
 And waves of sorrow roll ;  
 Cold waves and winter storms beat through,  
 And pain the tenant-soul.

And again in the *poem* entitled the *Mourning-piece*.

Life's a long tragedy : this globe the stage  
 Well fix'd and well adorn'd with strong machines,  
 Gay fields, and seas, and skies ; the actors many :  
 The plot immense——  
 { *Dianthe* acts her little part alone.

And once more, What a train of *Allegories*  
 make up a great part of that easy flowing poem  
 of the *Doctor's* called *True riches* ?

I've a mighty part within,  
 Which the world has never seen,  
 Rich as *Eden's* happy ground,  
 And with choicer plenty crown'd.

† Intending the body.

Here on all the shining boughs  
 Knowledge fair and useful grows :  
 On the same young flow'ry tree  
 All the seasons you may see,  
 Notions in the bloom of light  
 Just disclosing to the sight,  
 Here are thoughts of larger growth  
 Ripening into solid truth,  
 Fruits refin'd of noble taste,  
 Seraphs feed on such repast.  
 Here in a green and shady grove  
 Streams of pleasure mix with love,  
 There beneath the smiling skies  
 Hills of contemplation rise :  
 Now upon the shining top  
 Angels light, and call me up ;  
 I rejoice to raise my feet,  
 Both rejoice when there we meet.

Do well-chosen and well-timed *comparisons*  
 give sometimes lustre, sometimes strength,  
 and in both pleasure to the reader? How fre-  
 quently do they occur in the *Doctor's poetry*?  
 I shall transcribe a few of them.

In the *Hymn* called, *The heart given away*,  
 are the following stanzas.

I feel my warmest passions dead  
 To all that earth can boast :  
 This soul of mine was never made  
 For vanity and dust.

Now I can fix my thoughts above  
 Amidst their flattering charms  
 Till the dear Lord, who has my love,  
 Shall call me to his arms.

So *Gabriel* at his King's command,  
 From yon celestial hill  
 Walks downward to our worthless land,  
 His soul points upwards still :  
 He glides along by mortal things  
 Without a thought of love,  
 Fulfils his task, and spreads his wings  
 To reach the realms above.

*Doris* in the ode stiled *The disappointment and relief* is represented, tho' in the expectations of the highest happiness, as marrying a youth destitute of truth and goodness, and then relieving herself in some degree under the terrible disappointment by the most submissive obedience to her husband's will.

Recover'd from the sad surprise  
*Doris* awakes at last,  
 Grown by the disappointment wise,  
 And manages with art th'unlucky cast :  
 When the low'ring frown she spies  
 On her haughty tyrant's brow  
 With humble love she meets his wrathful eyes,  
 And makes her sovereign beauty bow :  
 Cheerful she smiles upon her grizly form,  
 So shines the setting sun on adverse skies,  
 And paints a rainbow on the storm.

So the *Elegiac verses* of the *Doctor's* upon the death of *Mrs. Ann Warner*, a lady of remarkable beauty and merit, but who was cut off soon after marriage by the small-pox, conclude with a most apt and beautiful comparison.



Was this the countenance where the world admir'd  
 Features of wit and virtue? This the face  
 Where triumph'd love, and beauty on these cheeks  
 As on a throne beneath her radiant eyes  
 Was seated to advantage, mild, serene,  
 Reflecting rosy light? So sits the sun,  
 Fair eye of heaven, upon a crimson cloud  
 Near the horizon, and with gentle ray  
 Smiles lovely round the sky till rising fogs  
 Portending night with foul and heavy wing  
 Involve the golden star, and sink him down  
 Oppress'd with darkness—

Are lively and spirited *Interrogations* admirably adapted to communicate the fervor and force of our passions, how successfully are they employed for this purpose in his answer to an infamous satire called *Advice to a painter* against *King William*?

And must the hero who redeem'd our land  
 Here in the front of vice and scandal stand?  
 The man of wondrous soul, who scorn'd his ease  
 Tempting the winters, and the faithless seas,  
 And paid an annual tribute of his life  
 To guard his *England* from the *Irish* knife,  
 And crush the *French* dragoon? Must *William's* name,  
 That brightest star which gilds the wings of fame,  
*William* the brave, the pious, and the just  
 Adorn these gloomy scenes of tyranny and lust!  
*Polhill*, my blood boils high, my spirits flame,  
 Can your zeal sleep? or are your passions tame?  
 Nor call revenge and darkness on the poet's name?  
 Why smoke the skies not? Why no thunders roll?  
 Nor kindling lightnings blast his guilty soul?

Are

Are animated, full, and strong *Descriptions*, such as give the very image of what they represent, especially when their subjects are supremely great, and carry in their own nature the divinest solemnity and grandeur, the very life and soul of poetry, how do they ennoble and adorn the *Doctor's pindaric ode* (for to that we shall confine ourselves) entitled *The Law given at Sinai?*

Thus, while the labouring angel swell'd the sound,  
 And rent the skies and shook the ground,  
 Up rose th' Almighty : round his sapphire seat  
 Adoring thrones in order fell ;  
 The lesser powers at distance dwell,  
 And cast their glories down successive at his feet.  
*Gabriel* the Great prepares his way,  
 "Lift up your heads, eternal doors," he cries  
 Th' eternal doors his word obey  
 Open and shoot celestial day  
 Upon the lower skies :  
 Heav'n's pillars bow'd their head,  
 As their Creator bid,  
 And down *Jehovah* rode from the superior sphere,  
 A thousand guards before, and myriads in the rear.

His chariot was a pitchy cloud,  
 The wheels beset with burning gems,  
 The winds in harness with the flames  
 Flew o'er the etherial road :  
 Down through his magazines he past  
 Of ice, and hail, and fleecy snow,  
 Swift roll'd the triumph, and as fast  
 Did hail, and ice, and melted rivers flow.

The day was mingled with the night,  
 His feet on solid darkness trod,  
 His radiant eyes proclaim'd the God,  
 And scatter'd dreadful light.

He breath'd, and sulphur ran, a fiery stream,  
 He spoke, and, though with unknown speed he came,  
 Chid the slow tempest, and the lagging flame.

*Sinai* receiv'd his glorious flight;  
 With axle red, and glowing wheel  
 Did the winged chariot light,  
 And rising smoke obscur'd the burning hill.—  
 Behold the sacred hill; its trembling spire  
 Quakes at the terrors of the fire,  
 While all below its verdant feet  
 Stagger and reel under th' Almighty's weight:  
 Press'd with a greater than fam'd *Atlas* load  
 Deep groan'd the mount. It never bore  
 Infinity before,  
 It bow'd and shook beneath the burden of a God.

Might we not, if we were to have judged only from the *Description*, have supposed the *Doctor* to have been himself a spectator of the august and tremendous scene, or might we not rather have considered him as a ministering angel attendant upon his God on this great occasion?

When *Descriptions* of very contrary scenes are united in the same poem, and stand near together, do they not evidently strengthen each other, and make the darkness as it were more dark, and the brightness still brighter? We meet with two such descriptions in the elegy on *Mr. Gouge*. The *Doctor* representing that  
 great

great preacher discoursing on our Lord's death, says,

Down to the mansions of the dead  
 With trembling joy our souls are led,  
 The captives of his tongue :  
 There the dear Prince of light reclines his head  
 Darkness and shades among.  
 With pleasing horror we survey  
 The caverns of the tomb,  
 Where the belov'd Redeemer lay,  
 And shed a sweet perfume.

How cool and gentle are the numbers, such as became the grave and death? Not such the next lines that describe our Lord's resurrection.

Hark, the old earthquake roars again  
 In *Gouge's* voice, and breaks the chain  
 Of heavy death, and rends the tombs.  
 The rising God! he comes, he comes  
 With throngs of waking fairs, a long triumphing train.

Do *elevated conceptions* of Deity constitute true devotion, and expressed with uncommon felicity and fervor, constitute the sublimest poetry; what admirable instances of this kind may be produced from the *Doctōr's* writings?

Thus in the *hymn* entitled, *God exalted above all praise,*

Eternal pow'r! whose high abode  
 Becomes the grandeur of a God,  
 Infinite lengths beyond the bounds  
 Where stars revolve their little rounds\*.

The

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\* Stars are here said to revolve little rounds, and the region where the Almighty dwells is said to be at infinite



The lowest step about thy seat  
 Rises too high for *Gabriel's* feet :  
 In vain the tall archangel tries  
 To reach thine height with wondering eyes.

And again in the *hymn* inscribed, *The Creator  
 and creatures.*

How shall affrighted mortals dare  
 To sing thy glory or thy grace ?  
 Beneath thy feet we lie so far,  
 And see but shadows of thy face.

And once more what an elevated stanza is  
 that in the *Midnight elevation* where the *Doct̄or*  
 describing heaven says,

There souls releas'd from Earth's dark bondage live ;  
 My *Reynolds* there with *Howe* and *Boyle* are found,  
 Nor time nor nature could their genius bound,  
 And now they soar and now they dive  
 In that unlimitable deep where thought itself is drown'd ;  
 They aid the seraphs as they sing ;  
 Light, love, and joy from that immortal spring  
 O'erflow the blessed millions with an endless stream.  
 Amazing state ! Divine abode !  
 Where spirits find their heaven, while they are lost in God.

---

lengths beyond their bounds, and yet, says the *Doct̄or*,  
 “ the distance of the stars is so prodigious and amazing,  
 “ according to the exactest calculations of the new philo-  
 “ sophy, that if the motion of a spirit or glorified body  
 “ were no swifter than that of a cannon-bullet they would  
 “ not get so far as the stars in a thousand ages ; nor would  
 “ the journey of so swift a traveller to any of the planets,  
 “ except the moon, cost less than the labour of several  
 “ years.” Happiness of separate Spirits, § 6.

Do sacred and sublime truths come more within our reach, and more forcibly strike our minds under a material representation, and in reference to the practice among men, how wonderfully has the *Doëtor* succeeded in this poetical beauty, when in his *Ode on the Divine dominion and decrees*, speaking of God, he says,

Chain'd to his throne a volume lies  
 With all the fates of men,  
 With ev'ry angel's form and size  
 Drawn by the eternal pen :

His providence unfolds the book,  
 And makes his counsels shine,  
 Each opening leaf, and ev'ry stroke  
 Fulfils some deep design :

Here he exalts neglected worms  
 To sceptres and a crown,  
 Anon the following page he turns,  
 And treads the monarch down.

Not *Gabriel* asks the reason why,  
 Nor God the reason gives :  
 Nor dares the favourite angel pry  
 Between the folded leaves.

Does the introduction of beings from the invisible world infuse beauty and grandeur into our poetry? This embellishment often occurs in the *Doëtor's Lyrics*.

Observing a pious pair among the few in the road to heaven, he says,

*Charin*

*Charin* I saw, and *Fidea* there ;  
 I saw them help each others flight,  
 And bless them as they go ;  
 They soar beyond my lab'ring fight,  
 And leave their loads of mortal care,  
 But not their love below.  
 On heaven their home they fix their eyes,  
 The temple of their God :  
 With morning incense up they rise  
 Sublime, and through the lower skies  
 Spread the perfumes abroad.

Across the road a seraph flew,  
 " Mark well, said he, that happy pair ;  
 " Marriage helps devotion there ;  
 " When kindred minds their God pursue  
 " They break with double vigour through  
 " The dull incumbent air.

The poem inscribed to the Right Honourable *John Lord Cutts* at the siege of *Namur* entitled *The hardy soldier* introduces the archangel *Gabriel* as saying,

" O why is man so thoughtless grown ?  
 " Why guilty souls in haste to die ?  
 " Venturing the leap to worlds unknown  
 " Heedless to arms and blood they fly.  
 " Are lives but worth a soldier's pay ?  
 " Why will ye join such wide extremes,  
 " And stake immortal souls in play  
 " At desp'rate chance, and bloody games ?  
 " *Valour's* a nobler turn of thought,  
 " Whose pardon'd guilt forbids her fears,  
 " Calmly she meets the dreadful shot,  
 " Secure of life above the stars.

“ But *Frenzy* dares eternal fate,  
 “ And spurn’d with *Honour’s* airy dreams,  
 “ Flies to attack th’ infernal gate,  
 “ And force a passage to the flames ?”

Thus hov’ring o’er *Namuria’s* plains  
 Sung heavenly love in *Gabriel’s* form,  
 Young *Thraso* felt the moving strains,  
 And vow’d to pray before the storm.

Anon the thund’ring trumpet calls,  
 “ *Vows are but wind* \*,” the hero cries,  
 Then swears by heaven, and scales the walls  
 Drops in the ditch, despairs, and dies.

The *Doctōr’s* long elegy to the dear memory as he expresses himself of his honoured friend *Thomas Gunston Esq;* is throughout full of gloom and melancholy, and sorrow appears wrapped in the deepest fables, and uttering the most bitter and hopeless wailings. It was proper the cloud should be irradiated before the poem closed, and this the author has done by introducing a speech of *Raphael’s* in the following easy happy manner :

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\* In the first edition of the *Lyric poems* the speech put into the mouth of the mad hero was, “ My vows be damn’d.” An expression most suitable to such a character as the *Doctōr* describes, but as it might give an offence to pious minds, who might not sufficiently observe that the speech was not the *Doctōr’s* own, but put into the mouth of a profane fool-hardy sinner, he exchanged it for “ *Vows are but wind*,” and sacrificed the energy of his verse, that he might not hurt the feelings of the friends of religion.



One labour more, my muse, the *golden sphere* †  
 Seems to demand. See through the dusky air  
 Downward it shines upon the rising moon,  
 And, as she labours up to reach her noon,  
 Pursues her orb with repercussive light,  
 And streaming gold repays the paler beams of night;  
 But not one ray can reach the darksome grave,  
 Or pierce the solid gloom which fills the cave  
 Where *Gunston* dwells in death. Behold it flames  
 Like some new meteor with diffusive beams  
 Through the mid-heaven, and overcomes the stars.  
 “ So shines thy *Gunston's* soul above the spheres”  
*Raphael* replies, and wipes away my tears.  
 “ We saw the flesh sink down with closing eyes,  
 “ We heard thy grief shriek out, “ He dies, he dies:”  
 “ Mistaken grief! to call the flesh the friend!  
 “ On our fair wings did the bright youth ascend,  
 “ All heaven embrac'd him with immortal love,  
 “ And sung his welcome to the courts above;  
 “ Gentle *Ithuriel* led him round the skies;  
 “ The buildings struck him with immense surprize;  
 “ The spires all radiant, and the mansions bright,  
 “ The roof high vaulted with ethereal light;  
 “ Beauty and strength on the tall bulwarks sat  
 “ In heavenly diamond, and for every gate  
 “ On golden hinges a broad ruby turns,  
 “ Guards off the foe, and as it moves it burns:  
 “ Millions of glories reign through every part;  
 “ Infinite power, and uncreated art  
 “ Stand here display'd, and to the stranger show  
 “ How it outshines the noblest seats below:  
 “ The stranger fed his gazing pow'rs awhile  
 “ Transported, then with a regardless smile

---

† On the turret on the top of the house, and still continued there.

“ Glanc’d his eye downward through the crystal floor,  
 “ And took eternal leave of what he built before.”

Now, fair *Urania*, leave the doleful strain;  
*Raphael* commands; assume thy joys again,  
 In everlasting numbers sing and say,  
 “ *Gunston* has mov’d his dwelling to the realms of day,  
 “ *Gunston* the friend still lives, and give thy groans  
 “ away.”

Are *Personifications*, or the transformation of the qualities of the mind, or abstract ideas, and general notions into persons, noble elevations to our *Poetry*, the *Doctōr* with a most happy success avails himself of them? Thus in his poem to *Queen Anne*,

Thy sounding arms his *Gallic patron* † hears,  
 And speeds his flight, nor overtakes his fears  
 Till hard *Despair* wring from the *tyrant’s* soul  
 The iron tears out. Let thy frown controul  
 Our angry jars at home, till *Wrath* submit  
 Her impious banners at thy sacred feet;  
 Mad *Zeal* and *Phrenzy* with their murd’rous train  
 Flee these sweet realms in thine auspicious reign,  
*Envy* expire in rage, and *Treason* bite the chain.

Again, in the Elegiac ode on the death of *Sir Thomas Abney, Knight and Alderman of London*, and who had been its *Mayor*, we may observe the like *Personifications*.

’Twas heav’nly *Wisdom*, *Zeal* divine  
 Taught him the balance and the sword to hold;  
 His looks with sacred *Justice* shine  
 Beyond the scarlet honours or the wreathen gold.

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† Lewis XIV. patron of the Pretender.

*Truth, Freedom, Courage, Prudence* stood  
 Attending, when he fill'd the solemn chair :  
 He knew no friendships, birth nor blood,  
 Nor wealth, nor gay attire, while criminals were there.

But the largest constellation of *Personifications*  
 which occurs to my mind in the *Doctor's* odes  
 is that in his Epitaph on *King William III.*

Ye *Sister Arts* of paint and verse,  
 Place *Albion* fainting by his side ;  
 Her groans arising o'er the hearse,  
 And *Belgia* sinking when he died.

High o'er the grave *Religion* set  
 In solemn gold, pronounce the ground  
 Sacred to bar unhallow'd feet,  
 And plant her *guardian Virtues* round.

Fair *Liberty* in fables dress'd  
 Write his lov'd name upon his urn  
 " *William*, the scourge of tyrants past,  
 " And awe of princes yet unborn."

Sweet *Peace*, his sacred relics keep  
 With olives blooming round his head,  
 And stretch thy wings across the deep  
 To bless the nations with the shade.

Stand on the pile, immortal *Fame*,  
 Broad stars adorn thy brightest robe,  
 Thy thousand voices sound his name  
 In silver accents round the globe.

*Flattery* shall faint beneath the sound,  
 While hoary *Truth* inspires the song,  
*Envy* grow pale and bite the ground,  
 While *Slander* gnaws her forky tongue.

*Night* and the *Grave* remove your gloom,  
 Darkneſs becomes the vulgar dead,  
 But *Glory* bids the royal tomb  
 Diſdain the horrors of a ſhade :

*Glory* with all her lamps ſhall burn,  
 And watch the warrior's ſleeping clay  
 Till the laſt trumpet rouse his urn  
 To aid the triumphs of the day.

There is a beauty which may be inſerted into our proſe, but which ſhines in poetry as its peculiar ſphere, a beauty which may be numbered among the diſtinguiſhing glories of *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton*, and which to an attentive reader is very conſpicuous in the *Horæ Lyricæ*, I mean that of chooſing out words accommodated to the ſenſe, or the conveyance of the ideas of our verſe in the very founds of the numbers themſelves. Several examples of this kind ſhall be produced.

In the *Hymn* entitled the *Penitent pardoned* are theſe lines :

Black heavy thoughts, like mountains, roll  
 O'er my poor breaſt with boding fears,  
 And, cruſhing hard my tortur'd ſoul,  
 Wring through my eyes the briny tears.

In the *Hymn* ſtyled *The univerſal Hallelujah* are the following ſtanzas :

Shout to the Lord, ye ſurging ſeas,  
 In your eternal roar ;  
 Let wave to wave reſound his praife,  
 And ſhore reply to ſhore :

While



While monsters sporting on the flood  
 In scaly silver shine,  
 Speak terribly their Maker God,  
 And lash the foaming brine.

But gentler things shall tune his name  
 To softer notes than these :  
 Young Zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,  
 Or whispering through the trees.

In the ode inscribed *True Learning* how expressive are the sounds of the sense ?

Our headstrong lusts like a young fiery horse,  
 Start, and flee raging in a violent course——

How happily constructed is that verse in conformity to his meaning in his ode called *Paradise* ?

The dull unwinding of life's tedious thread.

The *Hymn* called the *Law and Gospel* has these expressive lines :

Thus *Sinai* roars, and round the earth  
 Thunder and fire and vengeance flings——

In his ode entitled, *Breathing towards the heavenly country*, how soft and suitable to their meaning are the verses ?

There glides the moon her shining way,  
 And shoots my heart through with a silver ray.

And in the poem upon the victory of the *Poles* over the *Turks* how correspondent are the numbers to the sense ?

—Hideous

— Hideous noise

From clashing shields through the long ranks of war  
Clang'd horrible.

Words adapted to both dark and bright ideas are happily mingled in the following lines,

*George* is the name, that glorious star!  
Ye saw his splendors beaming far,  
Saw in the east your joys arise  
When *Anna* sunk in western skies,  
Streaking the heav'ns with crimson gloom,  
Emblems of *tyranny* and *Rome*,  
Portending blood and night to come.  
'Twas *George* diffus'd a vital ray  
And gave the dying nations day.

}

It may be further observed that not only the words themselves that compose our verses, but the uncommon measures of them may sometimes most happily express our ideas; a beauty which the *Doctor* seems not unfrequently to have ingrafted into his *Poems*.

What think we of that long line in his ode inscribed *The law given at Sinai*? Does it not admirably correspond with the far extending sounds of a burning mountain in the height of its noise and terrors?

*Ætna* shall be nam'd no more,  
*Ætna* the torch of *Sicily*:  
Not half so high  
Her lightnings fly,  
Nor half so loud her thunders roar  
Cross the *Sicanian* sea to fright the *Italian* shore.

Q

And

And in the same *Poem*,

A thousand guards before, and myriads in the rear.

Are we not detained by the length of the verse to view the numerous retinue of angels which accompanied the descent of the Almighty upon mount *Sinai*?

Again in the ode styled *The account balanced* how happily extended is the last verse of the stanza?

The pleasing sense of love awhile  
Mix'd with the heart-ach may the pain beguile,  
And make a feeble fight  
Till sorrows, like a gloomy deluge rise,  
Then ev'ry smiling passion dies,  
And *hope* alone with wakeful eyes  
Darkling and solitary waits the slow-returning light.

The protraction of the line admirably agrees with the tedious hours of expectation before the arrival of the desired mercy.

One of the verses in the elegy on *Mr. Gunston* runs,

And the two nightly bears walk round and watch the pole.

How well formed is the line to represent the slow progression of these constellations?

And once more we meet with a like extended verse in *Mr. Gouge's Elegy*.

With throngs of waking faints, a long triumphing train.

Do we not see the faints passing, as it were, in distinct review before us?

I shall

I shall close the instances of this kind with one more, that is not a little remarkable, and which must certainly be intended by the *Doct̄or* to correspond as far as possible with the immeasurability of his ideas. It is in the line that concludes his *Latin Ode to Mr. Pinborne*,

—Vasti sine limite numen et  
Immensum sine lege Deum numeri sine lege sonabunt.

IN ENGLISH.

In numbers most sublime, and by no laws control'd,  
Thy praise, thou infinite Supreme, shall by the muse be  
told.

I cannot help adding that like augmentations of the verse are to be met with in other poets of the first reputation.

Majestic months set out with him to their appointed race  
is a line of *Mr. Dryden's* in his translation of the 4th *pastoral* of *Virgil*, where the birth of an illustrious prince, who was to be the friend and deliverer of mankind, and the future glories and felicities of his reign are foretold in a grandeur becoming the subject.

And *Mr. Pope* sometimes indulged himself in a like prolongation of his verse. Thus in his sacred pastoral called *The Messiah* he says,

The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
The crested basilisk, and speckled snake,  
Pleas'd the green lustre of his scales survey,  
And with his forky tongue shall innocently play.



Certainly the poet intended by giving this uncommon measure to the last line that we should stand still and gratify ourselves with this pleasing and wonderful sight the infant playing with the forky tongue of a serpent. However I know not in any other manner to account for his introduction of this *Alexandrine*, and this not at the end but in the midst of his poem.

In *Mr. Pope's* translation of *Homer's* account of *Heſtor's* forcing open one of the gates of the *Grecian* entrenchments by hurling a stone of prodigious size against it we find a line of the same uncommon length, designed it may be by the author to give us a full idea of the resistless force with which the stone smote the gates and the noise it occasioned by bursting them asunder.

Thus arm'd before the folded gates he came  
 Of massy substance and stupendous frame,  
 With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,  
 On lofty beams of solid timber hung :  
 Then thund'ring through the planks with forceful  
     sway  
 Drives the sharp rock ; the solid beams give way,  
 The folds are shatter'd ; from the crackling door  
 Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar\*.

I might quote another instance of this kind from the same celebrated favourite of the muses in his translation of *Homer's* description of *Sisyphus* † heaving an huge stone with incre-

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\* *Homer's Iliad*, B. 12. ad finem.

† *Homer's Odyssey*, B. 11. verse 592.

dible labour and sweat to the top of a mountain, and then seeing all his toils in a moment defeated by its instantly running down to the bottom.

I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd  
 A mournful vision, the *Sisyphian* shade :  
 With many a weary step, and many a groan  
 Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone :  
 The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,  
 Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the  
 ground.

The longitude of the last verse may be intended to represent not only the rapidity of the stone trundling down the mountain, but to what a length it proceeded in its impetuous career before it ceased its motion.

There is another beauty (at least it has appeared so to me) observable in the *Lyric Poems*, which I never met with in any poet besides, arising not from the extraordinary dimensions of the verse, but from the *Doctor's* giving the idea of a kind of bounding velocity, if I may so call it, by making one line end with a word which in sense is inseparably connected with that which begins the next. That there was intention in thus forming the lines may be conjectured, if not absolutely inferred from the manner in which the verses are printed in a very early edition of the *Horæ Lyricæ*, and which has been since continued. In the ode to *Sir John Hartopp* imitated from *Casmire* we meet with the following stanza,

Airy chance and iron fate  
 Hurry and vex our mortal state,  
 And all the race of ills create:  
 Now fiery joy, now sullen grief  
 Commands the reins of human life;  
     The wheels impetuous roll,  
 The harness'd hours, and minutes strive,  
 And days with stretching pinions drive—  
     —down fiercely on the goal.

Do we not by this artifice see our days reaching as *per saltum*, or by a sudden headlong leap the goal to which their impetuous career is driving?

PART II. *Containing a View of his Imitations of the Psalms of David, his Hymns, and his Songs for Children.*

HAVING finished our survey of the *Doctor's* *Lyrics* and the poems in his *Miscellanies*, I shall now proceed to his other poetical works, where we shall meet with the like beauties, though, by the designed abatements of language and restraint of his genius \* somewhat softer  
 in

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\* “ In some of the more elevated Psalms, says the Doctor, I have given a little indulgence to my genius, and if it should appear that I have aimed at the sublime, yet I have generally kept within the reach of an unlearned Reader. I never thought the art of sublime writing consisted in flying out of sight, nor am I of the mind of the *Italian* who said *Obscurity begets Greatness*. I have always avoided the language of the Poets, where it did

in their colours, and not so rich in their embroidery. I might from his *Hymns, Psalms, and Songs for Children* collect in a large and lovely variety *Metaphors, Allegories, Periphrases, Comparisons,*

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“ not suit the language of the gospel. In many of these  
 “ composures I have just permitted my verse to rise above  
 “ a flat and indolent style, yet I hope it is every where  
 “ supported above the just contempt of the critics. Though  
 “ I am sensible I have often subdued it below their esteem,  
 “ because I would neither indulge any bold metaphors,  
 “ nor admit of hard words, nor tempt an ignorant wor-  
 “ shipper to sing without understanding.” Preface to his  
 Imitation of the Psalms.

In his Preface to his *Hymns* the Doctor speaks in the like manner concerning that *poetical performance*. “ The  
 “ whole book is written, says he, in four sorts of metre,  
 “ and fitted to the most common tunes. I have seldom  
 “ permitted a stop in the middle of a line, and seldom left  
 “ the end of a line without one — The metaphors are ge-  
 “ nerally sunk to the level of vulgar capacities. I have  
 “ aimed at ease of numbers and smoothness of sound, and  
 “ endeavoured to make the sense plain and obvious. If  
 “ the verse appears so gentle and flowing as to incur the  
 “ censure of feebleness I may honestly affirm that some-  
 “ times it cost me labour to make it so: some of the beau-  
 “ ties of poesy are neglected, and some wilfully defaced.  
 “ I have thrown out the lines that were too sonorous, and  
 “ have given an allay to my verse lest a more exalted turn  
 “ of thought or language should darken or disturb the de-  
 “ votion.” As to the Doctor’s *Songs for Children* they are  
 drawn up in admirable condescension to their feeble capa-  
 cities, and yet a rich vein of genius runs through them.  
 Perhaps an equal instance cannot be found in any *English*  
 writings, or any others, where the easiest and plainest lan-  
 guage is accompanied with some of the finest strokes, and  
 brightest colours of poetry.



lively and glowing *Descriptions, Personifications,* and the *Correspondencies* between *sound* and *sensiment*, but as I have taken such a wide range among these excellencies of poetry, and stayed so long upon them, it may be proper to restrain myself. However I shall select some instances of them from the above-mentioned poetical composures, and the rather as several of them belong to such forms of speech as have been hitherto unnoticed.

Has the *Contrasting ideas*, or the Combination of opposite sentiments and views of things in the same stanza a fine effect, and may it be numbered among the prime excellencies of poetry? We shall meet with examples of this kind in the *Doct̄or's Hymns*, and *Psalms*. In the description of a saint dying in the joys of assurance, and with the anticipation of heaven in his soul, what a striking opposition of ideas is there in the following lines?

Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,  
 How sweet the minutes roll!  
 A mortal paleness on my cheek,  
 And glory in my soul\*.

Not less beautiful in the same view are the lines,

I sing my Saviour's wondrous death,  
 He conquer'd when he fell;  
 " 'Tis finish'd," said his dying breath,  
 And shook the gates of hell †.

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\* Hymn xix. book 1.

† Hymn cxiv. book 2.

And again,

The Lord can clear the darkest skies,  
Can give us day for night,  
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
To rivers of delight †.

Are *Apostrophes* or sudden turns of speech to another person or object than what we were addressing or describing to be reckoned among the excellencies of composition, and particularly in *poetry* let me point out two instances of this kind in the *Doct̄or's Psalms*?

The verse, addressing itself to the Almighty, says,

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise,  
Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
So when thy truth began its race,  
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land:

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest  
Till through the world thy truth has run,  
Till Christ has all the nations blest  
That see the light, or feel the sun.

Next follows the *Apostrophe*,

Great Sun of righteousness, arise,  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right ‡.

And again,

The Lord! how absolute he reigns!  
Let ev'ry angel bend his knee,  
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,  
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

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† Psalm cxxvi.

‡ Psalm xix.

High on a throne his glories dwell,  
An awful throne of shining bliss.

The *Apostrophe* is in the next line.

Fly through the world, O sun, and tell  
How dark thy beams compar'd to his\*.

Are descriptions in language adapted to the subjects among the prime beauties of poetry, what fine instances of this kind may be produced from the Psalms?

Thy voice with terror in the sound  
Through clouds and tempests broke;  
All heav'n in lightning shone around,  
And earth with thunder shook †.

And again,

Thus on the heavenly hills  
The fairs are blest above,  
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,  
And all the air is love ‡.

How happily varied are the numbers according to the change of the matter in *Psalms* xlvii?

Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd  
Down to the deep and buried there,  
Convulsions shake the solid world,  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.  
Loud may the troubled ocean roar  
In sacred peace our souls abide,  
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore  
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

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\* Psalm cxlviii.

† Psalm lxxvii. part 2.

‡ Psalm cxxxiii.

There is a stream, whose gentle flow  
 Supplies the city of our God ;  
 Life, love, and joy still gliding through,  
 And watering our divine abode.

And the like beauty is observable in the  
 148th *Pfalm*.

Awake, ye tempests, and his fame  
 In sounds of dreadful praise declare,  
 And the sweet whisper of his name  
 Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.

What natural and yet noble imagery do we  
 meet with in the following stanza ?

Immortal life, and joys unknown  
 Are for the faints in darkness sown ;  
 The glorious seeds shall spring and rise,  
 And the bright harvest bless our eyes †.

And the like in the verses—

Lord, I have made thy word my choice  
 My lasting heritage :  
 There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice  
 My warmest thoughts engage.

I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,  
 And keep thy laws in sight,  
 While through the promises I rove  
 With ever fresh delight.

'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown  
 Where springs of life arise ;  
 Seeds of immortal blifs are sown,  
 And hidden glory lies †.

‡ *Pfalm* xcvi. 3d part.

† *Pfalm* cxix. part 8.



To which we may add another instance,

Above these heav'ns created rounds  
 Thy mercies Lord extend :  
 Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,  
 Where time and nature end.

From Thee, when creature-streams run low,  
 And mortal comforts die,  
 Perpetual streams of life shall flow,  
 And raise our pleasures high.

Though all created light decay,  
 And death close up our eyes,  
 Thy presence makes eternal day,  
 Where clouds can never rise †.

What majesty and animation are there in the stanzas ?

*Hofannah* to the Prince of light,  
 Who cloth'd himself in clay,  
 Enter'd the iron gates of death,  
 And tore the bars away.

Death is no more the king of dread  
 Since our *Immanuel* rose ;  
 He took the tyrant's sting away,  
 And spoil'd our hellish foes.

See how the conqu'ror mounts aloft,  
 And to his Father flies  
 With scars of honour in his flesh,  
 And triumph in his eyes ‡.

† Psalm xxxvi.

‡ Book ii. Hymn 76.

Are *Exclamations* very considerable beauties in composition when properly introduced? We shall find them not unsparingly, nor unsuccessfully used by the *Doctor*, as after he had said

This life's a dream, an empty show,  
But the bright world to which I go  
Hath joys substantial and sincere,  
When shall I wake and find me there?

How beautiful is the *Exclamation* in the next stanza?

O glorious hour! O blest abode!  
I shall be near and like my God,  
And flesh and sin no more controul  
The sacred pleasures of the soul\*.

So again towards the close of the *hymn* entitled *The Characters of Christ* after the verse had gone over various characters of him borrowed from inanimate things in scripture how suitable is the *Exclamation*?

O let me climb those higher skies  
Where storms and tempests never rise!  
There he displays his pow'rs abroad,  
And shines and reigns th'incarnate God †.

And to mention no more of these *Exclamations*, though great numbers might be pointed

\* Psalm xvii.

† First Book, Hymn 146.

out, how well introduced is that which concludes the following stanzas ?

Grace like an uncorrupted seed,  
 Abides and reigns within :  
 Immortal principles forbid  
 The sons of God to sin.

Not by the terrors of a slave  
 Do they perform his will,  
 But with the noblest pow'rs they have  
 His sweet commands fulfil.

They find access at ev'ry hour  
 To God within this veil :  
 Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r,  
 And joys which never fail.

O happy souls ! O glorious state  
 Of overflowing grace,  
 To dwell so near their Father's seat,  
 And see his lovely face †.

*Is a Periphrasis* when made use of to keep from immediate view what would give pain or disgust in an open representation a beautiful figure of speech ? May we not observe a very pleasing example of this kind in the following stanza, in which neither death, nor any of his glooms or distresses are so much as mentioned, but it is only said,

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† Book i. Hymn 143.

How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,  
 These fetters, and this load,  
 And long for evening to undress  
 That we may rest with God †?

And may not that *Hymn* entitled *A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy* \* be considered as a *periphrasis* by the help of a pleasing *allegory* or *allusion*? The wilderness through which the *Jews* travelled before they arrived at *Canaan* is the present life; the river *Jordan*, which divided between them and the *promised land*, is *Death*; the country of *Canaan* is the heavenly state; and *Moses's* view of the inheritance of *Israel* from the top of *Pisgab* is the prospect by faith that the Christian has of his heavenly rest and home. How admirably are these ideas wrought up to make *Death*, that king of terrors, not only appear unafrightful, but even to the faint desirable? Perhaps the *Doctor* in this *hymn* by the aid of the *Periphrasis* has even excelled himself.

There is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign:  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-withering flow'rs:  
*Death*, like a narrow sea, divides  
 This heav'nly land from ours.

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† Second Book, Hymn 61.

\* Book the second, Hymn 66.



Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
 Stand dress'd in living green ;  
 So to the *Jews* old *Canaan* stood,  
 While *Jordan* roll'd between.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink  
 To cross this narrow sea,  
 And linger shivering on the brink,  
 And fear to launch away.

O! could we make these doubts remove,  
 These gloomy doubts that rise,  
 And see the *Canaan* that we love  
 With unbecclouded eyes!

Could we but climb where *Moses* stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,  
 Not *Jordan's* streams, nor *Death's* cold flood  
 Should fright us from the shore.

Is a *Climax*, or the rising of the sense by degrees a figure of no small glory, how well is the following wrought up by the *Doctor*?

No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
 Nor hyssop-branch, nor sprinkling priest,  
 Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,  
 Can wash the dismal stain \* away †.

The *Poly syndeton* is a Rhetorical figure which abounds with conjunctive particles, and by that mean gives weight and solidity to our compositions. Fine examples of this figure may be met with in *Dr. Watts's hymns*. After

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\* Namely of sin represented in the former verse as a *Leprosy*.

† Psalm li. part 2.

having gone over the characters of *Christ* in scripture borrowed from inanimate things he says

Nor earth, nor sea, nor sun, nor stars  
 Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears:  
 His beauties we can never trace  
 Till we behold him face to face †.

And after two of the smoothest lines which perhaps were ever written, and which in the happiest manner give us the very idea they were meant to convey two more are added to complete the stanza which contain a most beautiful *Poly syndeton*.

His own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
 From ev'ry weeping eye,  
 And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,  
 And death itself shall die ‡.

I shall close the enumeration of the poetical excellencies in the Doctor's *hymns* and *psalms* with two instances of *Personification*, or the transformation of attributes, or affections of the mind into persons.

The *Penitent* humbling himself before God for his sins, and pleading his mercy cries out,

Should sudden vengeance seize my breath  
 I must pronounce Thee just in death,  
 And if my soul were sent to hell  
 Thy righteous law approves it well.

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† Book first, Hymn 146.

‡ Book first, Hymn 21.

Then follows a striking *Personification* of *hope*.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose *Hope*, still hov'ring round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair †.

Conceive a bird, suppose a dove, tired with its flight, after having been long on the wing, or chased by an enemy, hovering in the air to discover some spot on which it may alight, and where it may find safety and rest, and you will have the ground of the *Personification*.

The other instance of this figure is the hymn which closes the third book which the *Doctor* has devoted to the celebration of the Lord's supper. The hymn is entitled *Divine Glories and Graces*, and in it both the first and the last are admirably *personified*.

How are thy glories here display'd,  
Great God, how bright they shine,  
While at thy word we break the bread,  
And pour the flowing wine !

Here thy revenging *Justice* stands,  
And pleads its dreadful cause ;  
Here saving *Mercy* spreads her hands,  
Like *Jesus* on the cross.

Thy saints attend with ev'ry grace  
On this great sacrifice,  
And *Love* appears with cheerful face,  
And *Faith* with fixed eyes.

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† Psalm li. p. 7.

Our *Hope* in waiting posture fits,  
 To heav'n directs her sight:  
 Here ev'ry warmer *Passion* meets  
 And warmer *Pow'rs* unite.

*Zeal* and *Revenge* perform their part,  
 And rising sin destroy;  
*Repentance* comes with aking heart,  
 Yet not forbids the joy.

Dear Saviour, change our faith to fight,  
 Let sin forever die,  
 Then shall our souls be all delight,  
 And ev'ry tear be dry.

As to the *Doctōr's* songs for children, "tho'  
 " he has endeavoured, as he expresses him-  
 " self in the preface to them, to sink the  
 " language to the level of a child's under-  
 " standing," yet a rich vein of poetry, as we  
 have already observed, runs through them.  
 I shall only select one instance, that of the  
 comparison of the *Sun and a Christian* in the  
 poem styled *A Summer Evening*, a poem so  
 fine that I once asked the *Doctōr* why he had  
 not inserted it in his *Horæ Lyricæ*, to which  
 he answered that it was not then written.

## I.

How fine has the day been? How bright was the sun?  
 How lovely and joyful the course that he run,  
 Though he rose in a mist, when his race he begun,

And there follow'd some droppings of rain:

But now the fair traveller's come to the west,  
 His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best,  
 He paints the skies gay as he sinks to his rest,

And foretels a bright rising again.



## II.

Just such is the Christian. His course he begins,  
 Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins, }  
 And melts into tears: then he breaks out and shines, }  
 And travels his heav'nly way,  
 But when he comes nearer to finish his race,  
 Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace, }  
 And gives a sure hope at the end of his days }  
 Of rising in brighter array.

Such are the performances of this great man in verse; and such are the beauties which enrich and adorn them. How wide their diffusion has been through the christian world, and in what esteem and honour they have been and are still held, their numerous editions, and the large, and successive demands for them abundantly prove, and they will undoubtedly remain the unperishable monuments of his praise. Before I conclude this article I shall mention some particulars relating especially to his *Horæ Lyricæ* and his *Hymns* which may deserve regard, and yet may have hitherto been unknown to most, if not all my readers. Many of the *Lyric Poems*, as has been already noticed, were written in 1694, when the Doctor was only twenty years old, and some of them bear even a prior date. In a course of time they increased till they amounted to a considerable number, which were printed (the first by way of the *Doctor's* publications) in 1706, when he was at the age of thirty-two. This collection falls short by about seventy poems inserted in

in the second, and subsequent editions of his *Horæ Lyricæ*, but it contains several pieces which are not to be found there, particularly poetical versions of the 1st, 3d, 100th, and 131st *Psalms*, all of which now appear with some and in several places considerable alterations in his imitations of the *Psalms*—the hundredth *Psalms* in trisyllable feet †—and a sacred song in the same measure entitled *The sufferings and glories of Christ*, which I shall give my readers at large.

## I.

I long for a concert of heav'nly praise  
To *Jesus* the God, the omnipotent Son;  
My verse should awake in harmonious lays  
Could it tell half the wonders which *Jesus* has done;

## II.

I would sing how he left his own palace of light,  
And robes made of glory which dress'd him above,  
Yet pleas'd with his journey, and swift was his flight  
For he rode on the pinions of infinite love.

---

† In this version there are two stanzas particularly which have true poetical merit,

'Twas God who gave life to our souls with a breath,  
He fashion'd our clay to the figures of men,  
And, when we had stray'd to the regions of death,  
He reduc'd his own sheep to his pastures again.

We enter his gates with *hosannas* and songs;  
The arches resound with the notes which we raise;  
Thus while our devotions are paid with our tongues  
Thy temple adores by repeating thy praise.

## III.

Far down to the place of our distant abode  
 He came, we adore him, to raise us on high ;  
 He came to atone the revenge of a God,  
 And he took up a life to be able to die.

## IV.

All hell and its lions stood roaring around,  
 His flesh and his spirit with malice they tore ;  
 While worlds of (huge †) sorrow lay pressing him down,  
 As vast as the burden of sins which he bore.

## V.

Fast bound in the chains of imperious death  
 The infinite captive a prisoner lay ;  
 The infinite captive arose from the earth,  
 And leapt to the hills of etherial day.

## VI.

Then mention no more the wrath of a God  
 Of the lions of hell and their roarings no more,  
 We lift up our eyes to his shining abode,  
 And our loudest *Hosannas* his name shall adore.

## VII.

We crown the triumpher with th' honours he won :  
*Hosannah* through all the celestial groves !  
 The God and the man ! How he fills up his throne !  
 How he sits ! How he shines ! How he looks ! How he  
 loves !

## VIII.

O happy, ye heav'ns, and happy, ye hills,  
 Where he treads with his feet, and diffuses his grace,  
 While mercy and majesty, glories and smiles  
 Play gently around the sweet air of his face.

---

† I have ventured to put in this word as the line would be incomplete without it, owing no doubt not to the *Doctor*, but to the *press*.

## IX.

Among a full choir of archangels and songs  
 The mighty Redeemer eternally reigns,  
 And the sound of his name from a million of tongues  
 Flies o'er the bright mountains, and blesses the plains.

This Song, not improbably because the quick and airy measure of the verse did not suit the divine grandeur of the subject, the *Doct̄or* left out in the subsequent editions of his *Lyric Poems*, but he has evidently collected the chief ideas of it, and converted them into an hymn † entitled *Christ's sufferings and glories*.

## I.

Now for a tune of lofty praise  
 To great *Jehovah's* equal Son!  
 Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,  
 Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

## II.

Sing how he left the worlds of light,  
 And the bright robes he wore above:  
 How swift and joyful was his flight  
 On wings of everlasting love?

## III.

Down to this base, this sinful earth  
 He came to raise our nature high;  
 He came t'atone almighty wrath:  
*Jesus* the God was born to die.

## IV.

Hell and its lions roar'd around,  
 His precious blood the monsters spilt,  
 While weighty sorrows press'd him down,  
 Large as the loads of all our guilt.

† Book ii. Hymn 43.



## V.

Deep in the shades of gloomy death  
Th' almighty captive prisoner lay,  
Th' almighty captive left the earth,  
And rose to everlasting day.

## VI.

Lift up your eyes, ye Sons of light,  
Up to his throne of shining grace,  
See what immortal glories fit  
Round the sweet beauties of his face :

## VII.

Among a thousand harps and songs  
*Jesus* the God exalted reigns,  
His sacred name fills all their tongues,  
And echoes round the heav'nly plains.

After the transcription of the above song from the first edition of the *Doct̄or's Lyric Poems*, and this manifest conversion of it into an *hymn*, and this inserted in the volume of his *hymns*, how strange may it justly appear that the *Rev. Mr. Toplady*, a divine of the church of *England* lately deceased, should, in his account of *Dr. Watts* published a few years since under the title of *Some outlines of his life*, thus preface and afterwards give the world the song almost word for word as it stands in the *Doct̄or's Lyrics, printed 1706*? “ There is an hymn,  
“ says *Mr. Toplady* of *Dr. Watts*, which, to  
“ the best of my knowledge, has never yet  
“ appeared in print, and which seems from  
“ the unfinished state in which he left it to  
“ have been one of the last products of his  
“ poetic pen. This little poem, whose au-  
“ thenticity

“ thenticity is unquestionable, and which, a-  
 “ midst all its inaccuracies, is replete with,  
 “ heavenly faith and poetic fire deserves to  
 “ emerge from its long obscurity. Though  
 “ capable of obvious correction and improve-  
 “ ment it shall be submitted to the reader  
 “ *verbatim*, and without a single alteration  
 “ exactly as it was communicated to me.”  
 Persons who attempt to communicate to the  
 public the memoirs of deceased persons, un-  
 doubtedly ought to make themselves acquaint-  
 ed not only with their writings, but with the  
 editions and dates of them, that they may be  
 secured both from committing mistakes them-  
 selves and from propagating their errors among  
 mankind. If this had been done by *Mr. Top-*  
*lady* he would never have attributed the writing  
 of a poem to the last æra of *Dr. Watts's* life  
 which was evidently composed forty years be-  
 fore his decease, nor would he have given to  
 the world as new what had actually been printed  
 near half a century before.

In the first edition of the *Lyric Poems* there is  
 an epistle to the Doctor's sisters, S. and M. W.  
*i. e.* to *Sarah* and *Mary Watts*, which partly in  
 prose, partly in verse runs thus,

Dear Sisters,

Read the love of my heart in the first line of  
 my letter, and believe it. I am much con-  
 cerned to hear of my mother's continued weak-  
 ness. We take our share of these painful dis-  
 orders

orders of nature which afflict her whom we honour and love. I know also that your hurries of business must be more than doubled thereby, but we are daily leaving care and sin behind us. The past temptations shall vex us no more. The months which are gone return not, and the sorrows which we hourly feel lessen the decreed number. Every pulse beats a moment of pain away, and thus by degrees we arrive nearer to the sweet period of life and trouble.

Bear up, my dear ones, through the ruffling storms  
 Of a vain vexing world, tread down the cares,  
 Those ragged thorns which lie across the road,  
 Nor spend a tear upon them. Trust me, Sisters,  
 The dew of eyes will make the briers grow ;  
 Nor let the distant phantom of delight  
 Too long allure your gaze, or swell your hope  
 To dangerous size. If it approach your feet,  
 And court your hand forbid the intruding joy  
 To sit too near your heart. Still may our souls  
 Claim kindred with the skies, nor mix with dust  
 Our better-born affections, leave the globe  
 A nest for worms, and hasten to our home,

O there are gardens of th' immortal kind,  
 Which crown the heavenly *Eden's* rising hills  
 With beauty and with sweets. No lurking mischief  
 Dwells in the fruit, nor serpent twines the boughs ;  
 The branches bend laden with life and bliss  
 Ripe for the taste, but 'tis a steep ascent ;  
 Hold fast the golden chain \* let down from heav'n,

---

\* The gospel.

'Twill help your feet and wings. I feel its force  
 Draw upward : fasten'd to the pearly gate  
 It guides the way unerring. Happy clue  
 Through this dark wild! 'Twas wisdom's noblest  
 work,  
 All join'd by pow'r divine, and every link is love.

SISTERS,

Accept the sudden rapture kindly. The  
 muse is not awake every day. If she has a  
 moment's release from the lethargy, see 'tis  
 devoted to serve and please you——&c.

June 15, 1704.

I have inserted this epistle into my work  
 that it may be a witness both to the *Doctor's*  
 filial duty, and fraternal affection, and that I  
 might take the opportunity of showing how  
 much he enlarged these verses in the subse-  
 quent edition of his *Lyric Poems*, when, not  
 improbably after the death of his sister *Mary*,  
 he thus addresses the same epistle to his sister  
*Sarah* only under the name of *Sarissa*, for I  
 take her to be the person intended.

Bear up, *Sarissa*, through the ruffling storms  
 Of a vain vexing world, tread down the cares,  
 Those ragged thorns which lie across the road,  
 Nor spend a tear upon them. Trust the Muse,  
 She sings experienc'd truth, this briny dew,  
 This rain of eyes will make the briers grow.  
 We travel through a desert, and our feet  
 Have measured a fair space, and left behind  
 A thousand dangers, and a thousand snares  
 Well scap'd. Adieu, ye horrors of the dark,  
 Ye finish'd labours, and ye tedious toils  
 Of days and hours : the twinge of real smart,

And



And the false terrors of ill-boding dreams  
Vanish together, be alike forgot,  
Forever blended in one common grave.

Farewel, ye waxing, and ye waning moons,  
Which we have watch'd behind the flying clouds  
On night's dark hill, or setting, or ascending,  
Or in meridian height. Then silence reign'd  
O'er half the world; then ye beheld our tears,  
Ye witness'd our complaints, our kindred groans,  
Sad harmony, while with your beamy horns,  
Or richer orb ye silver'd o'er the green  
Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light  
To mourners. Now ye have fulfill'd your rounds,  
Those hours are fled, farewel. Months that are gone  
Are gone for ever, and have borne away  
Each his own load. Our woes and sorrows past,  
Mountainous woes, still lessen as they fly  
Far off. So billows in a stormy sea  
Wave after wave, a long succession, roll  
Beyond the ken of sight. The sailors safe  
Look far astern till they have lost the storm,  
And shout their boisterous joys. A gentler Muse  
Sings thy dear safety, and commands thy cares  
To dark oblivion; buried deep in night  
Lose them, *Sarissa*, and assist my song.

Awake thy voice; sing how the slender line  
Of fate's immortal now divides the PAST  
From all the future with eternal bars  
Forbidding a return. The past temptations  
No more shall vex us. Every grief we feel  
Shortens the destin'd number. Every pulse  
Beats a sharp moment of the pain away,  
And the last stroke will come. By swift degrees  
Time sweeps us off, and we shall soon arrive  
At life's sweet period. O celestial point,  
Which ends this mortal story!

But

But if a glimpse of light with flattering ray  
 Break through the clouds of life, or wandering fire  
 Amidst the shades invite your doubtful feet,  
 Beware the dancing meteor. Faithless guide,  
 Which leads the lonely pilgrim wide astray  
 To bogs, and fens, and pits, and certain death.  
 Should vicious pleasure take an angel-form,  
 And at a distance rise by slow degrees  
 Treacherous to wind herself into your heart,  
 Stand firm aloof, nor let the gaudy phantom  
 Too long allure your gaze. The just delight,  
 That heav'n indulges lawful, must obey  
 Superior pow'rs, nor tempt your thoughts too far  
 In slavery to sense, nor swell your hope  
 To dangerous size. If it approach your feet,  
 And court your hand forbid th'intruding joy  
 To sit too near your heart. Still may our souls  
 Claim kindred with the skies, nor mix with dust  
 Their better-born affections, leave the globe  
 A nest for worms, and hasten to our home.

O there are gardens of th'immortal kind,  
 Which crown the heav'nly *Eden's* rising hills  
 With beauty and with sweets: no lurking mischief  
 Dwells in the fruit, nor serpent twines the boughs;  
 The branches bend laden with life and bliss  
 Ripe for the taste, but 'tis a steep ascent.  
 Hold fast the *golden chain*\* let down from heav'n,  
 'Twill help your feet and wings. I feel its force  
 Draw upwards: fasten'd to the pearly gate  
 It guides the way unerring. Happy clue  
 Thro' this dark wild! 'Twas wisdom's noblest work,  
 All join'd by pow'r divine, and every link is love.

It has been observed in the account of the  
*Doctor's* life, that he spent two years after he

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\* The Gospel.

had finished his academical studies at his father's at *Southampton*, in Reading, Meditation, and Prayer, *i. e.* the years 1695 and 1696, the twenty-first and twenty-second years of his age. During this period he composed his hymns at least great part of them; the rise of which is too remarkable for me to pass over in silence. *Mr. John Morgan*, a minister of very respectable character now living at *Romsey, Hants*, has sent me the following information. "The occasion of the *Doctor's* hymns was this, as I had the account from his worthy fellow-labourer and colleague, the *Rev. Mr. Price* in whose family I dwelt above fifty years ago. The hymns which were sung at the dissenting-meeting at *Southampton* were so little to the gust of *Mr. Watts* that he could not forbear complaining of them to his father. The father bid him try what he could do to mend the matter. He did, and had such success in his first essay, that a second hymn was earnestly desired of him, and then a third, and fourth, &c. till in process of time there was such a number of them as to make up a volume."

Let my reader reflect a moment what a spirit of devotion, and what a bright genius the *Doctor* discovered at such an early season of life, at the most but twenty-two years of age as to compose at once such pious and beautiful hymns on such a variety of subjects, and let him thence judge how well this excel-

lent man filled up his time at his father's, and how much noble improvement was contained in the dedication of two years to the purposes of *Reading, Meditation, and Prayer*. These *hymns* were not published till the year 1707, as the *Doctor* thought it best, as he himself informed me, to send his *Lyric Poems* first into the world, considering with himself it is not improbable, that if these were accepted with mankind they would be in a favourable disposition to receive his *hymns*, but that if the brighter and best productions of his *Muse* in his *Lyric Odes* did not meet with success it might be prudent in him to withhold from the public a work in which, in condescension to the plainest capacities, he had purposely reduced his poetry to a lower strain. Thus the *Lyric Poems* were first printed in 1706, and the encouragement given to them (for a second edition appeared in 1709) no doubt determined the *Doctor* to venture his *hymns* into the world, and accordingly they were published in the next year 1707. This edition including the several doxologies, and reckoning each one of them as an hymn, contains two hundred and twenty hymns, and has an essay annexed to it towards the improvement of psalmody, or an Inquiry how the psalms of *David* ought to be translated into Christian songs, and how lawful and necessary it is to compose other hymns according to the clearer revelations of the gospel for the use of the  
christian



christian church. A second edition followed in 1709, which is said in the title-page to be corrected and much enlarged, and so indeed it is, some of the hymns in the first edition having been considerably altered, and an accession of new hymns having been made to it, but the *Doctor* himself has given an account of the matter himself in what he styles Advertisements concerning the second edition, which run thus.

“ I. There are almost one hundred and fifty  
 “ new *Hymns* added, and one or more suited  
 “ to every theme, and subject in divinity.  
 “ Having found by converse with christians  
 “ what words or lines in the former made  
 “ them less useful, I have not only made  
 “ various corrections in them, but have en-  
 “ deavoured to avoid the same mistakes in all  
 “ the new compositions. And whereas many  
 “ of the former were too particularly adapted  
 “ to special frames and seasons of the christian  
 “ life, almost all which are added have a  
 “ more general and extensive sense, and may  
 “ be assumed and sung by most persons in a  
 “ worshipping congregation.”

“ II. About fourteen or fifteen *Psalms* which  
 “ were translated in the first edition are left  
 “ out in this, because I intend, if God af-  
 “ ford life and assistance to convert the biggest  
 “ part of the book of *Psalms* into spiritual  
 “ songs for the use of christians, yet the same  
 “ numbers are applied to the *Hymns*, that there

“ may

“ may be no confusion between the first and  
 “ second editions.”

These advertisements are dated April 1709.

In a note of *March 3, 1719-20*, the Doctor adds, “ Since the sixth edition of this book  
 “ (the hymns) the author has finished what  
 “ he had so long promised, namely, the *Psalms*  
 “ of *David* imitated in the language of the  
 “ New Testament, which the world seems to  
 “ have received with approbation by the sale  
 “ of some thousands in a year’s time\*. There  
 “ the reader will find those *Psalms* which were  
 “ left out of all the later editions of these *Hymns*  
 “ in their proper places. It is presumed that  
 “ book in conjunction with this may appear to  
 “ be such a provision for psalmody as to an-  
 “ swer most occasions of the christian’s life;  
 “ and, if an author’s own opinion may be  
 “ taken, he esteems it the greatest work that  
 “ ever he has published, or ever hopes to do  
 “ for the use of the churches.”

Thus have I taken a survey of the *Doctor’s* Writings in verse, not merely considering them (of which there needs no other evidence but their own) as fine compositions, but tracing their peculiar beauties, and distinctly showing what gives them their eminence and worth. As to their usefulness, or how conducive they all are to the promotion of piety and virtue this is seen and confessed by all,

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\* His *Psalms* were first printed in 1719.

and I am very certain I should express the sentiments of thousands and ten thousands were he still living if I should address the verses of *Mr. Prior* to *Dr. Sberlock* on his *Discourse on Death* to *Dr. Watts* on his poetical compositions, at once including his *Lyric Poems, Psalms, Hymns,* and *Songs* for children.

Thou youth shall study, and no more engage  
 Their flattering wishes for uncertain age;  
 No more with fruitless care, and cheated strife  
 Chase fleeting pleasure through this maze of life,  
 Finding the wretched all they here can have  
 But present food, and but a future grave;  
 Each great as *Philip's* victor son shall view  
 This abject world, and weeping ask a new.

Decrepit age shall read thee, and confess  
 Thy labours can assuage where medicines cease,  
 Shall bless thy words, their wounded souls relief,  
 The drops that sweeten the last dregs of life,  
 Shall look to heav'n, and laugh at all beneath,  
 Own riches gather'd trouble, fame a breath,  
 And life an ill, whose only cure is death. }

Thy even thoughts with so much plainness flow  
 Their sense untutor'd infancy may know,  
 Yet to such height is all that plainness wrought  
 Wit may admire, and letter'd pride be taught:  
 Easy in words thy style, in sense sublime  
 On its blest steps each age and sex may rise,  
 'Tis like the ladder in the *Patriarch's* dream,  
 Its foot on earth, its height above the skies;  
 Diffus'd its virtue, boundless is its pow'r,  
 'Tis public health, and universal cure,  
 Of heav'nly *Manna* 'tis a second feast,  
 A nation's food, and all to ev'ry taste.

## C H A P. VIII.

*His Improvements on the Poetical Compositions  
of others.*

AS the *Doctor* was very eminent for his poetical powers, of which his *hymns*, his *Imitation of the Psalms of David*, and his *Lyric Poems* are most honourable and permanent monuments, so he had a wonderful ability for enlarging and improving the poems of others. I can produce several instances of this kind, which will not only evince the truth of what I say, but I am well persuaded give entertainment to my readers.

The first instance shall be that of *Casimire's Lyric Ode* entitled *Celebris Polonorum de Osmano Turcarum victoria, praelio ad Chocimum † Dacico,*

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† *Khochim*, commonly written in the maps *Choczyn*, is a city of *Moldavia* on the river *Tyras* or *Neister*, over against *Kaminieck*. The walls were repaired by the *Turks* after the battle of *Hierasus* with the addition of more modern works so that it may be accounted the bulwark of the whole *Turkish* empire against the *Poles* and *Russians*. *Modern Univ. Hist.* vol. xii. p. 451. It may not be without its instruction and entertainment to give the reader a brief account of this battle which *Casimire* has represented in such glowing colours, and with so much glory to his countrymen the *Poles*. “ *Osman* the *Turkish* emperor,  
“ perceiving that the christian army was increased daily



*cico, Anno Domini 1621, Quarto Non. Sept. commisso, perta. Galeſi Agricola Dacici cantus inducitur.* I ſhall tranſcribe the poem itſelf from *Cafimire*, follow it with an Engliſh verſion of my own, and afterwards inſert the *Doctor's* moſt excellent paraphraſe, if I may ſo term it, leaving the reader to trace out his moſt admirable improvements of his author either by conſulting *Cafimire* in the original or by peruſing my *translation*, which, if it has no other merit in it, will convey the ſenſe of the ode with little or no addition.

---

“ propoſed a general attack on their lines by the 28th  
 “ of *September*, and led his troops in perſon. The *Janif-*  
 “ *saries* began the attack by break of day, and fought  
 “ with the moſt deſperate fury for twelve hours, freſh  
 “ troops conſtantly ſupplying the place of the fatigued,  
 “ wounded, and ſlain. Ten times were the *Turks* re-  
 “ pulſed, and as often were they led back to the attack by  
 “ their *Baſhaws*, who charged under the immediate eye  
 “ of the *Sultan*, and were ambitious of diſtinguiſhing  
 “ themſelves. All their efforts were fruitleſs, the *Poles*  
 “ were impenetrable, and the infidels were at laſt forced  
 “ to ſound a retreat, after having loſt near 30,000 ſlain  
 “ before the intrenchments. From the time the two  
 “ armies had firſt faced each other the different attacks  
 “ coſt the *Sultan* upwards of 60,000 lives, the bulk of  
 “ whom conſiſted of *Janiffaries*, the flower of the army,  
 “ and the bulwark of the *Othman* empire. Diſeaſe and  
 “ famine co-operated with the ſword, and the *Turkiſh*  
 “ army which conſiſted of 300,000 men was diminished  
 “ to half that number.” *Modern Univ. Hiſt.* vol. xxxiv.  
 p. 185.

Dives

Dives Galesus, fertilis accola  
 Galesus Istri, dum sua Dacicis  
 Fatigat in campis aratra  
 Et galeas, clypeosq; passim, ac

Magnorum acervos eruit ossium;  
 Vergente serum sub sole hesperum  
 Fessus resedisse, & solutos  
 Non solito tenuisse cantu

Fertur juvencos. Carpite, dum licet,  
 Dum tuta vobis otia, carpite,  
 Oblita jam vobis vireta  
 Emeriti, mea cura, tauri,

Victor Polonus dum positâ super  
 Respirat hastâ, sic etiam vigil  
 Sævusque. Prô quantis, Polone,  
 Moldavici tegis arma campi

Thracum ruinas! Quas ego Bistonum  
 Hic cerno strages? Quanta per avios  
 Disjecta latè scuta colleis?  
 Quæ Geticis vacua arma truncis?

Hac acer ibat Sarmata, (Thracibus  
 Captivus olim nam memini puer)  
 Hic ære squalenteis & auro  
 Concanus explicuit catervas.

Heu quanta vidi prælia, cum Dacis  
 Confertus hastis campus, & horridi  
 Collata tempestas Gradivi  
 Ambiguus fluitaret armis.

Suspensa paullùm substitit alitis  
 Procella ferri, donec ahenea  
 Hinc inde nubes sulphurato  
 Plurima detonisset igni.

Tum vero signis signa, viris viri,  
 Dextræque dextris, et pedibus pedes,  
 Et tela respondere telis,  
 Et clypeis clypei retundi.

Non tanta campos grandine verberat  
 Nivalis Arctos, non fragor Alpium  
 Tantus, renitenteis ab imo  
 Cùm violens agit auster ornos,

Hinc quantus atque hinc impetus æreo  
 Defusus imbri. Miscet opus frequens  
 Furorque, virtusque, et perenni  
 Immoritur brevis ira famæ.

Diu supremam nutat in aleam  
 Fortuna belli. Stat numerosior  
 Hinc Bessus, hinc contra Polonus  
 Exiguus metuendus alis.

Sed quid Cydones, aut pavidus Dahæ,  
 Mollesque campo cedere Concani,  
 Quid Seres, aversoque pugna  
 Parthus equo, Cilicumque turmæ,

Contra sequacis pectora Sarmatæ  
 Possent fugaces? Hinc ruit impiger  
 Polonus, hinc Lithuanus; atro  
 Quale duplex ruit axe fulmen:

Aut qualis alto se geminus jugo  
 Devolvit amnis, raptaque cum suis  
 Armenta filvis, atque aperto  
 Præcipitat nemora alto campo.

Heu quale sævus fulminat æneo  
 Borussus igni? Non ego Livonum  
 Pugnas, & inconsulta vitæ  
 Transferim tua, Russe, signa,

Vobis fugaces vidi ego Bistonum  
 Errare lunas, signaque barbaris  
 Derepta vexillis, et actam  
 Retro equitum peditumque nubem.

Virtute pugnant non numero viri,  
 Et una silvam sæpius eruit  
 Bipennis, & paucæ sequuntur  
 Innumeras aquilæ columbas.

Heu quæ jacentûm strata cadaverum,  
 Qualemque vobis Ædonii fugâ  
 Campum retexere? Hic Polonam  
 Mordet adhuc Othomannus hastam :

Hic fufus Æmon : hic Arabum manus  
 Confixa telis : hic Caracas jacet  
 Conopeis subter Lechorum  
 Non bene pollicitus minaci

Cœnam tyranno. Spes nimias Deus  
 Plerumque fœdos ducit ad exitus,  
 Ridetque gaudentem superbum  
 Immodicis dare vela votis.

Quò me canentem digna trahunt equis  
 Non arma tauris? Sistite barbaræ  
 Non hæc inurbanâ, camcœnæ,  
 Bella decet memorare buxo,

Majore quondam quæ recinent tubâ  
 Seri nepotes; et mea jam suis  
 Aratra cum bubus reverti  
 Præcipiti monet axe vesper.



*A literal Translation of the Ode in Casimire entitled "The famous Victory obtained by the Poles over Osman the Emperor of the Turks in the Dacian battle at Choczim on the fourth of the Nones of September in the Year of our Lord 1621."*

[*Galesus*, a Dacian farmer, is introduced as singing.]

*Galesus*, a rich yeoman on the banks  
 Where rolls the fruitful *Danube*, tir'd his share  
 In ploughing o'er his grounds, which oft upturn'd  
 Helmets, and shields, and heaps of mighty bones;  
 But, when the sun hung o'er the western main,  
 Relaxing from his toils, as fame reports,  
 And loosing from the yoke his weary bulls,  
 He held them pleas'd with an unusual song.  
 My fellow-labourers, my delightful care,  
 In safety now enjoy the sweets of peace,  
 And freed from labour at your pleasure rove  
 The smiling meads, and crop the flow'ry food  
 So long untasted, while upon his spear  
 Leans the victorious *Pole*, but throws his eyes  
 Watchful and fierce around. Brave countrymen,  
 What ranks of *Thracian* enemies have fall'n  
 By your resistless swords? What carnage fill'd  
*Moldavia's* fields? What piles of bucklers strow'd  
 The pathless mountains? What huge armour lay  
 Wide-scatter'd, of *Mahometan* limbs despoil'd?  
 Here the fierce *Sarmatans*, (for while a boy  
 In *Turkish* slavery I mark'd their dress)  
 And here the *Concanans* in order rang'd  
 Advanc'd all arm'd in radiant brass and gold.  
 O what a battle did these eyes survey?  
 The ground was planted thick with *Dacian* spears,

And the suspended tempest of the war  
 Stood frowning, doubtful where to bend its fall.  
 Th' encounter of the sword, all edge, all flame  
 For slaughter, was reluctantly delay'd  
 Till the deep-bellowing cannon had disgorg'd  
 Sulphureous fires, and hurl'd destruction round :  
 Then standards mix with standards, men with men  
 And hands to hands, and feet to feet oppose,  
 Darts clash with darts, and shields with shields resound.  
 Furious the onset, infinite th' uproar  
 Of brazen deaths reciprocally sent  
 In flames and thunder round th' embattl'd field :  
 Louder the noise than when the rattling hail,  
 Engender'd by the North-wind's freezing pow'rs,  
 Lashes the plains : not equal fragor fills  
 The *Alps*, when from their ridges tow'ring high  
 The southern blasts rend ashes from their roots,  
 And roll them down the rocks. The battle reigns  
 In all its fiercest terrors : boundless rage,  
 Undaunted valour deal their havoc round,  
 And short-liv'd wrath expires in endless fame.  
 The scales of victory long uncertain hung  
 To neither side inclin'd. Here stood the *Turks*  
 In numbers far superior, here the *Poles*  
 More formidable, though with smaller wings.  
 But what the soft *Cydonians*? What the train  
 Of timid *Dabees*? What the *Concanans*  
 Effeminate, too tender for the fight?  
 Or what the *Seres*? What the *Parthians* skill'd  
 Behind their backs to whirl the hostile dart  
 As on their racing steeds they quit the plain?  
 What were *Cilicians*, what the *Sarmatans*,  
 Before their foes, which hung upon their flight,  
 And mow'd them down in death? Here the brave *Poles*,  
 The *Lithuanians* brave rush'd on their foes,  
 Resistless as the thunder's double bolt

Launch'd

Launch'd from the bursting clouds, or like a flood  
 Which in two torrents from some rocky ridge  
 Rolls down its weight of waters, sweeps away  
 The grazing herds, and bears the stately woods  
 In crashing ruin headlong to the plain.  
 The *Prussians* pointed with well-levell'd aim  
 Their brazen tubes, and fulmin'd on the foes  
 In thousand flaming deaths. *Livonia's* sons  
 Bore in the battle a distinguished share,  
 And shar'd the praise. Where *Russia's* banners wav'd  
 Great actions were achiev'd, all resolute  
 And prodigal of life. The *Turkish* moons  
 Now wander'd thro' the field, torn from their staves  
 Their standards too were scatter'd through the air,  
 And all the *Ottoman* cavalry and foot  
 In shame and terror fled th' ensanguin'd field,  
 An hideous rout. Valour not multitude  
 Avails in battle. Thus a single axe  
 Lays a whole forest level with the ground ;  
 Thus a few eagles on resounding wings  
 Sail through the skies, and chase a thousand doves.  
 Soon as th' *Edonian* squadrons had withdrawn  
 What a dire spectacle the plains disclos'd ?  
 What an extent of ground was cover'd o'er  
 With ghastly bodies all outstretch'd in death ?  
 Here one *Bashaw* lay welt'ring in his blood,  
 And here another horrible to fight  
 With rigid teeth still bit the *Polish* spear ;  
 While round their chiefs transfix'd with darts were  
 spread  
 Their slaughter'd soldiers. Vaunting *Caracas*  
 Here lay a mangled corpse expos'd and bare,  
 His inauspicious promise unfulfill'd  
 Under his proud pavilion to regale  
 At night the *Sultan* with voluptuous fare.

Thus

Thus heav'n presumptuous confidence confounds,  
 And laughs to see vain mortals hoist the sails  
 Of tow'ring hopes, and never ask its aid.  
 But why should I relate to plodding bulls  
 Battles more fit for warlike horse to hear?  
 Or rather cease, my barbarous muse: the theme  
 Is much too elevate for rustic lays.  
 Posterity these wonders shall resound  
 In songs of equal glory. See the night  
 Advances, from the steep of heav'n descends  
 The evening-star on burning wheels, and gives  
 The signal for the ploughmen and their teams  
 To quit the fields, and seek their homes and rest.

*Dr. Watts's* paraphrase and improvements  
 are as follow :

*The celebrated Victory of the Poles over Osman  
 the Turkish Emperor in the Dacian Battle  
 translated from Casimire Book 4, Ode 4, with  
 large additions\*.*

*Gador* †, the old, the wealthy, and the strong,  
 Cheerful in years (nor of the heroic muse  
 Unknowing

---

\* *Casimire* was a very favourite poet with *Dr. Watts*, for thus he speaks of him in his Preface to his *Lyric Poems*.  
 “ The imitations of that noblest *Latin* poet of modern  
 “ ages *Casimire Sarbiewski* of *Poland* would need no ex-  
 “ cuse did they but arise to the beauty of the original. I  
 “ have often taken the freedom to add ten or twenty lines,  
 “ or to leave out as many that I might suit my song more  
 “ to my own design, or because I saw it impossible to pre-  
 “ sent the force, the fineness, and the fire of his expression  
 “ in our language. There are a few copies wherein I  
 “ borrowed



Unknowing nor unknown) held fair possessions  
 Where flows the fruitful *Danube*. Seventy springs  
Smil'd

---

“ borrowed some hints from the same author without the  
 “ mention of his name in the title.” I have now in my  
 study *Casimire's* poems, in the quarto edition, the very book  
 which was *Dr. Watts's*. At the head of the 29th ode of  
 the fourth book, inscribed *Ad Equites Polonos* anno 1630,  
 the *Doctor* has written, *Carmen Sæculare Horatiano sub-*  
*limius*. Even when the *Doctor* passes a censure upon some  
 passages in his poems he has done it in such a manner as  
 more than to compensate it with his praises, as when he  
 says, speaking of our judgment upon books in his First Part  
 of the Improvement of the Mind, chap. 5. § 10. “ You  
 “ shall hear *Altifino* not only admire *Casimire* of *Poland* in  
 “ his *Lyrics* as the utmost purity and perfection of *Latin*  
 “ poesy, but he will allow nothing in him to be extrava-  
 “ gant or faulty, and will vindicate every line. Nor can  
 “ I much wonder at it when I have heard him pronounce  
 “ *Lucan* the best of the ancient *Latins*, and idolize his very  
 “ weaknesses and mistakes. I will readily acknowledge  
 “ the odes of *Casimire* to have more spirit and force, more  
 “ magnificence and fire in them, and in twenty places arise  
 “ to more dignity and beauty than I could ever meet with  
 “ in any of our modern poets. Yet I am afraid to say  
 “ that *Palla subtilis è Luce, a robe stitched together of light,*  
 “ has dignity enough for the dress of the Almighty, lib. 4.  
 “ ode 7. l. 37. or that the man of virtue, lib. 4. ode 3.  
 “ l. 44. under the ruins of heaven and earth will bear up the  
 “ fragments of the falling world with a comely wound on his  
 “ shoulders.”

—— late ruenti  
 Subjiciens sua colla cœlo  
 Mundum decoro vulnere fulciet ;  
 Interque cœli fragmina——

“ Yet I must needs confess also that 'tis hardly possible a  
 “ man should rise to so exalted and sublime a vein of  
“ poesy

Smil'd on his seed, and seventy harvest-moons  
 Fill'd his wide granaries with autumnal joy.  
 Still he resum'd his toils, and fame reports,  
 While he broke up new ground, and tir'd his plough  
 In grassy furrows, the torn earth disclos'd  
 Helmets and swords, bright furniture of war  
 Sleeping in dust, and heaps of mighty bones.  
 The sun descending to the western deep  
 Bid him lie down and rest; he loos'd the yoke,  
 Yet held his wearied oxen from their food  
 With charming numbers and uncommon song.

Go, fellow labourers, you may rove secure  
 Or feed beside me; taste the greens and boughs  
 That you have long forgot, crop the sweet herb,  
 And graze in safety, while the victor *Pole*  
 Leans on his spear and breathes, yet still his eye  
 Jealous and fierce. How large, old soldier, say  
 How fair an harvest of the slaughter'd *Turks*  
 Strew'd the *Moldavian* fields? What mighty piles  
 Of vast destruction and of *Thracian* dead  
 Fill and amaze my eyes? Broad bucklers lie,  
 A vain defence, spread o'er the pathless hills,  
 And coats of scaly steel, and hard habergeon  
 Deep-bruis'd, and empty of *Mahometan* limbs.  
 This the fierce *Saracen* wore, for when a boy  
 I was their captive and remind their dress,

---

“ poesy as *Casimire*, who is not in danger now and then  
 “ of such extravagancies, but still they should not be ad-  
 “ mired, or defended, if we pretend to pass a just judg-  
 “ ment on the writings of the greatest men.” What en-  
 comium is here? The Doctor only says that there are spots  
 in the sun.

† The Doctor has happily changed the name *Galesus* in  
*Casimire* to that of *Gador*, which has a sound in it not ill  
 adapted to an inhabitant of *Dacia*.

Here

Here the *Polonians* dreadful march'd along  
 In august port and regular array  
 Led on to conquest: here the *Turkish* chief  
 Presumptuous trod, and in rude order rang'd  
 His long battalions, while his populous towns  
 Pour'd out fresh troops perpetual, drest in arms,  
 Horrent in mail, and gay in spangled pride.

O the dire image of the bloody fight  
 These eyes have seen, when the capacious plain  
 Was throng'd with *Dacian* spears, when polish'd helms,  
 And convex gold blaz'd thick against the sun  
 Restoring all his beams, but frowning war  
 All gloomy, like a gather'd tempest, stood  
 Wavering and doubtful where to bend its fall!

The storm of missive steel delay'd awhile  
 By wise command: fledg'd arrows on the nerve,  
 And scymeter and sabre bore the sheath  
 Reluctant, till the hollow brazen clouds  
 Had bellow'd from each quarter of the field  
 Loud thunder, and disgorg'd their sulphurous fire;  
 Then banners wav'd, and arms were mix'd with arms,  
 Then javelins answer'd javelins as they fled,  
 For both fled hissing death. With adverse edge  
 The crooked falchions met, and hideous noise  
 From clashing shields through the long ranks of war  
 Clang'd horrible. A thousand iron storms  
 Roar diverse, and in harsh confusion drown  
 The trumpet's silver sound. O rude effort  
 Of harmony! Not all the frozen stores  
 Of the cold North, when pour'd in rattling hail,  
 Lash with such madness the *Norwegian* plains,  
 Or so torment the ear: scarce sounds so far  
 The direful fragor, when some *southern* blast  
 Tears from the *Alps* a ridge of knotty oaks  
 Deep-fang'd and ancient tenants of the rock:  
 The massy fragment many a rood in length

With hideous crash rolls down the rugged cliff  
 Resistless, plunging in the subject lake  
*Como*' or *Lugaine*, th' afflicted waters roar,  
 And various thunder all the valley fills :  
 Such was the noise of war ! The troubled air  
 Complains aloud, and propagates the din  
 To neighbouring regions ; rocks and lofty hills  
 Beat the impetuous echoes round the sky.

Uproar, revenge, and rage, and hate appear  
 In all their murderous forms, and flame, and blood,  
 And sweat, and dust array the broad campaign  
 In horror ; hasty feet, and sparkling eyes,  
 And all the savage passions of the soul  
 Engage in the warm business of the day.  
 Here mingling hands, but with no friendly gripe,  
 Join in the fight, and breasts in close embrace,  
 But mortal as the iron arms of death :  
 Here words austere of perilous command,  
 And valour swift t' obey ; bold feats of arms,  
 Dreadful to see and glorious to relate,  
 Shine through the field with more surprizing brightness  
 Than glitt'ring helms or spears. What loud applause,  
 Best meed of warlike toil, what manly shouts,  
 And yells unmanly through the battle ring,  
 And sudden wrath dies into endless fame ?

Long did the fate of war hang dubious. Here  
 Stood the more numerous *Turk*, the valiant *Pole*  
 Fought here, more dreadful, though with lesser wings.

But what the *Dabees*, or the coward soul  
 Of a *Cydonian* ? What the fearful crouds  
 Of base *Cilicians* 'scaping from the slaughter,  
 Or *Parthian* beasts with all their racing riders,  
 What could they mean against the intrepid breast  
 Of the pursuing foe ? Th' impetuous *Poles*  
 Rush here, and here the *Lithuanian* horse  
 Drive down upon them like a double bolt

Of



Of kindled thunder raging through the sky  
 On founding wheels ! Or as some mighty flood  
 Rolls his two torrents down a dreadful steep  
 Precipitant, and bears along the stream  
 Rocks, woods, and trees with all the grazing herds,  
 And tumbles lofty forests to the plain.

The bold *Borussian* smoking from afar  
 Moves like a tempest in a dusky cloud,  
 And imitates th' artillery of heav'n,  
 The lightning and the roar. Amazing scene !  
 What show'rs of mortal hail ! What flaky fires  
 Burst from the darkness, while their cohorts firm  
 Met the like thunder and an equal storm  
 From hostile troops but with a braver mind !  
 Undaunted bosoms tempt the edge of war,  
 And rush on the sharp point, while baleful mischiefs,  
 Deaths, and bright dangers flew across the field  
 Thick and continual, and a thousand souls  
 Fled murmuring through their wounds. I stood aloof,  
 For 'twas unsafe to come within the wind  
 Of *Russian* banners, when with whizzing sound,  
 Eager of glory, and profuse of life,  
 They bore down fearless on the charging foes,  
 And drove them backward. Then the *Turkish* moons \*  
 Wander'd in disarray. A dark eclipse  
 Hung on the silver crescent boding night,  
 Long night, to all her sons ; at length disrob'd  
 The standards fell, the barbarous ensigns torn  
 Fled with the wind, the sport of angry heav'n,  
 And a large cloud of infantry and horse  
 Scatt'ring in wild disorder spread the plain.

Not noise, nor number, nor the brawny limb  
 Nor high built size prevails. 'Tis courage fights,

---

\* The *Turkish* standards are distinguished by the figure  
 of the moon upon them.

'Tis courage conquers. So whole forests fall,  
 A spacious ruin, by one single ax,  
 And steel well-sharpen'd; so a generous pair  
 Of young-wing'd eaglets fright a thousand doves.

Vast was the slaughter, and the flow'ry green  
 Drank deep of flowing crimson. Veteran bands  
 Here made their last campaign. Here haughty chiefs  
 Stretch'd on the bed of purple honour lie  
 Supine, nor dream of battle's hard event,  
 Oppress'd with iron slumbers and long night:  
 Their ghosts indignant to the nether world  
 Fled but attended well, for at their side  
 Some faithful *Janizaries* strew'd the field  
 Fall'n in just ranks or wedges, lunes or squares,  
 Firm as they stood; to the *Warsovian* troops  
 A nobler toil and triumph worth their fight.  
 But the broad sabre and keen poll-ax flew  
 With speedy terror through the feebler herd,  
 And made rude havoc and irregular spoil  
 Among the vulgar bands which own'd the name  
 Of *Mahomet*. The wild *Arabians* fled  
 In swift affright a thousand different ways  
 Through brakes and thorns, and climb'd the craggy  
 mountains

Bellowing, yet hasty fate o'ertook the cry,  
 And *Polish* hunters clave the tim'rous deer.

Thus the dire prospect distant fill'd my soul  
 With awe, till the last relics of the war  
 The thin *Edonians* flying had disclos'd  
 The ghastly plain: I took a nearer view  
 Unscemly to the sight, nor to the smell  
 Grateful. What loads of mangled flesh and limbs,  
 A dismal carnage, bath'd in reeking gore  
 Lay weltring on the ground, while flitting life  
 Convuls'd the nerves still shiv'ring, nor had lost  
 All taste of pain! Here an old *Thracian* lies

T

Deform'd

Deform'd with years and scars, and groans aloud  
 Torn with fresh wounds, but inward vitals firm  
 Forbid the soul's remove, and chain it down  
 By the hard laws of nature to sustain  
 Long torment; his wild eye-balls roll, his teeth  
 Gnashing with anguish, chide his ling'ring fate:  
 Emblazön'd armour spoke his high command  
 Among the neighbouring dead; they round their Lord  
 Lay prostrate; some in flight ignobly slain,  
 Some to the skies their faces upwards turn'd  
 Still brave, and proud to die so near their prince.

I mov'd not far, and lo at manly length\*  
 Two beauteous youths of richest *Ottoman* blood  
 Extended on the field, in friendship join'd,  
 Nor fate divides them: hardy warriors both,  
 Both faithful, drown'd in show'rs of darts they fell  
 Each with his shield spread o'er his lover's heart,  
 In vain, for on those orbs of friendly bras  
 Stood groves of javelins. Some, alas, too deep  
 Were planted there, and through their lovely bosoms  
 Made painful avenues for cruel death.  
 O my dear native land, forgive the tear  
 I dropt on their wan cheeks, when strong compassion  
 Pour'd from my melting eyes the briny dew,  
 And paid a sacrifice to hostile virtue:  
*Dacia*, forgive the sigh that wish'd the souls  
 Of those fair infidels some humble place  
 Among the blest. "Sleep, sleep, ye hapless pair,  
 "Gently, I cry'd, worthy of better fate  
 "And better faith." Hard by the general lay  
 Of *Saracen* descent, a grizly form

---

\* This tender affecting scene of the *Ottoman* youths is the entire invention of *Dr. Watts*. He has run the description into almost twenty lines, and they are in my opinion full of nature and poetry.

Breathless,

Breathless, yet pride sat pale upon his front  
 In disappointment, with a surly brow  
 Low'ring in death, and vex'd : his rigid jaws  
 Foaming with blood bite hard the *Polish* spear :  
 In that dread visage my remembrance reads  
 Rash *Caracas*. In vain the boasting slave  
 Promis'd, and sooth'd the *Sultan* threat'ning fierce  
 With royal suppers, and triumphant fare  
 Spread wide beneath *Warsovian* silk and gold.  
 See on the naked ground all cold he lies  
 Beneath the damp wide covering of the air,  
 Forgetful of his word. How heav'n confounds  
 Insulting hopes, with what an awful smile  
 Laughs at the proud, who loosen all the reins  
 To their unbounded wishes, and leads on  
 Their blind ambition to a shameful end !

But whither am I borne ? This thought of arms  
 Fires me in vain to sing to senseless bulls  
 What generous horse should hear. Break off, my song,  
 My barbarous muse be still. Immortal deeds  
 Must not be thus prophan'd in rustic verse :  
 The martial trumpet, and the following age,  
 And growing fame shall loud rehearse the fight  
 In sounds of glory. Lo, the evening star  
 Shines o'er the western hill. My oxen, come,  
 The well-known star invites the labourer home.

Having laid before my readers, if I mistake not, a bright specimen of *Dr. Watts's* talents in enlarging and adorning the poetical compositions of others in his happy improvements of the above recited ode of *Casimire*, I shall produce another example of the same kind in which he appears to have bestowed some noble decorations upon a very fine poem by another hand.



An ode was published in the time of *Queen Ann* by *S. Cobb* M. A. entitled the *Female Reign* alluding to Horace B. iv. Od. 14, attempted in the style of *Pindar* occasioned by the wonderful success of her majesty's arms, and her allies. "This poem, says the *Doctor*,  
 " (in a note on the title-page of the copy  
 " he himself gave me not many years before  
 " his death with his emendations) in my  
 " opinion is the truest and best Pindaric I  
 " ever read, yet I thought some parts of it  
 " were capable of improvement, I have there-  
 " fore taken some pains, and much liberty  
 " with it to form it entirely to my taste."  
 The ode with the *Doctor's* alterations inserted into it I shall present to the public, and the original words of *Mr. Cobb* are placed at the foot of every stanza, the altered lines of which are marked, 1, 2, 3, &c.

## I.

What can the *British* senate give

To make the name of *Anna* live?

<sup>1</sup> By future kings and shepherds sung,

<sup>2</sup> The labour and the joy of every grateful tongue.

Can faithful registers or rhyme

In charming eloquence, or sprightly wit,

The wonders of her reign transmit

To th' unborn children of succeeding time?

Can Painter's oil, or Statuary's art

Eternity to her impart?

<sup>3</sup> No: these are all but empty things:

Let titled statues, marble honours, rise <sup>4</sup>

Inscrib'd

Inscrib'd to pride and swell'd with lies, <sup>4</sup>  
 When flatt'ry pays her sacrifice <sup>4</sup>  
 To lawless *Neros*, or *Bourbonian* kings :  
 True Virtue to her kindred stars aspires,  
 Does all our pomp of stone and verse surpass,  
 And, mingling with ætherial fires,  
 No uselefs ornament requires  
 From speaking colours, or from breathing brass.

<sup>1</sup> *By future people to be sung,*

<sup>2</sup> *The labour of each grateful tongue.*

<sup>3</sup> *No. Titled statues are but empty things :*

<sup>4</sup> *Inscrib'd to royal vanity,*

*The sacrifice of flattery.*

## II.

Greatest of princes ! where the wand'ring sun  
 Does o'er earth's habitable regions roll,  
 And sees thy race of glory run  
 With swiftness equal to his own  
 From th' eastern barriers to the western goal,  
 Thee on the banks of *Flandrian Scaldis* sings  
 The jocund swain, releas'd from *Gallic* fear, <sup>5</sup>  
 Thee the repeating banks, thee every valley rings,  
 And smiling meadows hear. <sup>6</sup>  
 The *Gaul*, untaught to bear the flames  
 Of men who drink the *Tweed* or *Thames*, <sup>7</sup>  
 From the *Britannic* valour flies,  
 No longer able to withstand  
 The thunderbolt launch'd by a female hand,  
 Or lightning darted from her eyes.

<sup>5</sup> " *The English voice unus'd to hear.*" Omitted.

<sup>6</sup> *Inserted.*

<sup>7</sup> *Of those who drink the Macse or Thames.*

## III.

What treble ruin pious *Anna* brings  
 On false Electors, perjur'd Kings,

Let the twice fugitive *Bavarian* tell,  
 Who from his airy hope of better state  
 By lust of sway, irregularly great,  
 Like an apostate angel, fell.  
<sup>8</sup> He, by imperial favour rais'd,  
<sup>9</sup> In highest rank of glory blaz'd;  
 And had till now unrival'd shone  
 More than a King, contented with his own:  
 But *Lucifer's* bold steps he trod,  
 Who durst assault the throne of God,  
 And for contended realms of blissful light  
 Gain'd the sad privilege to be  
 The first in solid misery,  
 Monarch of hell, and woes, and endless night.  
 Corruption of the best is worst,  
 And foul ambition, like an evil wind,  
 Blights the fair blossoms of a noble mind;  
 And if a Seraph fall, he's *doubly* curs'd.

<sup>8</sup> *Who, by &c.*

<sup>9</sup> *I' th' highest, &c.*

#### IV.

Had guile, and pride, and envy grown  
 In the black groves of *Styx* alone,  
<sup>1</sup> Nor earth the baleful mischiefs known,  
 The swain, without amaze, had till'd  
 The *Flandrian* glebe, a guiltless field:  
<sup>2</sup> Nor broken sword, nor batter'd shield,  
<sup>2</sup> Nor magazines of death had found,  
<sup>2</sup> Nor bones of heroes in the furrow'd ground:  
 No crimson streams had lately swell'd  
 The *Dyle*, the *Danube*, and the *Scheld*;  
 But evils are of necessary growth  
 To rouse the brave, and banish sloth,  
 And some are born to win the stars  
 By sweat, and blood, and worthy scars.

Heroic

Heroic virtue is by action seen,  
<sup>3</sup> Vice only serves to make it keen;  
 And, as gigantic tyrants rise,  
*Nassaus* and *Annas* leave the skies  
 The earth-born monsters to chastise;  
 While *Cerberus* and *Hydra* grow  
 For an *Alcides*, or a *Marlborough*.

<sup>1</sup> *Nor ever had on earth the baleful crop been sown:*

<sup>2</sup> *Nor had he wond'ring when he found  
 The bones of heroes in the ground.*

<sup>3</sup> *And vices serve, &c.*

## V.

If, heav'nly muse, you burn with a desire  
 To praise the man whom all admire:  
 Come from your <sup>4</sup> learn'd *Castalian* springs,  
 And stretch aloft <sup>5</sup> your *Pegasean* wings;  
 Strike the loud *Pyndaric* strings,  
 Like the lark, who soars and sings:  
 And, as you sail the liquid skies,  
 Cast on † *Menapian* fields your weeping eyes:  
 (For weep they surely must  
 To see the bloody annual sacrifice,  
 To think how the neglected dust,  
 Which, with contempt, is basely trod,  
 Was once the limbs of captains, brave and just,  
 The mortal part of some great demy-God:  
<sup>6</sup> They for thrice fifty years of stubborn war,  
 With slaught'ring arms the gun and sword,  
 Have dug the mighty sepulchre,  
 And fall'n as martyrs on record  
 Of tyranny reveng'd, and liberty restor'd.)

<sup>4</sup> *Come from thy, &c.*

<sup>5</sup> *And stretch aloft thy, &c.*

<sup>6</sup> *Who for thrice, &c.*

---

† The *Menapii* were the ancient inhabitants of *Flanders*.



## VI.

See, where at *Audenard*, with heaps of slain,  
 Th' heroic man, inspir'dly brave,  
 Mowing across, bestrews the plain,  
 And with new tenants crowds th'encumber'd grave<sup>7</sup>,  
 His mind unshaken at the frightful scene,  
 His looks as cheerfully serene  
 The routed battle to pursue,  
 As once adorn'd the *Paphian* queen,  
 When to<sup>8</sup> the arms of *Mars* her *Paramour* she flew,  
 The gath'ring troops he kens from far,  
 And with a bridegroom's passion and delight,  
 Courting the war, and glowing for the fight,  
 The new *Salmonæus* meets the *Celtic* thunderer.  
 Ah cursed pride! infernal dream!  
 Which drove him to the wild extreme,  
 That dust<sup>9</sup> should dare aspire to be  
 The rival of divinity:  
 And, as thro' wond'ring streets he rode,  
 Be thought immortal and assume the God;  
 That<sup>4</sup> rattling brass, and trampling horse  
 Should counterfeit th' inimitable force  
 Of divine thunder: horrid crime!  
 But vengeance is the child of time,  
 And will too surely be repay'd  
 On his prophane, devoted head,  
 Who durst affront the pow'rs above,  
 And their eternal flames disgrace:  
 How fatal will the kindled thunder prove,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— the wealthy grave.

<sup>8</sup> ——— to her Thracian Paramour—

<sup>9</sup> That dust a deity should seem.

<sup>1 2</sup> Be thought, as thro' the wond'ring streets he rode,

<sup>3</sup> Th' immortal man, or mortal God.

<sup>4</sup> With rattling brass, &c.

<sup>5</sup> Too fatal, brandish'd by the rightful Jove.

When brandish'd by the rightful *Jove*,  
Or \* *Pallas*, who supplies his place?

## VII.

The *British Pallas*! who, as \* *Homer's* did  
For her lov'd *Diomed*,  
Her hero's mind with wisdom fills,  
And heavenly courage in his heart instils.  
Hence thro' the thickest squadrons does he ride  
With *Anna's* angels by his side.  
With what uncommon speed  
He spurs his foaming, fiery steed,  
And pushes on thro' midmost fires  
Where *France's* fortune with her sons retires.  
Now here, now there the sweepy ruin flies;  
† As when the *Pleiades* arise,  
The southern wind afflicts the skies,  
Then <sup>6</sup>roaring thro' the deep, buffets th' unuly brine,  
Till clouds and water seem to join;  
Or as a dyke, cut by malicious hands,  
O'erflows the fertile *Netherlands*;  
Thro' the wide yawn th' impetuous sea,  
Lavish of his new liberty,

---

\* *Homer*, in his fifth *Iliad*, because the hero of that book is to do wonders beyond the power of man, premises in the beginning, that *Pallas* had peculiarly fitted him for that day's exploits.

† *Indomitas prope qualis undas  
Exercet Auster, Pleiadum choro  
Scindente nubes, impiger hostium  
Vexare turmas, & frementem  
Mittere equum medios per ignes.  
Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,  
Qui regna Dauni præfluit Appuli,  
Cum sævit, horrendamque cultis  
Diluvium meditatur agris.*

**Bestrides**

Bestrides the vale, and with tumultuous noise  
 Bellows along the delug'd plain,  
 Destructive to the ripening grain  
 Far as th' horizon he destroys :  
 The weeping shepherd from an hill bewails the watry  
 reign.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *muttering o'er the deep, &c.*

### VIII.

So rapid flows the *unprison'd* stream !  
 So strong the force of *Mindleheim* !  
 In vain the woods of *Audenard*  
 Would shield the *Gaul*, a fenceless guard.  
 As soon may whirlwinds be with-held  
<sup>7</sup> As *Marlborough* marching cross the *Scheld*.  
 In vain the torrent would oppose,  
 In vain arm'd banks, and num'rous foes :  
<sup>8</sup> They with inglorious haste retire,  
 Fly faster than the river flows,  
 And swifter than our fire.  
*Vendosme* from far upbraids their nimble shame,  
 And pleads his royal master's fame,  
 " By *Conde's* mighty ghost, he cries,  
 " By *Luxemburgh*, *Turenne*, and all  
 " Those noble souls, who fell a sacrifice  
 " At † *Lens*, at *Fleurus*, and at *Landen* fight,  
 " Stop, I conjure, your ignominious flight,"  
 But fear is deaf to honour's call.  
 Each frowning threat and soothing prayer  
 Is lost in the regardless air.

<sup>7</sup> *As his passage o'er the Scheld.*

<sup>8</sup> *Who with, &c.*

---

† Near this place the Prince of *Conde* gave the *Spaniards* a very great overthrow, 1678.

As well he may  
 The billows of the ocean stay,  
 While *Churchill*, like a driving wind,  
 Or high spring-tide, pursues behind,  
 And with redoubled speed urges their forward way.

## IX.

Nor less, *Eugenio*, thy important care,  
 Thou second thunderbolt of war!  
 Partner in danger and in fame,  
 With *Marlborough* the winds shall bear  
 To distant colonies thy conqu'ring name.  
 Nor shall the muse forget to sing  
 From harmony what blessings spring,  
 To tell how death did enviously repine  
 To see a friendship so divine,  
 When in a ball's destroying shape she past,  
 And mark'd thy threaten'd brow<sup>1</sup> in haste;  
 But durst not touch that sacred brain  
 Where the concerns of *Europe* reign;  
<sup>2</sup> Surpris'd she bow'd her ghastly head,  
 She saw the mark of heav'n, and fled.  
 As cruel *Brennus* once, insulting *Gaul*,  
 When he, at *Allia*'s fatal flood,  
 Had fill'd the plains with *Roman* blood,  
 With conscious awe forsook the capitol,  
 Where *Jove*, revenger of profaneness, stood.

<sup>1</sup> ——— at last.

<sup>2</sup> For straight she bow'd her ghastly head.

## X.

But, where the good and brave command,  
 What capitol, what castle can withstand!  
<sup>3</sup> Nor *Jove* will lift an hostile hand.  
 Virtue, as well as gold, can pass  
 Thro' walls of stone, and tow'rs of brass.

*Liste*



† *Lisle* was the fairest progeny  
 Of *Vauban's* wond'rous skill ;  
 Captive in *Lewis's* arms she lay,  
 Yet, like a nymph of honour, still  
 She claim'd the glory to be courted long :  
*Eugene* the bold, the vigorous, and the young,  
 Attacks the fair with warlike art,  
 How brave in arms the dauntless lover stood  
 Against her frowning thunders, and thro' seas of blood  
 Tore the bright darling from th' old tyrant's heart !  
 Such † *Buda* saw him when proud ‡ *Apti* fell,  
 Unhappy, valiant infidel !  
 Who, vanquish'd by superior strength,  
 § Surrender'd haughtily his breath,  
 ¶ On the broad breach measuring his manly length,  
 And shun'd the bow-string by a nobler death.

<sup>3</sup> *Inserted.*

<sup>4</sup> *Lisle, like a mistress, had been courted long,  
 And always yielded to the bold and young ;  
 The fairest progeny of Vauban's art,  
 Till Savoy's warlike prince withstood  
 Her frowning thunders, &c.*

<sup>5</sup> *Surrendered up his haughty breath,*

<sup>6</sup> *Upon the breach measuring his manly length.*

## XI.

Such || *Harscham's* field beheld him in his bloom,  
 When *Victory* bespoke him for her own,

---

† Prince *Eugene* bore a considerable share in the glory of that day on which *Buda* was taken.

‡ He was bassaw of the city, and lost his life on the breach.

|| This was a fatal battle to the Turks in the year 1687. Prince *Eugene* with the regiments of his brigade was the first who entered the trenches, and for that reason had the honour to be the first messenger of this happy news to the emperor.

Her

Her favourite, immortal son,  
 And told of better years revolving on the loom :  
 How he should make the *Turkish* crescent wane,  
 And choak § *Tibiscus* with the slain ;  
 7 While slaughter'd bassaws over bassaws roll'd,  
 And viziers lay beneath the lofty pile ;  
 Then all his numerous acts she told  
 From *Latian Carpi* down to *Flandrian Lisle*.  
 “ Hero (she said) each rising day  
 “ New conquests shall produce,  
 “ Surprising scenes shall every sun survey,  
 “ Labour for envy, and a muse.  
 “ 8 Here with her rattling trumpet's sound  
 “ 9 Fame shall shake the hills around ;  
 “ 10 Shall tell how *Webb*, nigh woody *Wynendale*,  
 “ Argu'd each inch of the important ground.  
 “ So much in virtue's scale  
 “ True valour numbers can out-do,  
 “ And thousands are but cyphers to a few.”

7 (*While viziers lay beneath the lofty pile  
 Of slaughter'd bassaws who o'er bassaws rowl'd*)  
*And all his numerous acts she told  
 From Latian Carpi down to Flandrian Lisle.  
 Where every day new conquests should produce,  
 Labour for, &c.*

8 *Where with her, &c.*

9 *Fame should, &c.*

10 *Should tell, &c.*

---

§ This battle was fought on the 10th of October 1697 ; where Prince *Eugene* commanded in chief ; in which there never happened so great and so terrible a destruction to the *Ottoman* army, which fell upon the principal commanders more than the common soldiers, for no less than 15 bassaws (five of which had been viziers of the bench) were killed, besides the supreme vizier.

Honour

## XII.

*Honour* with open arms receives at last  
 The heroes, who thro' *Virtue's* temple past;  
 And show'rs down laurels from above  
 On those whom *Heav'n* and *Anna* love;  
 And some, not sparingly, she throws  
 For the young eagles, who could try<sup>1</sup>,  
 And dare the sun with steady eye,  
 For *Hanover's* and *Prussia's* brows,  
*Eugenes* in bloom, and future *Marlboroughs*.  
 To *Hanover*, *Brunswiga's* second grace,  
 Descendant from a long imperial race,  
 The muse directs an unaffected flight,  
 And prophecies, from so serene a morn,  
 To what clear glories he is born,  
 When, blazing with a full meridian light,  
 He shall the *British* hemisphere adorn.  
 When *Mars* shall lay his batter'd target down,  
<sup>2</sup> He in his full-grown harvest of renown,  
 Shall after his great father sit,  
 (If heav'n so long a life permit)  
 And, having swell'd the flowing tide  
 Of fame, which he in arms shall get,  
 (The purchase of an honest sweat)  
 Shall safe in stormy seas *Britannia's* vessel guide.

<sup>1</sup> Omitted, "*The faith and judgment of the sky.*"

<sup>2</sup> *And he (since death will never spare  
 The good, the pious, and the fair)*

<sup>3</sup> *In his ripe harvest of renown.*

## XIII.

*Britannia's* vessel, which, in *Anna's* reign  
 And prudent pilocy, enjoys  
 The tempest, which the world destroys,  
 And rides triumphant o'er the subject main.  
 O may she soon a quiet harbour gain!

And sure the promis'd hour is come,  
 When in soft notes the peaceful lyre  
 Shall still the trumpet and the drum,  
 Shall play what gods and men desire,  
 And strike *Bellona's* music dumb ;  
 When war, by parents curst, shall quit the field  
 Unbuckle his bright helmet, and to rest  
 His weary limbs, sit on his idle shield  
 With scars of honour plow'd upon his breast.  
 But if the *Gallic Pharaoh's* stubborn heart  
<sup>4</sup> Still hardens and constrains th' unwilling skies  
 To act the last, ungrateful part,  
 Thy forces, *Anna*, like a flood shall rise,  
 And th' unrelenting vengeance whelm  
 Over his famish'd desolated realm :  
 The sons of *Pharamond* in vain  
 (Who with dishonest envy see  
 The sweet forbidden fruits of distant liberty)  
<sup>5</sup> Shall curse their *Salic* law, and wish a FEMALE REIGN.

<sup>4</sup> Grows fresh for punishment and hardens still,  
 Prepar'd for th' irrecoverable ill ;  
 And forceth' unwilling skies to act the last ungrateful part ;  
 Thy forces, *Anna*, like a flood shall whelm  
 (If heav'n does sc. pter'd innocence maintain)  
 His famish'd, desolated realm,  
 And all the sons of *Pharamond* in vain  
<sup>5</sup> Shall curse their rigid *Salic* law, &c.

## XIV.

A FEMALE REIGN, like thine,  
 O *Anna*, *British* heroine !  
 To thee afflicted empires fly for aid,  
 Where'er tyrannic standards are display'd,  
 From the wrong'd *Iber* to the threatned *Rhine*.  
 Thee, where the golden-sanded *Tagus* flows  
 Beneath



Beneath fair \* *Ulyssippo's* walls  
 The frighted *Lusitanian* calls ;  
 Thee, they who drink the *Sein*, with those  
 Who plow *Iberian* fields, implore  
 To give the lab'ring world repose,  
 And universal peace restore :  
<sup>6</sup> *Lutetia* mournful scarce survives the fate  
 Of her fall'n grandeur, and departed state,  
<sup>7</sup> And dares not whisper in a sigh,  
 Her murder'd and forgotten liberty ;  
<sup>8</sup> Yet is by sad experience taught to own  
 That virtue is a safer way to rise,  
 A shorter passage to the skies  
 Than *Pelion* upon † *Ossa* thrown :  
<sup>9</sup> Giants, whose vain attempts aspire  
 To reach the starry thrones, become  
 Sure food for thunder and *Ætnean* fire :  
 Their pride by an inevitable doom  
 Gains but a higher fall, a mountain for their tomb.  
<sup>6</sup> *Thee Gallia, mournful to survive the fate*  
<sup>7</sup> *Inserted.*  
<sup>8</sup> *By sad experience taught to own*  
<sup>9</sup> *For they who by deny'd attempts presume*  
*To reach the starry thrones, become*  
*Sure food for thunder, and condemn'd to howl*  
*In Ætna, or in Arima to roll*  
*By an inevitable doom,*  
*Gain but a higher fall, &c.*

I shall close the examples of the *Doctor's* im-  
 provements of the poems of others with what  
 he did of this kind in respect of *Dr. Young's*

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\* The old name of *Lisbon*, said to be built by *Ulysses*.

† Two mountains where *Jupiter* lodged the giants.

poetical paraphrase of the latter part of the Book of *Job*. The following is the description of the comet by *Dr. Young*:

Who drew the comet out to such a size,  
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?  
Did thy resentment hang him out? Does he  
Glare on the nations, and denounce from thee?

The lines are thus altered by *Dr. Watts*,

Who stretch'd the comet to prodigious size,  
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?  
Is't at thy wrath the heav'nly monster glares  
O'er the pale nations to denounce thy wars \*?

*Dr. Young's* description of the peacock is contained in six lines.

How rich the peacock? What bright glories run  
From plume to plume, and vary in the sun?  
He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,  
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day;  
With conscious state the spacious round surveys  
And slowly moves amidst the waving blaze.

*Dr. Watts* has enlarged the description to thirteen lines.

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\* The Doctor informed me that he well remembered the great comet which appeared in 1680, and took up to the eye the third part of the heavens. It is no wonder when such a deep and early impression was made upon his mind (being then about six years old) that a genius like his own produced such a fine description of the comet as his lines afford us.

View next the peacock. What bright glories ruit  
 From plume to plume, and vary in the sun?  
 Proudly he boasts them to the heav'nly ray,  
 Gives all his colours, and adorns the day.  
 Was it thy pencil, *Job*, divinely bold  
 Drest his rich form in azure, green, and gold?  
 Thine hand his head with starry radiance crown'd,  
 And spread his sweepy train? His train disdains the  
                   ground,  
 And kindles living lamps through all the spacious  
                   round.

Mark with what conscious state the bird displays  
 His native gems, and, midst the waving blaze,  
 On the slow step of majesty he moves,  
 Asserts his honours and demands his loves.

It may not be improper to observe that these additions which the *Doctor* made to the poems of others are not to be considered, as is evident from what he says in his preface to the freedoms he had taken with *Mr. Cobb's* ode, as degradations of them, or as if he entertained a low opinion concerning them. The case, if I am right in my conjecture, was really no other than this. The *Doctor* read these noble compositions, felt his muse kindled by them, indulged the transport, and in that transport made these happy improvements, nourishing the flame where it appeared too languid, and enlarging the descriptions where he found them not in full proportion to their objects. In a word, because they were fine productions, therefore he bestowed his pains, and hereby virtually passed his highest encomiums upon them.

CHAP.

## C H A P. IX.

*The honourable Notice taken of the Doctor while living.*

PREFIXED to the later editions of his *Horæ Lyricæ* are several copies of verses. That of the earliest date (*April 17, 1706*) was composed by the *Rev. Mr. Joseph Standen*, which is not destitute of poetical merit, and pays the highest honour to the *Doctor*.

The next commendatory verses in order of time (*July 1706*) are those of *Miss Singer*, afterwards *Mrs. Rowe*, under the name of *Philomela*. The numbers are remarkably easy and flowing, and the beauties of poetry, and the greatest encomiums on the *Doctor* are blended together.

The *Rev. Mr. Henry Grove* next adds his commendations in a copy of verses dated *September 4, 1706*, which does honour to the author as well as the subject of them. They contain an inimitable tenderness and beauty of description, and the sublimest panegyric upon the *Doctor's Divine Poems*.

A fourth poem is prefixed to the *Doctor's Lyrics* under the signature of *Britannicus*. Who the author of them was I never heard, nor have I any guide to conjecture, but it appears from his account of himself that he was but young, and had not been used to poetic com-



posures. The close of the poem has something very noble in its sentiment and imagery, and the lines are at once majestic and flowing as well as full of honour to the *Doct̄or*.

The only remaining copy of verses that introduces the Doct̄or's *Lyrics* is subscribed *Eusebia*, who without doubt was no less a person than the *Countess of Hertford* afterwards the *Duchess of Somerset*. The lines are remarkably easy, smooth, and poetical, and discover a transcendent esteem of the *Doct̄or's* genius and piety.

*Mr.* now *Dr. Mather Byles*, Pastor of one of the churches at *Boston* in *New England*, addressed an ode to the Doct̄or *Feb. 1, 1727-28*, which deserves a place in our work.

*To the Rev. Mr. Watts on his Horæ Lyricæ.*

I.

Say, smiling Muse, what heav'nly strain  
Forbids the waves to roar,  
Comes gently gliding o'er the main,  
And charms our list'ning shore?

II.

What angel strikes the trembling strings,  
And whence the silver sound?  
Is't from the heights where *Gabriel* sings?  
Or *Watts* on lower ground?

III.

'Tis thine, seraphic *Watts*! thy lyre  
Plays soft along the floods;  
Thy notes the answ'ring hills inspire,  
And bend the waving woods.

IV. The

## IV.

The deserts, fill'd with vital strains,  
 A smiling verdure show,  
 While whisp'ring o'er the fertile plains  
 The tuneful breezes blow.

## V.

Such artful sounds, such flowing grace  
 Ev'n the rough rocks regale,  
 And flow'ry joy spreads o'er the face  
 Of ev'ry laughing vale.

## VI.

And thou, my soul, the transport own,  
 Fir'd with immortal heat,  
 While dancing pulses driving on  
 In chearful motions beat.

## VII.

Long as the sun shall rear his head,  
 And chase the flying glooms,  
 When from the ocean's eastern bed  
 The gallant bridegroom comes;

## VIII.

Long as the dusky evening flies,  
 And sheds a doubtful light  
 Till shadows thick'ning round the skies  
 Vest half the globe with night,

## IX.

O *Watts*, thine heav'nly lays so long  
 Shall ev'ry bosom fire,  
 And ev'ry Muse, and ev'ry tongue  
 To speak thy praise conspire:

## X.

When thy fair soul shall on the wing  
 Of shouting seraphs rise  
 Then with superior sweetness sing  
 Amid thy native skies:

## XI.

Still, as thy gentle numbers flow  
 Melodious and divine,  
 Angels above and saints below  
 The deathless chorus join :

## XII.

To our far shore, the sound shall roll,  
 As *Philomela* \* sung,  
 And East to West, and pole to pole,  
 Th' eternal tune prolong.

Besides the above poems in honour of the *Doctor* I have met with another said to be written by a youth of 17 years of age, which breathes a warm respect and veneration for him, and in some of its verses at least is truly poetical.

\* I suppose *Dr. Byles* here refers to the last stanzas in the poem *Mrs. Rowe* wrote in honour to the *Doctor* under the name of *Philomela*, and which we find prefixed to his *Horæ Lyricæ*.

With such a graceful harmony  
 Thy numbers still prolong,  
 And let remotest lands reply,  
 And echo to thy song ;  
 Far as the distant regions, where  
 The beauteous morning springs,  
 And scatters odours through the air  
 From her resplendent wings,  
 Unto the new-found realms, which see  
 The latter sun arise,  
 When with an easy progress he  
 Rolls down the nether skies.

*To the Rev. Dr. Watts.*

Illustrious *Watts!* accept these early lays;  
 To you the muse this grateful offering pays,  
 To your capacious and exalted mind,  
 Endow'd with talents of the noblest kind  
 Superior knowledge on the heart impress'd,  
 And wit that's guarded by a pious breast,  
 Goodness ally'd to an extensive soul,  
 Which all the sensual passions can control,  
 In fine with ev'ry grace and virtue bless'd  
 Lov'd by the pious, by the wise care's'd.  
 Taught by thy labours and instructive page  
 See virtuous youths adorn the rising age,  
 And sprung from them in future ages shine  
 Youths, who shall glory in thy works divine.

The *inward witness* \* to the truth you prove,  
 And all th' objections of the vain remove,  
 Exhort the Christian boldly to abide  
 The scoffing jests of all the sons of pride,  
 Humble religion and sincere you show  
 To be the source of all our blifs below  
 Whence more true joy, more solid comfort springs  
 Than from the grandeur and the pomp of kings.

Your *lovely youth* † with pitying eyes we view  
 Rejecting *Jesus* and salvation too.  
 Th' unwary youth, ah fatal snare! behold  
 Too strongly fetter'd in his chains of gold.

The lofty themes which on your numbers wait  
 Proclaim a soul that's nobly good and great,  
 While virtue triumphs in your hallow'd strains,  
 And binds our passions in harmonious chains.

\* Sermons on the Inward Witness to Christianity.

† Sermons on an hopeful Youth falling short of heaven.



Hail sacred bard! in *British* verse you sing  
 The heav'n-sprung writings of the *Hebrew* king,  
 Which *Denham's* Muse aspiring after sought,  
 But fail'd in construing what great *David* thought:  
 In your more nervous and pathetic lines  
 Each sacred thought in genuine beauty shines.  
 Lo! here prophetic rage exalts the theme,  
 And spreads the glory of *Messiah's* name:  
 There dread *Jehovah's* pow'r inspires the lay,  
 Loud thunders roar, and livid lightnings play;  
 His cloudy chariot with swift motion flies  
 As winged winds across the tow'ring skies.  
 But mark the glory of the varied scene  
 The bright description of the god serene  
 In matchless light, and dazzling pomp display'd,  
 With honour rob'd, and majesty array'd,  
 While mercy, meekness, and salvation stand,  
 In glorious order at his sov'reign hand.  
 Here *Hebrew* flocks the tuneful shepherd leads  
 To the green pastures and the flow'ry meads,  
 And now with balmy rest he sooths his soul,  
 Where placid streams of living waters roll.  
 With ev'ry line my raptur'd breast is fir'd,  
 And hints like those that heav'nly bard inspir'd,  
 Far more delightful than *Elysian* streams,  
 Or the vain fables of old poet's dreams.

Let gay loose wits perpetuate their name,  
 And boast their record in the rolls of fame,  
 Though these should universal praise obtain  
 Vain is their honour, and their triumph vain:  
 To raise the soul t' immortal realms be thine,  
 While heav'nly numbers swell the theme divine.

May I be allowed the liberty of closing the  
 train of poetical pieces in praise of this most  
 worthy

worthy and excellent man with an epigram of my own writing several years since?

*In Virum reverendum philosophicis, poeticis, et theologicis Studiis eximium Isaacum Watts, S. T. P.*

*Calliope, Pallas, Virtus cœlestia spirans  
Floribus & gemmis certant torquere coronam :  
Magnificus fragransque labor concluditur : at quis  
Grande opus accipiet ? Wattsi, tua tempora cingit.*

ENGLISHED.

*Science, the Muse, and Virtue heav'nly fair  
Of flow'rs and jewels a rich wreath prepare :  
The chaplet the concurring sisters weave,  
But say whose temples shall the crown receive ?  
Thy brows, O ! WATTS ! the circling glory wear,  
And each bright nymph assists to fix it there.*

To the above poems in honour of the Doctor we shall add some encomiums passed upon him by several writers in prose.

The 461st number of the *Spectator* contains a poetical version of the 114th Psalm, and an introductory letter, both composed, and communicated by the *Doctor* to the authors of that celebrated work. Not only were they thought deserving a place in those ingenious papers, but they are ushered in with an encomium upon the author due to his merit, and are a testimony in what esteem his compositions were held by persons of the first reputation for fine taste and elegant writing.

*Sir*

*Sir Richard Blackmore*, who was himself no inconsiderable poet, as his poem entitled *Creation* most demonstratively proves \*, in his preface to a collection of poems on various subjects published 1718 has the following passage.

“ Hitherto, as I have said, but few of the wits  
 “ of this kingdom, which abounds in genius  
 “ and poetical inspiration above any nation  
 “ upon earth, have thought fit to exercise their  
 “ pens expressly and directly in cultivating di-  
 “ vine and moral poetry, but only in an alle-  
 “ gorical and disguising dress. Some persons  
 “ of great virtue and piety have attempted it,  
 “ but these having neither poetical genius nor

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\* The Spectator No. 339 takes notice of this poem, and like an herald proclaims its praises, when recent from the press. “ I cannot conclude, says he, this book (meaning  
 “ *Milton's* 7th book of his *Paradise Lost*) upon the *Creation*  
 “ without mentioning a poem which has lately appeared  
 “ under that title. The work was undertaken with so good  
 “ an intention, and is executed with so great a mastery  
 “ that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the most use-  
 “ ful and noble productions in our English verse. The  
 “ reader cannot but be pleased to find the depths of phi-  
 “ losophy enlivened with all the charms of poetry, and to  
 “ see so great a strength of reason, amidst so beautiful a  
 “ redundancy of the imagination. The author has shown  
 “ us that design in all the works of nature, which necessa-  
 “ rily leads us to the knowledge of its first cause. In short  
 “ he has illustrated by numberless and incontestible evi-  
 “ dences that divine wisdom which the son of *Sirach* has so  
 “ nobly ascribed to the Supreme Being, in his formation of  
 “ the world, when he tells us, *that he created her, and saw*  
 “ *her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all his*  
 “ *works.*”

“ judgment, neither fertile imagination nor  
 “ any knowledge of the rules and spirit of poe-  
 “ try have only written indifferent prose in the  
 “ poorest verse; and, though they deserve the  
 “ honour of good men, they must be contented  
 “ with the character of bad poets. This I  
 “ think is a just censure on the greatest part of  
 “ those who have written religious books in  
 “ English verse; but I except from this num-  
 “ ber the ingenious *Mr. Watts*, whose divine  
 “ poetry is very laudable, and much superior  
 “ to all who have gone before him in the *Lyrical*  
 “ kind.”

By the way this public respect which *Sir Richard* paid the *Doctor* was genteelly returned by him in a present of his *Imitation of the Psalms of David*, accompanied with a few lines to him in the unprinted page at the beginning of the volume. The *Doctor* thus writes,

*To Sir Richard Blackmore, Knt. &c.*

“ Worthy Sir,

“ Though you have constrained me to de-  
 “ face one of the best pages in my Preface by  
 “ forbidding me the honour of showing your  
 “ name to the world there, yet I cannot deny  
 “ myself the pleasure of setting your name in  
 “ this blank leaf, where none but yourself will  
 “ be witnesses to the high esteem that I pay you.  
 “ So secret a gratitude can never offend, while  
 “ the honour you have done me in a late Pre-  
 “ face



“ face of yours is thus silently acknowledged  
 “ by, Sir,

“ Your obliged, humble servant,

Jan. 9, 1718-19.

“ ISAAC WATTS\*.”

Prefixed to the *German* translation of the *Doctor's Discourses on Death and Heaven* published at *Halle* in *Saxony* 1727 is the following preface.

*To the Reader.*

“ Here is communicated to you a treatise in  
 “ which the late pious *Mr. Frank*, Professor of  
 “ Divinity at *Halle*, found so much edification  
 “ and satisfaction that he engaged an able per-  
 “ son to translate it into our *German* tongue to  
 “ make others partake of the same spiritual  
 “ benefit. This treatise consists of two fune-  
 “ ral sermons which an *English* divine, who  
 “ perhaps is still living, composed on the death  
 “ of two eminent persons, which he enlarged  
 “ for their publication. The subject of the  
 “ first is Death taken from 1 Cor. xv. 26. The  
 “ second is Heaven from Heb. xii. 23. From  
 “ this last he takes an occasion of flying with  
 “ his thoughts into the blessed mansions of the  
 “ just made perfect by giving us not only a  
 “ very probable and beautiful idea of the glory

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\* The book with the lines above in the blank page is now in the hands of my worthy brother the *Rev. Dr. John Trotter*, whence I transcribed it.

“ of a future life in general, but also an enu-  
“ meration of the many forts of enjoyments  
“ and pleasures which are to be met with  
“ there.

“ Though the first sermon contains many  
“ elegant passages worthy to be read, yet the  
“ latter seems to be a more elaborate piece,  
“ because it sets the doctrine of eternal life in  
“ a greater light, and enriches it with many  
“ probable inferences from the word of God.  
“ He proposes his excellent thoughts in most  
“ emphatical terms, in that beautiful order and  
“ with such a vivacity of style that he keeps  
“ the reader in a continual attention, and an  
“ eager desire to read on. It is plain the au-  
“ thor’s mind was so taken up with the beauty  
“ of heaven that his mouth could not but speak  
“ the abundance of his heart. There is a se-  
“ cret unction in his expressions which leaves a  
“ sweet favour in the reader’s heart and raises  
“ in him a desire after the blessed society he  
“ describes; and though the reader should not  
“ entirely agree with the author’s notions yet  
“ he will not peruse this treatise without a par-  
“ ticular edification and blessing. I cannot deny  
“ but the author’s conjectures may be sometimes  
“ carried a little too far, but that doth not  
“ prejudice the subject in the least. Besides,  
“ he is generally so happy as to find some ar-  
“ guments for his probable notions in the  
“ word of God, and to answer very dexterously  
“ all

“ all the objections which can be made against  
 “ him.

“ May the everliving God give a blessing to  
 “ this work, and grant that those sweet and re-  
 “ lishing truths proposed in these leaves may  
 “ make such an impression on the minds of the  
 “ readers as those noble truths deserve! May  
 “ he prevent all abuse of this delightful subject;  
 “ and never permit it to be turned into a mere  
 “ dry or fruitless speculation; but may he in-  
 “ flame every reader with an holy desire after  
 “ a blessed eternity, and rouse, and excite all  
 “ those who have not yet begun the paths  
 “ of salvation to enter into them without de-  
 “ lay, that they may not rest in a mere de-  
 “ lightful prospect of the land of *Canaan*, nor  
 “ be forever excluded by their unbelief from  
 “ the eternal enjoyment of it! Given at *Halle*  
 “ *July 10, 1727.*

“ JOHN JACOB RAMBACH,  
 “ S. Theol. Prof. Ordinar.”

✓ We shall conclude with the dedication by  
*Dr. Philip Doddridge* of his very valuable treatise  
 entitled, *The rise and progress of religion in*  
*the soul.*

*To the Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts:*

Rev. and Dear Sir,

With the most affectionate gratitude and re-  
 spect I beg leave to present to you a book;  
 which

which owes its existence to your request, its copiousness to your plan, and much of its perspicuity to your review, and to the use I made of your remarks on that part of it, which your health and leisure would permit you to examine. I address it to you not to beg your patronage to it, for of that I am already well assured, and much less from any ambition of attempting your character, for which, if I were more equal to the subject, I should think this a very improper place, but chiefly from a secret delight which I find in the thought of being known to those whom this may reach as one whom you have honoured not only with your friendship, but with so much of your esteem and approbation too as must substantially appear in your committing a work to me, which you had yourself projected as one of the most considerable services of your life.

I have long thought the love of popular applause a meanness which a philosophy far inferior to that of our divine Master might have taught us to conquer. But to be esteemed by eminently great and good men to whom we are intimately known appears to me not only one of the most solid attestations of some real worth, but next to the approbation of God and our own consciences one of its most valuable rewards. It will I doubt not be found so in that world to which spirits like yours are tending, and for which, through divine grace, you have obtained so uncommon a degree of ripeness.



ripeness. And, permit me, Sir, while I write this to refresh myself with the hope that when that union of hearts, which has so long subsisted between us, shall arrive to its full maturity and endearment there, it will be matter of mutual delight to recollect that you have assigned me, and that I have in some degree executed a task which may perhaps, under the blessing of God, awaken and improve religious sentiments in the minds of those we leave behind us, and of others that may arise after us in this vain, transitory, and ensnaring world.

Such is the improvement you have made of your capacities for service that I am fully persuaded heaven has received very few in these latter ages who have done so much to serve its interests here below; few who have laboured in this best of causes with equal zeal and success; and therefore I cannot but join with all who wish well to the Christian interest amongst us in acknowledging the goodness of Providence to you, and to the church of Christ in prolonging a life at once so valuable and so tender to such an advanced period. With them Sir, I rejoice that God hath given you to possess in so extraordinary a degree not only the consciousness of intending great benefit to the world, but the satisfaction of having effected it, and seeing such an harvest already springing up, I hope as an earnest of a more copious increase from thence. With multitudes more bless God that you are not in the evening of  
afflicted

afflicted and so laborious a day rendered entirely incapable of serving the public from the press and from the pulpit, and that amidst the pain which your active spirit feels when these pleasing services suffer long interruption from bodily weakness it may be so singularly refreshed by reflecting on that sphere of extensive usefulness in which by your writings you continually move.

I congratulate you, dear Sir, that, while you are in a multitude of families and schools of the lower class condescending to the humble yet important work of forming infant-minds to the first rudiments of religious knowledge and devout impressions by your *various Catechisms* and *divine Songs*, you are also daily reading lectures of *Logic* and other useful branches of *philosophy* to studious youth; and this not only in *private academies* but in the most public and celebrated seats of learning, not merely in *Scotland*, and in our *American colonies*, where for some peculiar considerations it might be most naturally expected, but, through the amiable candor of some excellent men and accomplished tutors, in our *English universities* too. I congratulate you that you are teaching no doubt hundreds of ministers and private Christians by your *sermons*, and other *theological tracts*, so happily calculated to diffuse through their minds that light of knowledge, and through their hearts that fervor of piety, which God has been pleased

to enkindle in your own. But above all I congratulate you that by your *sacred poetry*, especially by *your Psalms*, and *your Hymns* you are leading the worship and I trust also animating the devotion of myriads in our public assemblies every Sabbath, and in their families and closets every day. This, Sir, at least so far as it relates to the service of the sanctuary, is an unparalleled favour by which God hath been pleased to distinguish you, I may boldly say it, beyond any of his servants now upon earth. Well may it be esteemed a glorious equivalent, and indeed much more than an equivalent for all those views of ecclesiastical preferment to which such talents, learning, virtues, and interest might have entitled you in an establishment, and I doubt not but you joyfully accept it as such.

Nor is it easy to conceive in what circumstances you could on any supposition have been easier and happier than in that pious and truly honourable family in which, as I verily believe in special indulgence both to you and to it, Providence has been pleased to appoint that you should spend so considerable a part of your life. It is my earnest prayer that all the remainder of it may be serene, useful, and pleasant. And as to my certain knowledge your compositions have been the singular comfort of many excellent Christians, some of them numbered among my dearest friends, on their dy-

ing

ing beds, for I have heard stanzas of them repeated from the lips of several, who were doubtless in a few hours to begin the song of *Moses* and *the Lamb*, so I hope and trust that, when God shall call you to that salvation for which your faith and patience have so long been waiting, he will shed around you the choicest beams of his favour, and gladden your heart with consolations like those which you have been the happy instrument of administering to others.

In the mean time, Sir, be assured that I am not a little animated in the various labours to which Providence has called me by reflecting that I have such a contemporary and especially such a friend, whose single presence would be to me as that of a cloud of witnesses here below to awaken my alacrity in the race which is set before me. And I am persuaded that, while I say this, I speak the sentiment of many of my brethren, even of various denominations; a consideration which I hope will do something towards reconciling a heart so generous as yours to a delay of that exceeding and eternal weight of glory which is now so nearly approaching. Yes, my honoured friend, you will I hope cheerfully endure a little longer continuance in life amidst all its infirmities from an assurance that, while God is pleased to maintain the exercise of your reason, it is hardly possible you should live in vain to the world or yourself. Every day, and every trial is brightening your

X 2

crown,



crown, and rendering you still more and more meet for an inheritance among the saints in light. Every word which you drop from the pulpit has now surely its peculiar weight. The eyes of many are on their ascending prophet eagerly intent that they may catch if not his mantle, at least some divine sentence from his lips, which may long guide their ways, and warm their hearts. This solicitude your friends bring into those happy moments in which they are favoured with your converse in private, and, when you are retired from them, your prayers I doubt not largely contribute towards guarding your country, watering the church, and blessing the world. Long may they continue to answer these great ends! And permit me, Sir, to conclude with expressing my chearful confidence that in these best moments you are often particularly mindful of one, who so highly esteems, so greatly needs, and so warmly returns that remembrance as,

Reverend Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother,

And obliged humble Servant,

*Northampton,*

PHILIP DODDRIDGE\*."

*Dec. 13, 1744.*

To

\* As *Dr. Doddridge* entertained a very high opinion of *Dr. Watts* so the *Doctor* had the same of him, for in a letter to *Mr. David Longueville*, minister of the *English* church at *Amsterdam*, he thus writes to him :

To the enumeration of the honours the *Doc-*  
*tor* received from various persons of acknow-  
 ledged

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Rev. Sir, It is a very agreeable employment to which you call me, and a very sensible honour you put upon me, when you desire me to give you my sentiments of that reverend and learned writer *Dr. Doddridge* to be prefixed to a translation of any of his works into the *Dutch* tongue. I have well known him many years, and have enjoyed a constant intimacy and friendship with him ever since the Providence of God called him to be a professor of human science, and a teacher of sacred theology to young men among us, who are trained up for the ministry of the Gospel. I have no need to give you a large account of his knowledge in the sciences, in which I confess him to be greatly my superior; and as to the doctrines of divinity, and the Gospel of Christ I know not of any man of greater skill than himself, and hardly sufficient to be his second. As he hath a most exact acquaintance with the things of God and our holy religion, so far as we are let into the knowledge of them by the light of nature and the revelations of scripture, so he hath a most happy manner of teaching those who are younger. He hath a most skilful and condescending way of instruction, nor is there any person of my acquaintance, with whom I am more entirely agreed in all the sentiments of the doctrine of Christ. He is a most hearty believer of the great articles, and important principles of the *Reformed* church, a most affectionate preacher, and pathetic writer on the practical parts of religion, and in one word, since I am now advanced in age beyond my seventieth year, if there were any man to whom Providence would permit me to commit a second part of my life and usefulness in the church of Christ *Dr. Doddridge* should be the man. If you have read that excellent performance of his, *The rise and progress of religion in the soul*, &c. you will be of my mind: his Dedication to me is the only thing in that book I could hardly permit myself to approve. Besides all this he pos-

ledged eminence and merit I will add that in the year 1728 the universities both of *Edinburgh* and *Aberdeen* in *North-Britain* in a most respectful manner, without his knowledge, conferred the degree of *Doctor of Divinity* upon him; nor can I on any account omit that act of honour, which the late illustrious Speaker of the House of Commons, the Right Honourable *Arthur*

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possesses a spirit of so much charity, love, and goodness towards his fellow Christians, who may fall into some lesser differences of opinion, as becomes a follower of the blessed *Jesus*, his Master and mine. In the practical part of his labours and ministry he hath sufficiently shewn himself most happily furnished with all proper gifts and talents to lead persons of all ranks and ages into serious piety and strict religion. I esteem it a considerable honour which the Providence of God hath done me, when it makes use of me as an instrument in his hands to promote the usefulness of this great man in any part of the world, and it is my hearty prayer that our Lord *Jesus*, the Head of the church, may bless all his labours with most glorious success, either read or heard, in my native language or in any other tongue. I am, Reverend Sir, with much sincerity your faithful humble servant, and affectionate brother in the Gospel of our common Lord,

ISAAC WATTS.

See this letter in *Mr. Orton's* Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Writings of the late Rev. *Philip Doddridge*, D. D. a performance that exhibits a most astonishing example of piety, benevolence, and labours for the glory of God, and the good of his generation. Where is the wonder that such souls as those of *Dr. Watts* and *Dr. Doddridge* should be knit together in the tenderest endearment and closest affection since, as *Mr. Addison* expresses himself,

Like souls by instinct to each other turn,  
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn?

*Onslow,*

*Onslow*, Esq. paid this venerable man. Not long before the *Doctōr*'s death, taking with him the late *Dr. Jabez Earle*, and the late *Dr. Joseph Stennett*, two eminent dissenting ministers, in his coach, he made a visit to the *Doctōr* at *Stoke Newington* for the purpose of gratifying himself with the sight of so great and good a man, whom he held in the highest esteem, and I might truly say above the common rank of mortals. The *Speaker* declared to me that when he saw him he thought he saw a man of God, and in the last visit but one I made *Mr. Onslow*, for I had the honour of an intimacy with him, he mentioned the affair afresh, and devoutly cried out, "My soul where his soul now is!"

## C H A P. X.

### *His Decline and Death.*

THE *Doctōr* in his Sermon on the privilege of the living above the dead \* observes "that a calm and chearful readiness for a removal out of this world is an honour done to Christ and his gospel here on earth, which belongs not to the heavenly state.

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\* See fortieth sermon in his *Discourses* on various subjects.



“ Death in the course of nature, says he, as  
 “ well as by the hands of violence, hath al-  
 “ ways something awful and formidable in it.  
 “ Flesh and blood shrink and tremble at the  
 “ appearance of a dissolution, and Christ de-  
 “ lights to see the grace he has wrought in  
 “ the saints gain the ascendancy over flesh  
 “ and blood, and conquer the terrors of death  
 “ and the grave. He loves to see his faith-  
 “ ful followers maintain a serene soul, and  
 “ venture into the invisible world, upon the  
 “ merit of his blood, with holy fortitude, and  
 “ a chearful faith. It is only the lively christian  
 “ that can die, and glorify God his Saviour  
 “ in that great and important hour. The  
 “ saints who are arrived at heaven dwell in  
 “ the temple of God, and shall go no more  
 “ out. They are for ever possessed of life  
 “ and immortality. There are no more deaths  
 “ and dangers to encounter, no more terrors  
 “ to engage their conflict. Death is the last  
 “ enemy of all the saints, and, when the  
 “ christian meets it with sacred courage, he  
 “ gives that honour to the captain of his sal-  
 “ vation, which the saints in glory can never  
 “ give, and which he himself can never re-  
 “ peat. Dying with faith and fortitude is  
 “ a noble conclusion of a life of zeal and fer-  
 “ vice. It is the very last duty on earth.  
 “ When that is done then heaven begins.”  
 To the same purpose he speaks in another dis-  
 course,

course †. “ It is a glory, says he, to the  
 “ gospel when we can lie down with courage  
 “ in hope of its promised blessings. It is an  
 “ honour to our common faith, when it over-  
 “ comes the terrors of death, and raises the  
 “ christian to a song of triumph in the view  
 “ of the last enemy. It is a new crown put  
 “ upon the head of our Redeemer, and a liv-  
 “ ing cordial put into the hands of mourning  
 “ friends in our dying hour, when we can  
 “ take our leave of them with holy fortitude  
 “ rejoicing in the salvation of Christ. No  
 “ sooner does he call but we are ready, and  
 “ can answer with holy transport, Lord, I  
 “ come.”

What the *Doctor* so justly and properly de-  
 scribes that he himself exemplified in his last  
 hours. As his day of life was eminently bright  
 and useful so its setting was remarkably serene  
 and happy. His weakness was such as greatly  
 to interrupt him in the pursuit of his studies,  
 though not so great as to deprive him of his  
 intellects, or to leave him to any strange  
 chimeras of fancy, which I have frequently  
 heard, but without any kind of ground attri-  
 buted to him \*. He saw his approaching dis-  
 solution .

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† Discourse III. on the World to come.

\* How it came to pass I know not, but that it has so  
 happened is certain, that reports have been raised, pro-  
 pagated, and currently believed concerning the *Doctor*,  
 that he has imagined such things concerning himself, as  
 would

solution with a mind perfectly calm and composed, without the least alarm or dismay, and I never could discover, though I was frequently with him, the least shadow of a doubt as to his future everlasting happiness, or any thing that looked like an unwillingness to die. How have I known him recite with a self-application those words in Heb. x. 36. "Ye  
 " have need of patience, that after ye have  
 " done the will of God, ye may receive the  
 " promise?" And how have I heard him, upon leaving the family after supper and withdrawing to rest, declare with the sweetest composure, "that if his master was to say to him  
 " he had no more work for him to do he  
 " should be glad to be dismissed that night?" And I once heard him say with a kind of im-

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would prove, if they were true, that he sometimes lost possession of himself, or suffered a momentary eclipse of his intellectual faculties, and I could refer my reader to a biographer who gives the world a grave narrative of the particulars of these wild reveries. But I take upon me, and feel myself happy to aver that these reports were utterly and absolutely false and groundless; and I do this from my own knowledge and observation of him for several years, and some of them the years of his decay, when he was at the weakest; from the express declaration of *Mr. Joseph Parker* his amanuensis for above twenty years, and who was in a manner ever with him; and above all from that of *Mrs. Elizabeth Abney*, the surviving daughter of *Sir Thomas* and *Lady Abney*, who lived in the same family with him all the time of the *Doctor's* residence there, a period of no less than thirty-six years. Can any evidence be more convincing and decisive?

patience,

patience, perhaps such as might in some degree trespass upon that submission we ought at all times to pay to the divine will, “ I wonder why the great God should continue me in life, when I am incapable of performing him any further service.” “ His trust in God, says *Dr. Jennings* in his Funeral Discourse, through *Jesus* the Mediator remained unshaken to the last †.” He has been heard to say, “ I bless God I can lie down with comfort at night, not being solicitous whether I awake in this world or another.” Again, “ I should be glad to read more, yet

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† I know a person now living who enjoyed the *Doctor's* company an hour or two a few months before his death, when his discourse was most devout and heavenly, and he particularly spoke of our dependance on Christ, observing “ that if we parted with him what would become of our hopes?” About the same time, I suppose it might be nearer his dissolution, I came into his study, found him alone, and sat down for conversation with him. With high pleasure he spoke concerning the scripture-method of salvation. Not a word did he say of what he had been or done in life, but his soul seemed to be swallowed up with gratitude and joy for the redemption of sinners by *Jesus Christ*. I have reason to regret that upon leaving his company I did not commit to writing the very words in which he expressed himself, but my recollection sufficiently serves me to authenticate this anecdote, and perhaps in all his days he was never in a frame of mind in which he more fully answered the description of the apostle *Peter*, when he says, referring to our Lord *Jesus Christ*, 1 Pet. i. 8. “ Whom having not seen ye love; in whom though now ye see him not, yet believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.”

“ not



“ not in order to be confirmed more in the  
 “ truth of the christian religion, or in the  
 “ truth of its promises, for I believe them  
 “ enough to venture an eternity on them.”  
 When he was almost worn out and broken  
 down by his infirmities he observed, in con-  
 versation with a friend, “ that he remembered  
 “ an aged minister used to say, that the most  
 “ learned and knowing christians, when they  
 “ come to die have only the same plain pro-  
 “ mises of the gospel for their support, as the  
 “ common and unlearned ; and so, said he,  
 “ I find it. They are the plain promises of  
 “ the gospel which are my support, and I  
 “ bless God they are plain promises, which  
 “ do not require much labour or pains to  
 “ understand them, for I can do nothing now  
 “ but look into my Bible for some promise to  
 “ support me, and live upon that.” When  
 he has found his spirit tending to impatience,  
 and ready to complain he would thus check  
 himself, “ The business of a christian is to  
 “ bear the will of God as well as to do it. If  
 “ I were in health I could only be doing that,  
 “ and that I may do now. The best thing in  
 “ obedience is a regard to the will of God,  
 “ and the way to that is to get our inclinations  
 “ and aversions as much mortified as we  
 “ can.”

I visited the *Doctor* on his death-bed\*, where  
 I found

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\* Speaking of the *Doctor* on his death-bed may afford  
 a proper opportunity for purging *Mr. Toplady's* narrative  
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I found him exceedingly weak and low, the lamp of life very feebly glimmering in its last decay, but he was still in the perfect possession of his understanding. He told me in answer to my inquiry whether he had any pain in his body that he had none, and acknowledged it as a great mercy. To my second question, how it was with his soul, whether all was comfortable there, he replied it was, and con-

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of another fabulous story. He tells us, “that little more than half an hour before *Dr. Watts* expired he was visited by his dear friend, *Mr. Whitefield*. The latter asking him how he found himself, the dying *Doctor* answered, “Here am I, one of Christ’s waiting servants.” Soon after a medicine was brought in, and *Mr. Whitefield* assisted in raising him up upon the bed that he might with more conveniency take the draught. On the *Doctor*’s apologizing for the trouble he gave *Mr. Whitefield*, the latter replied with his usual amiable politeness, Surely, my dear brother, I am not too good to wait on a waiting servant of Christ. Soon after *Mr. Whitefield* took his leave, and often regretted since that he had not prolonged his visit, which he would certainly have done could he have foreseen that his friend was but within half an hour’s distance from the kingdom of glory.” The whole of this story is fictitious, for *Mr. Whitefield* never visited the *Doctor* in his last illness or confinement, nor had any conversation or interview with him for some months before his decease. It were to be wished that greater care was practised by the writers of other persons lives that illusions might not take place, and obtain the regards of truth, and lay historians who come after them under the unpleasing necessity of dissolving their figments, and thereby in consequence evincing to the world how little credit is due to their relations.

fessed

fessed it to be a great mercy. *Mr. Joseph Parker*, a person of most respectable character, and the *Doctor's* amanuensis, as has been before mentioned, for about one-and-twenty years, sent the following intelligence concerning him to his brother at *Southampton* but the day before his death, Nov. 24, 1748. " I  
 " wrote to you by the last post that we ap-  
 " prehended my master very near his end,  
 " and that we thought it not possible he should  
 " be alive when the letter reached your hands;  
 " and it will no doubt greatly surprize you to  
 " hear that he still lives. We ourselves are  
 " amazed at it. He past through the last  
 " night in the main quiet and easy, but for  
 " five hours would receive nothing within his  
 " lips. I was down in his chamber early in  
 " the morning, and found him quite sensible.  
 " I begged he would be pleased to take a  
 " little liquid to moisten his mouth, and he  
 " received at my hand three tea spoonfuls,  
 " and has done the like several times this day.  
 " Upon inquiry he told me he lay easy, and  
 " his mind peaceful and serene. I said to  
 " him this morning that he had taught us  
 " how to live, and was now teaching us how  
 " to die by his patience and composure, for  
 " he has been remarkably in this frame for  
 " several days past. He replied, " Yes." I  
 " told him I hoped he experienced the com-  
 " fort of these words, " I will never leave  
 " thee, nor forsake thee." He answered, " I  
 " do."

“ do.” The ease of body and calmness of  
“ mind which he enjoys is a great mercy to  
“ him, and to us. His sick chamber has no-  
“ thing terrifying in it. He is an upright  
“ man, and I doubt not but his end will be  
“ peace. We are ready to use the words of  
“ *Job* and say, “ We shall seek him in the  
“ morning but he shall not be.” But God  
“ only knows, by whose power he is upheld  
“ in life, and for wise purposes no doubt.  
“ He told me he liked I should be with him.  
“ All other business is put off, and I am in  
“ the house night and day. I would admi-  
“ nister all the relief that is in my power.  
“ He is worthy of all that can be done  
“ for him. I am your very faithful and  
“ truly afflicted servant.” On the 26th of  
*November*, the day after the *Doctor*’s decease,  
*Mr. Parker* wrote again to the same person.  
“ At length the fatal news is come. The  
“ spirit of the good man, my dear master,  
“ took its flight from the body to worlds un-  
“ seen and joys unknown yesterday in the  
“ afternoon without a struggle or a groan.  
“ *My Lady Abney*, and *Mrs. Abney* are sup-  
“ ported as well as we can reasonably expect.  
“ It is an house of mourning and tears, for I  
“ have told you before now that we all at-  
“ tended upon him and served him from a  
“ principle of love and esteem. May God  
“ forgive us all that we have improved no  
“ more by him, while we enjoyed him !”

Thus



Thus did this great and good man after an eminently holy and useful life finish his course with joy, and the last sight of him to the eye of faith was not unlike that which the corporeal eye of *Elisha* had of *Elijah*, when he ascended in triumph to the heavenly glory. May I not apply his delightful description of a saint launching into eternity † to the *Doctor* himself?

Thus *Watts's* soul forsakes this mortal stand  
 Fearless, when the great master gives command :  
 Death is the storm, she smiles to hear it roar,  
 And bids the tempest waft her from the shore ;  
 Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,  
 And manages the raging storm with ease :  
 Her faith can govern death : she spreads her wings  
 Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,  
 And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things. }  
 As the shores lessen so her joys arise  
 The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies :  
 Now vast eternity fills all her sight,  
 She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight, }  
 The seas forever calm, the skies forever bright.

May I be excused if I take the liberty of adding that I saw the corpse of this excellent man in his coffin, and observed nothing more than death in its aspect? The countenance appeared quite placid, like a person fallen into a gentle sleep, or such as the spirit might be supposed to leave behind it upon its willing departure to the celestial happiness. How

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† See his *Lyric Poems*, B. 1.

justly might I have said at the moment I beheld his dead earth, as related to such an holy soul, as the *Doctor* does in an epitaph upon a pious young man, who was removed from our world after a lingering and painful illness?

So sleep the faints and cease to groan,  
When sin and death have done their worst :  
Christ has a glory like his own  
Which waits to clothe their waking dust \*.

Or might I not have broken out, upon the sight of his lifeless clay, and in the faith of future glory, in the lines, somewhat varied, of *Mr. Prior* to *Dr. Sherlock*?

Thus in full age and hoary holiness  
Thou hast ascended to thy promis'd bliss :  
Untouch'd thy tomb, uninjur'd be thy dust,  
As thine own fame among the future just,  
Till in last sounds the dreadful trumpet speaks,  
Till judgment calls and quicken'd nature wakes,  
Till thro' the utmost earth and deepest sea  
Our scatter'd atoms find their destin'd way  
In haste to clothe their kindred souls again,  
Perfect our state, and build immortal man ;  
Then fearless thou, who well sustain'd the fight,  
To paths of joy and tracks of endless light  
Lead up all those who heard thee and believ'd ;  
Midst thine own flock, great shepherd, be receiv'd,  
And glad all heav'n with myriads thou hast sav'd. }

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\* See his *Miscellanies*, No. 70.

I shall add to my account of his decline and death a description of the *Doctor's* person, and a summary of his character, as I know not of a fitter place in my work both for the one and the other.

His stature was beneath the common standard, perhaps not above five feet, or at most five feet two inches, but without any thing like a deformity in his frame. His body was spare and lean, his face oval, his nose aquiline, his complexion fair and pale, his forehead low, his cheek-bones rather prominent, but his countenance on the whole by no means disagreeable. His eyes were small and grey, and, whenever he was attentive or eager, amazingly piercing and expressive. His voice was rather too fine and slender, at least would have been thought so if he had been of a larger mould, but it was regular, audible, and pleasant. But from a view of the cabinet let us open to the incomparable jewel it contained, and take a survey of his intellectual powers, and moral and divine accomplishments and graces, collecting as into a point what has been in scattered parts of our work observed concerning him. He had a most vivid and abounding genius † joined with

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† I recollect his telling me, “ that when he set himself to study now in his advanced years he had only one  
“ thought

with the most patient indefatigable industry; a most quick conception with a tenacious memory\*; a great mind strengthened and cultivated by study, and replenished with the treasures of a vast and noble literature. He had the copious and heavenly knowledge of the divine, the clear perception and patient thinking of the philosopher, and the rich imagination and sublime rapture of the poet †; one

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“thought occurring when in former times he had ten.” How exuberant must his imagination have been in younger life when no poverty or interruption of his ideas was discoverable to the end of his days?

\* As a proof of his faithful memory I well remember his repeating in conversation several verses of *Juvenal* without the least hesitation. When he had ended them I asked him “how long it might be since he had read that poet?” His answer was, “never since I was a young man.”

† *Dr. Jennings* in his funeral discourse very justly observes concerning him, “that though that which gave him the most remarkable pre-eminence was the extent and sublimity of his imagination, yet how few have excelled or even equalled him in quickness of apprehension and solidity of judgment?”

The late Lord *Barrington* in a letter to the *Doctor* giving his opinion of one of his then recent publications, tells him, “that he was singularly happy in the distinctness of his thoughts, and the clearness of his expression, and that no one could exceed him in a felicity of ranging the ideas he would convey to us.” He then adds, “the scheme you have proposed could come only from a man of great acuteness and intense thought. The whole work shows a vast reading of the Bible, and that you have every text in it ready for use.”



one of which characters, in such an high degree as he possessed it, might have been sufficient to have raised him an immortal fame. He was pious without ostentation; devout without enthusiasm; humble without disguise; patient without fainting or complaint; faithful without morosity; firm without rigour; zealous without fury; and studious without gloom or stiffness. With equal truth, and in the same manner of description I might add that he was pleasant without levity; mild without meanness; learned without pride; polite without dissimulation; bountiful without vanity or imprudence; and pure and temperate without the least shadow of the contrary vices. In his whole course of life he appeared to have a single eye to the glory of God, and the good of men. The gospel of righteousness and salvation he diffused in a wide extent from the pulpit, but in a much wider from the press, and what crowned all was he enforced and adorned what he recommended by an uncom-

*Dr. Gibson* Bishop of *London* in one of his letters to the *Doctor* observes to him “ that he wondered at one thing, “ and that was how a mind which thought so closely “ could at the same time frame itself to that easy and familiar way, which appeared in some other of his “ writings.”

Such were the ideas the above persons, men of considerable abilities, entertained of the *Doctor's* closeness of thinking, and solidity of judgment, at the same time that the world confesses the strength and sublimity of his imagination in his poetic writings.

mon

mon exactness of life, and sanctity of manners. He was a living epistle of his Lord and Saviour deeply inscribed with his honours, and known and read of all men. If *Nimrod*, *Alexander*, and *Cæsar*, those mighty hunters of men, abused their great capacities in cruel designs, and restless endeavours for the destruction of their fellow-creatures, this excellent man's eminent talents were employed in his best attempts to bless and save them, and in the day of universal audit and retribution when these bloody heroes shall see thousands and ten thousands who fell by their victorious swords rise up to witness against their wanton and unprovoked barbarities, and call for vengeance upon them, thousands and ten thousands may hail this best of benefactors to mankind as the happy instrument under God of their first conversion to him, or their after assistance and consolation in their way to heaven. He died in peace honoured and lamented, and has left behind him an example worthy the imitation of all, and especially of the ministers of the gospel of Christ. Perhaps very few of the descendants of *Adam* have made nearer approaches to angels in intellectual powers and divine dispositions than *Dr. Watts*, and among the numerous stars which have adorned the hemisphere of the Christian church he has shone and will shine an orb of the first magnitude.

A few months since my learned and honoured friend the *Rev. Daniel Turner*, M. A. of *Abingdon Berks* sent me a *Latin* epitaph upon

the Doctor, “ which he tells me he composed  
 “ many years ago for his private entertain-  
 “ ment.” I shall insert it together with his  
*English* version as it may very properly follow  
 the description I have given of the Doctor’s cha-  
 racter, as it is so remarkably harmonious with it,

## E P I T A P H I U M

ISAACI WATTS, S. T. P.  
 M. S.

Quem tot linguis, tam justè celebrat fama  
 Hâc inscriptione sepulchrali  
 Commemoratur,

Vir admodum reverendus,  
 ISAACUS WATTS, S. T. P.  
 Cui corpus fragile et languidum,  
 Mens, tamen cognata cœlo,  
 Vigore plena, sagax, atque ad omnia  
 Præstantissima parata ;  
 Literis tam humanis quàm sacris,  
 Et, quod suprâ, pietate vera  
 Ornata.

Vixit

Integræ benevolentiaë, modestiaë eximiaë,  
 Et omnigenæ virtutis  
 Præclarum exemplar ;

Deoque multùm hominibusque dilectus :  
 Præco

Verbi divini, mira orationis  
 Vi et suavitate præditus,  
 Veritatis amator sincerus,  
 Et pacificus cultor :  
 Per plurimos annos,  
 Cœtûs CHRISTUM colentium  
 Apud Londinum.

Fidelis vigilansque præses :  
 Vates insignis,  
 Qui nobis (numine afflatus vero)  
 Jessiadæ odas Hebraicas,  
 Sermone patrio,  
 Feliciterque ad modum cultûs evangelici  
 Aptas præbuit ;  
 Multaque præterea,  
 Carmine sublimi, exculto, et numerofo,  
 Alia, amicitiaë et virtuti dicata,  
 DOMINI JESU nomini gratiaëque alia,  
 Delicias piorum omnia edidit :  
 Ediditque etiam  
 Tractatus plures, numeris solutos,  
 De rebus sacris, artibusque ingenuis ;  
 In quibus omnibus,  
 Ingenii ejus vis magna, judicii solertia,  
 Et cordis benignitas  
 Illustrissimè enitent.  
 Tandem, senectute, morbis, tædiisque  
 Vitæ perutilis attritus,  
 Decreto divino concessit  
 Die Nov. 25<sup>o</sup>, A. D. 1748<sup>o</sup>. Ætat. 75<sup>o</sup>.  
 Fletû multo omnium deploratus,  
 Sapientium, bonorumque maximè.  
 Sed licèt obruit  
 Domicilium terrestræ ruina tam deflenda  
 MENS tamen incola,  
 Inviçta Letho, vinculisque mortalibus exuta,  
 Poli paterni limina attigit,  
 Vitamque degit divinè beatam ;  
 Atqui ardenter tempus mirabile  
 Olim prædictum expectans,  
 Cum ministri supremi tuba  
 Orbem attonitum concutiet,  
 Et ossa, nunc tumulo condita,  
 Ad vitam sempiternam vocabit :



Quando,  
 Quam bonus, magnusque, dignusque  
 Hic fuit laudis,  
 (Quod data est nec Musæ nec Famæ copia fandi)  
 Tu plenè cognosces, lector,  
 Totusque mirabitur  
 Mundus !

A N E P I T A P H

*Sacred to the Memory of ISAAC WATTS, D. D.*

This monumental inscription  
 Commemorates the very Reverend  
 ISAAC WATTS, D. D.  
 The man so justly celebrated  
 By universal fame.  
 He had a weak and languid body,  
 But a soul akin to heaven,  
 Vigorous, sagacious,  
 And prepar'd for every thing excellent ;  
 Adorn'd with universal literature,  
 And, what is still more,  
 With real piety.  
 He lived an illustrious example  
 Of pure benevolence,  
 Extraordinary humility,  
 And every kind of virtue ;  
 Greatly beloved both of *God* and *man*.  
 He was a preacher  
 Of admirably sweet and powerful elocution ;  
 A sincere lover,  
 And pacific promoter  
 Of truth ;  
 For many years  
 A faithful and vigilant pastor  
 Of a Christian society  
 In *London* :

The

The excellent poet,  
 Who, inspired by a Muse truly divine,  
 Gave us the Psalms of *David* in *English* verse,  
 Happily adapted to the Christian state and worship,  
 And published besides many pieces  
 In sublime, polite, and harmonious numbers,  
 Some sacred to virtue and friendship,  
 And others to the name and grace  
 Of the LORD JESUS ;  
 All of them the delight of the pious.  
 He published also  
 Several tracts in prose  
 On divine subjects, and the liberal arts ;  
 In all which,  
 The great strength of his genius,  
 The acuteness of his judgment,  
 And the goodness of his heart  
 Are illustriously display'd.  
 At length,  
 Worn out with age, sickness, and the toils  
 Of a very useful life, he died,  
 Nov. 25, 1748, in the 75th year of his age,  
 Much lamented by all,  
 Especially by the wise and the good.  
 But, though a ruin so deplorable  
 Has crush'd his tenement of clay,  
 The indwelling MIND,  
 Unsubdued by death,  
 And freed from mortal chains,  
 Has reach'd her kindred skies,  
 And lives divinely blest ;  
 Yet waits with strong desire  
 The wondrous day of old predicted,  
 When the archangel's trump  
 Shall shake the astonish'd globe,  
 And call the dust,

Now

Now treasur'd in the tomb  
To life immortal.

When, how good, and great,  
And worthy of praise he was,  
(Which nor the Muse nor Fame can tell)  
Reader, thou shalt know,  
And all the world admire!

If the character I have given of the *Doctor* should seem too highly wrought, and that my esteem for him has made me in some degree exceed the strictness of truth I will only say with the compilers of *Archbishop Secker's* life (*Dr. Porteus* and *Dr. Stinton*) transferring to *Dr. Watts* what they apply to him, “ that  
“ this is what I judged proper to lay before  
“ the world in relation to this excellent man,  
“ not with any view of exalting his character  
“ higher than it deserves, but of making its  
“ real value more generally known. To some  
“ no doubt the portrait here drawn of him  
“ will appear a flattering one, but it will be  
“ much easier to call than to prove it such.  
“ Nothing has been advanced but what is  
“ founded on the most authentic evidence,  
“ nor has any circumstance been designedly  
“ strained beyond the truth; but if he did  
“ really live and act in such a manner that the  
“ most faithful delineation of his character  
“ must necessarily have the air of panegyric,  
“ it is owing not to the copy, but the ori-  
“ ginal.”

CHAP.

## C H A P. XI.

*The Respects paid him at his Decease.*

THE *Doct̄or* was interred in a very handsome manner amidst a vast concourse of people in the burial-ground in *Bunhill-fields, London*. His pall was supported by six respectable ministers, two of the *Presbyterian*, two of the *Congregational*, and two of the *Anti-pædobaptist* denominations. *Dr. Samuel Chandler* delivered an oration at the grave, which was afterwards printed, in which are the following just commendations of the deceased.

“ We here commit to the ground the venerable remains of one who, being intrusted with many excellent talents by him who is the giver of every good and perfect gift, cheerfully and unweariedly employed them as a faithful steward of the manifold grace of God in his Master’s service, approving himself as a minister of Christ in much patience, in afflictions, and distresses, by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the armour of righteousness, by honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report, and who, amidst trials from within and from without, was continued by the kind providence of God, and  
 “ the



“ the powerful supports of his grace to a good  
 “ old age honoured and beloved by all par-  
 “ ties, retaining his usefulness till he had  
 “ just finished his course, and being at last fa-  
 “ voured, according to his own wishes and  
 “ prayers, with a release from the labours of  
 “ life into that peaceful state of good men,  
 “ which commences immediately after death.  
 “ O how delightful is that voice from heaven  
 “ which has thus pronounced, Blessed are the  
 “ dead who die in the Lord? Yes, saith the  
 “ Spirit, that they may rest from their la-  
 “ bours, and their works follow them.”

On the 11th of *December*, a little more than  
 a fortnight after the *Doct̄or's* death, *Dr. Jen-  
 nings* preached a funeral sermon to the church  
 of which *Dr. Watts* was pastor from Heb. xi.  
 4. “ By it, he being dead yet speaks,” in  
 which there is a draught of his character, of  
 which we have made frequent use, and to  
 which we own ourselves much obliged in the  
 course of these memoirs. *Dr. John Milner* also  
 preached a sermon at *Peckham* near *London* on  
 the same day, and afterwards printed it. His  
 text was taken from Revel. xiv. 13. “ And I  
 “ heard a voice from heaven saying unto me,  
 “ Write, blessed are the dead which die in  
 “ the Lord, from henceforth, yea, saith the  
 “ Spirit that they may rest from their labours,  
 “ and their works follow them.” The title  
 of the sermon is, *The rest and reward of good  
 men at death*, and it is said to have been deli-  
 vered

vered the next Lord's day after the interment of that eminent, faithful, and useful minister of Jesus Christ *Dr. Isaac Watts*. In a letter prefixed to his discourse to a friend whose name is not mentioned *Dr. Milner* observes " that  
" while *Dr. Watts* lived he was an honour to  
" the Dissenters. His uncommon genius, his  
" polite taste, his pious and useful labours  
" should endear his memory to those who had  
" the credit and benefit of them. A weak  
" constitution too often confined him from  
" appearing in active life, yet this he com-  
" pensated by his diligence in the contempla-  
" tive. He did not retreat to indolence and  
" ease, under the favour of an honourable  
" friendship, but fully employed himself in  
" finishing those plans he designed for the  
" good of mankind. The number of his  
" works just published, and those he left be-  
" hind him in manuscript show that he was  
" diligent in his retirement, and animated in  
" his compositions by generous and social af-  
" fections. His works generally met with  
" acceptance, as he wrote with ease and ele-  
" gance, and could from the richness of his  
" imagination enliven the most common sub-  
" jects, and add a lustre to the most interest-  
" ing. His charity was very extensive to  
" honest men in different sentiments from him-  
" self. He firmly adhered to what he took  
" to be truth, and as freely condemned error,  
" but at the same time was ready to make  
" allowance

“ allowance for human weakness, and to con-  
 “ sider the different sentiments among christi-  
 “ ans, if they did not eclipse the distinguish-  
 “ ing glories of our holy religion, and destroy  
 “ its practical power and influence, I say he  
 “ could consider them, as monuments of our  
 “ imperfection, and trials of our charity to  
 “ one another.”

Towards the close of his letter *Dr. Milner*  
 adds, “ Such was *Dr. Watts's* christian temper  
 “ that it disposed him to friendship with per-  
 “ sons of different denominations. Such were  
 “ his abilities and labours that he has ac-  
 “ quired to his name a kind of immortality  
 “ on earth. His name will be mentioned  
 “ with respect while true vital religion pre-  
 “ serves its authority amongst us, while li-  
 “ berty and the gospel shall be the honour of  
 “ *Great Britain*. When we come to instruct  
 “ our young friends at home, or to praise  
 “ God in our public assemblies the name of  
 “ this excellent man will be repeated, who  
 “ has furnished us with such agreeable helps  
 “ for both, neither will his name or worth  
 “ be unknown to the schools of philosophy.”

*Mr.* afterwards *Dr. Caleb Ashworth* preached  
 and printed a sermon on *Dr. Watts's* death to  
 his congregation at *Daventry* in *Northampton-*  
*shire* from 2 Sam. iii. 38. “ Know ye not  
 “ that there is a prince, and a great man  
 “ fallen this day in Israel?” entitled *Reflex-*  
*ions on the fall of a great man*. It contains ‘a  
 sketch

sketch of the *Doctor's* character chiefly drawn from his writings, which may not be unacceptable to our Readers. “ *Dr. Watts's* labours, “ says this writer, as an author were amazing, “ especially considering the invincible embar- “ go so often laid upon him by extreme weak- “ nefs, and his perseverance in them truly “ noble and generous, when bodily indisposi- “ tion might have formed a very powerful “ discouragement.

“ Though he was capable of conversing with “ the greatest men on the most abstruse sub- “ jects, as appears by his successful attempts “ to make some of the learned sciences more “ easily attained, yet he condescended to be a “ *teacher of babes*; and happy is it for us, and “ for our children that he did, he having fur- “ nished us with the best assistance we any “ where meet with for instructing them in *the “ doctrine and history of our bibles*, for *preserving “ them from the vices and follies* to which they “ are so much exposed, as well as forming “ their unpractised lips to the sublime duties “ of *prayer and praise*.

“ Nor has he confined his labours to ex- “ plaining these duties to children, but has “ given us *a free and rational account of the “ gift, grace, and spirit of prayer*, suited to the “ edification of the most eminent Christians, “ yet containing such directions for the prac- “ tice of it, as will leave the meanest and most “ ignorant without excuse in the neglect of “ that



“ that duty ; and his attempts to render *our an-*  
 “ *thems of praise* more evangelical and edifying  
 “ were so successful that our circumstances  
 “ can hardly be so uncommon, but we may  
 “ find a sacred song suited to our case. The  
 “ happy manner in which he has rendered  
 “ these compositions intelligible to the ignorant  
 “ and illiterate, yet instructive and delightful  
 “ to the more intelligent, show at once how  
 “ warm a desire of extensive usefulness ani-  
 “ mated his heart, and how skilful an hand  
 “ directed his pen, while the strong images,  
 “ the bold flights, the lively painting, the  
 “ sublimity of thought, and majesty of ex-  
 “ pression, which occur in some other of his  
 “ poetical writings proclaim what a master he  
 “ was in that art, and how much self-denial  
 “ he practised in condescending to a lower  
 “ strain when the genius of those for whom he  
 “ wrote required it.

“ The pains he has taken to defend the go-  
 “ spel show what an high veneration of it pos-  
 “ sessed his heart. The growing neglect of  
 “ this gave him concern, and engaged him to  
 “ enter *a caveat against infidelity*, and to illus-  
 “ trate the humbling truth of *the weakness of*  
 “ *human reason* against those who magnified its  
 “ sufficiency to the dishonour and neglect of  
 “ divine revelation.

“ But it was not the name of a revelation,  
 “ that pleased him, or the belief of it alone  
 “ that he aimed to promote, but a cordial and  
 “ affectionate

“ affectionate sense of its peculiar discoveries.  
 “ It was this which engaged him to discourse  
 “ on the great design of the gospel as having  
 “ its foundation *in the ruin of mankind by the*  
 “ *fall of their first parents, and intended for our*  
 “ *recovery*; and as he saw with unfeigned grief  
 “ the neglect with which the Lord Jesus Christ  
 “ and his Spirit were treated he has particu-  
 “ larly considered and defended the character  
 “ and offices of the *Redeemer and Sanctifier* in  
 “ this important work, namely, the recovery  
 “ of sinners to the favour and likeness of  
 “ God.

“ His design in all his theological writings  
 “ most apparently was to promote practical  
 “ and vital religion, without which he well  
 “ knew a speculative belief of the gospel, or  
 “ the warmest zeal for its peculiar doctrines  
 “ would be of no importance. The decay of  
 “ this appeared to him so general and threat-  
 “ ening that it occasioned his making an  
 “ humble, and, blessed be God, I hope in many  
 “ instances a successful *attempt towards its re-*  
 “ *vival* by a serious and affectionate address to  
 “ ministers and people urging upon them the  
 “ respective advantages they enjoyed, and the  
 “ obligations to which they were bound to do  
 “ their utmost in so necessary a work. But lest  
 “ it should degenerate into cold and lifeless  
 “ formality he has largely instructed us *in the*  
 “ *nature of the human passions, their use and abuse*  
 “ *in matters of religion, and especially in the*

“ *nature, importance, and influence of the love of*  
 “ *God, by the prevalence of which in the soul*  
 “ *all the rest of the passions will be guided*  
 “ *and consecrated.*

“ *His sermons on various subjects* have been a  
 “ cordial to us in our retirements, and in-  
 “ structive in our families, as well as have  
 “ often entertained us on such occasions as  
 “ these \*. I need not remind you my friends  
 “ of the peculiar pleasure with which we have  
 “ perused his discourses *on the pious soul's*  
 “ *drawing nigh to God, or of the pleasing and*  
 “ *awful affections which have by turns pos-*  
 “ *sessed our minds, while he described the*  
 “ *lovely youth perishing in sin.* How many of  
 “ us have been refreshed by *his evangelical dis-*  
 “ *courses?* Our faith in the truth of the gospel has  
 “ been confirmed, our regards to Christ the Lamb of  
 “ God strengthened, the hopes of the weakest in-  
 “ creased, while we have seen *the beginnings*  
 “ *and first acts of faith described, and carried on*  
 “ almost to assurance when we saw it in its  
 “ highest advances, and grown up, as it were,  
 “ to knowledge and certainty. How have  
 “ our hearts glowed and gathered confidence,  
 “ when *the witness of the Spirit* has been ex-  
 “ plained? And we have found all our expe-  
 “ rience related to us in those just and lively

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\* An Evening Lecture, where a printed sermon of the Doctor's was sometimes read.

“ descriptions

“ descriptions of the contests between the flesh  
“ and spirit.

“ He was a true friend to liberty, though  
“ he would never give up the cause of truth,  
“ or sacrifice any part of the gospel to make a  
“ comprehension with infidels. He knew how  
“ to contend earnestly, and yet in the spirit of  
“ peace, for the faith once delivered to the  
“ saints, and he has explained and defended  
“ what appeared to him according to scripture  
“ standard, *orthodoxy*, at the same time repre-  
“ senting it in the closest connexion with  
“ *charity*.

“ And to engage our regards to the whole  
“ scheme of Christian doctrines and duties,  
“ graces and virtues, he held forth the pro-  
“ mised crown of life, directing our views to  
“ those blessed abodes, where *separate spirits*  
“ are *made perfect*, and in the strongest colours  
“ painting before us the different eternal states  
“ of the world to come.

“ These are some of his principal labours as  
“ a writer in the service of religion. But be-  
“ sides this his heart and life were a fair book,  
“ in which the several characters of a true  
“ Christian were plainly delineated, where the  
“ love of God, faith in Christ, and diffusive  
“ benevolence to men together with the in-  
“ fluence these principles should have on the  
“ whole temper and conduct were exhibited  
“ with a more engaging lustre than any de-



“criptions could afford, even from a pen like  
“his own.”

To the above honourable and public testimonies to the *Doctor's* uncommon merits we will add some poems which were printed soon after his decease; the two last of which especially, if we are not mistaken, not only do honour to his memory, but to the authors themselves.

## E P I T A P H

*On the Death of the REV. DR. WATTS.*

To real merit due this humble song,  
*Watts!* now no more, to thee be sacred long;  
Sweet were thy numbers as thy soul was great,  
In virtue rich, in piety replete;  
In vain to thee Vice sounds her soft alarms,  
In vain she spreads her gay alluring charms,  
Thy steady zeal the wily foe o'erthrew,  
And gave her veil'd deformity to view \*,  
From thee our youths enlarg'd their op'ning views †,  
Learn'd heav'nly truths, and reason's proper use ‡.  
What varied beauties grac'd thy tuneful lyre §!  
To charm, restrain, improve, correct, inspire,  
From torturing fears the soul depress'd to free  
Ev'n *David's* strains receiv'd new charms from thee ||.  
In haste to aid, but in resentment slow,  
An ardent friend, and quick-forgiving foe.

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\* An hymn called the Deceitfulness of sin.

† He wrote several pieces for the use of children and youth in prose and verse.

‡ Sermons on various subjects and *Logic*.

§ Book of Hymns and *Horæ Lyricæ*.

|| Version of *David's* Psalms.

O may thy soul, now loos'd from mortal clay,  
Wing its swift flight to realms of endless day,  
There all its glories, all its joys improve  
In scenes of perfect purity and love!

*To the Memory of the Rev. DR. ISAAC WATTS.*

*By the Rev. Mr. Moses Browne\*.*

Thy funeral honours weeping friends have paid :  
Peace to thine hallow'd dust, paternal shade !  
Our thoughts those mournful images employ :  
O lately ours, whom angels now enjoy !  
Still flows the tear, which wisdom bids us blame ;  
Self-love its weakness hides with sorrow's name :  
For thee so blest in life, in death so blest,  
Should ev'ry tear be dry'd, and plaint suppress'd,  
*Faith* should her triumph o'er weak *sense* display :  
Death was, dear saint, thy coronation-day.  
Shall saints above their acclamations show ?  
And sadness damp the pomp from saints below ?  
Souls of one temper, one fraternal race,  
One in communion, tho' disjoin'd in space ?  
Yet these, so happy now, their toils and fears  
Once knew, bewilder'd in this vale of tears,  
Known too by thee how late, while here below,  
O gentle shade, just freed from mortal woe,  
How vast thy transient change !—I see thee now—  
Light robes thy form, and glory wreaths thy brow :  
And hark ! I hear thee. O thy tuneful tongue !  
Round the Lamb's blissful throne thou breath'st his  
song.  
Rest in thy bliss.—Be ours thy life's essay,  
Thy bright example leading all the way.

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\* Vicar of Olney, Bucks.

Thy labour'd volumes noblest fame shall give,  
 And through each age for its instruction live:  
 In ev'ry character thy merits shine,  
 Admir'd in each, *saint, poet, sage, divine*:  
 'To thee heav'n's largest trust of talents fell,  
 So humbly all possess'd, and us'd so well!

Adieu—till thy short sleep be past—adieu!  
 Hope keeps assur'd thy waking hour in view:  
 Our eyes, which sorrowing o'er thy lifeless dust,  
 Saw the base earth receive its precious trust,  
 Again shall view from that dishonouring bed  
 View thee in vernal glories lift thy head,  
 Mark thy bright way and see thee radiant rise,  
 Fair as a sun to gild eternal skies.

*On the Death of the REV. DR. WATTS.*

*By the Rev. Mr. Benjamin Sowden\*.*

From earth remov'd, in ev'ry virtue warm,  
 Adieu! bright seraph in an human form,  
 Whose noblest lot indulgent heav'n assign'd  
 Whate'er could charm, or edify mankind:  
 Whom true poetic talents largely blest,  
 Whose tuneful vein not hoary age suppress'd;  
 He, like some dying swan, beneath the reeds  
 Of rivers gliding through delightful meads  
 In sweetest notes resign'd his parting breath,  
 And sunk melodious in th' embrace of death.

His much-lov'd muse *Urania*, heav'nly maid,  
 With artless grief bewails her fav'rite dead.  
 Her bosom heaving with incessant sighs  
 Stream the big sorrows from her melting eyes,

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\* Minister of the *English Church* at *Rotterdam*, lately deceased.

Whose graceful orbs, suffus'd their brilliant pow'r,  
 Look faint, as sun-beams shining thro' a show'r.  
 No more with harmony divine she sings,  
 Nor airs celestial warble on her strings :  
 Her once enchanting lyre relax'd and broke  
 Hangs now neglected on the blasted oak,  
 While, in the gloom of willows, which o'erlook  
 The sable waters of yon silent brook,  
 Whose leaden stream ne'er mantles to the wind,  
 Fix'd in dumb sadness, on her arm reclin'd,  
 With cheek all wan, and wild dishevel'd hair,  
 She lies a breathing statue of despair.

Not causeless anguish this—her darling thou,  
 Illustrious shade! while resident below ;  
 While green in youth she prompted thee to raise  
 In her exalted numbers virtue's praise \*,  
 To strike with matchless skill the vocal lyre,  
 And kindle in thy breast *Pindaric* fire †.  
 Oh lost too early, tho' thy life was long !  
 Who now shall rise renown'd in *Lyric* song ?  
 The harlotries of vice with verse control,  
 And pour instruction o'er the raptur'd soul ?

Nor weeps o'er *Watts* the *Lyric Muse* alone,  
 Fair *Science* hears her, and returns the groan :  
 Beneath yon yew-tree's melancholy shade,  
 On the cold ground her form divine is laid :  
 Pensive and pale her speaking looks express  
 Beyond the force of words a vast distress ;  
 So the fond mother mourns her infant-trust,  
 Her blooming offspring mingled with the dust.

Well might thou weep, *Parnassian virgin* ! well  
 Lament to think in *Watts* what learning fell ;  
 Nurs'd by thy care, and train'd beneath thy wing,  
 He drank deep draughts of knowledge from thy spring,

\* *Reliquiæ Juveniles.*† *Horæ Lyricæ.*



And, when possess'd of an extensive share,  
 Rejoic'd to lead his fellow-mortals there;  
 He broke the subtle cobwebs of the schools,  
 Freed the young genius from unmeaning rules,  
 Led reason safely thro' th' illusive maze \*,  
 Where wide from truth bewitching fancy strays.  
 Small was his stature, but his manly soul  
 Could grasp the globe, and reach the distant pole,  
 With ease the vivid planets course could trace,  
 Thro' their wide orbits in the fields of space †.  
 But not the graces *science* can impart  
 Vy'd with his *moral excellence* of heart,  
 There unaffected goodness reign'd, and thence  
 Rush'd the strong tide of warm benevolence;  
 Easy of access, in the social hour  
 Censure grew dumb, and envy ceas'd to lour,  
 Surpris'd to hear his copious accents flow,  
 Wise without art, and learn'd without the show.

Say ye his *flock*, his late peculiar care  
 For whom he wrestled oft in fervent pray'r,  
 What transports ran thro' all your mental frame,  
 Whene'er he made redeeming love his theme?  
 When he proclaim'd deliverance from sin  
 How eagerly ye drank the music in!  
 But, when he chang'd the tender scene, and show'd  
 Th' awaken'd anger of an awful God,  
 Full in your ears all *Sinai's* terrors rung,  
 Flash'd from his eye-balls, thunder'd from his tongue:  
 Against himself his conscience rous'd in arms  
 The daring sinner trembles at th' alarms.  
 Just are the tears to such a pastor giv'n,  
 Who taught at once, and led the way to heav'n,  
 Whose life enforc'd the rules he urg'd on you,  
 And was himself the great, good man he drew.

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\* His *Logic*.

† His *Geography* and *Astronomy*.

But while the *Doctor's* transcendent worth procured him these honours which, like rich perfume or fragrant flowers were all voluntarily scattered on his grave, yet he in his lifetime seemed concerned to prevent what might have been only proper and becoming honours over the place where his dust was to be deposited. He gave directions to have only a stone erected to his memory with the following humble inscription, a compliance with which precluded any other which might have contained his just praises.

“ *Isaac Watts*, D. D. pastor of a church of  
 “ Christ in *London*, successor to the *Rev. Mr.*  
 “ *Joseph Caryl*, *Dr. John Owen*, *Mr. David*  
 “ *Clarkson*, and *Dr. Isaac Chauncy*, after fifty  
 “ years of feeble labours in the gospel, inter-  
 “ rupted by four years of tiresome sickness,  
 “ was at last dismissed to his rest—

“ In uno IESU omnia.

“ 2 Cor. v. 8. Absent from the body, and  
 “ present with the Lord.

“ Col. iii. 4. When Christ who is my life  
 “ shall appear, then shall I also appear with  
 “ him in glory.”

This inscription with the time of his death accordingly appears upon an handsome tomb in *Bunhill-fields burying-ground* raised to his memory (as mentioned on the monument) at the joint expence of *Sir John Hartopp, Bart.* once the *Doctor's* pupil, and *Dame Mary Abney*, in whose house he so long and so happily resided,

resided, and who, as she expressed herself to me soon after his death, “had in him the “ blessing of a prophet in her family.”

## C H A P. XII.

*Select Letters of his Correspondents.*

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### L E T T E R I.

*From Mr. afterwards Dr. Thomas Secker, first Bishop of Oxford, and for several years before his death Archbishop of Canterbury.*

REV. SIR,

Gloucester, Nov. 18, 1711.

**B**EFORE I give you an account of the state of our academy, and those other things you desired me, please to accept of my hearty thanks for that service you have done me, both in advising me to prosecute my studies in such an extraordinary place of education, and in procuring me admittance into it. I wish my improvements may be answerable to the advantages I enjoy; but, however that may happen, your kindness has fixed me in a place where I may be very happy, and spend my time to good purpose; and where, if I do not, the fault will be all my own.

I am sensible how difficult it is to give a character of any person or thing, because the most probable guesses we make very often prove false ones. But, since you are pleased

to

to desire it, I think myself obliged to give you the best and most impartial account of matters I can.

*Mr. Jones* then I take to be a man of real piety, great learning, and an agreeable temper; one who is very diligent in instructing all under his care, very well qualified to give instructions, and whose well-managed familiarity will always make him respected. He is very strict in keeping good orders, and will effectually preserve his pupils from negligence and immorality. And accordingly I believe there are not many academies freer in general from those vices than we are. In particular, my bedfellow *Mr. Scott* † is one of unfeigned religion, and a diligent searcher after truth. His genteel carriage and agreeable disposition gain him the esteem of every one. *Mr. Griffith* is more than ordinary serious and grave, and improves more in every thing than one

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† Afterwards *Dr. Daniel Scott*, with whom I was intimately acquainted. He was a very learned and amiable man. After he had studied under *Mr. Jones* he removed to *Utrecht* for further education, where he took the degree of *Doctor* of laws, but never, from what I have ever learned, entered on the work of the ministry. In the year 1741 he published a new version of *St. Matthew's Gospel* with critical notes, and an Examination of *Dr. Mills's* various readings. He published also in the year 1745 an Appendix to *H. Stephens's Greek Lexicon* in two volumes. He dedicated them to *Dr. Secker* and *Dr. Butler*, who had been his fellow-students at *Mr. Jones's*.

could



could expect from a man who seems to be not much under forty; particularly in *Greek* and *Hebrew* he has made a great progress. *Mr. Francis* \* and *Mr. Watkins* are diligent in study and truly religious. The elder *Mr. Jones*, having had a better education than they, will in all probability make a greater scholar; and his brother is one of quick parts.

Our *Logic*, which we have read once over, is so contrived as to comprehend all *Heereboord*, and the far greater part of *Mr. Locke's Essay*, and the *Art of thinking*. What *Mr. Jones* dictated to us was but short, containing a clear and brief account of the matter, references to the places where it was more fully treated of, and remarks on, or explications of the authors cited, when need required. At our next lecture we gave an account both of what the author quoted and our tutor said, who commonly then gave us a larger explication of it, and so proceeded to the next thing in order. He took care, as far as possible, that we understood the sense as well as remembered the words of what we had read, and that we should not suffer ourselves to be cheated with obscure

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\* Not improbably *Mr. Henry Francis*, for some time Assistant in *London* to the *Rev. Mr. John Foxon*, and afterwards Pastor of the church at *Southampton*. I have now before me an original letter of *Dr. Watts* to him, dated *March 10th, 1728-9*, persuading *Mr. Francis's* stay at *Southampton*, in which are expressions of the warmest affection and esteem.

terms which had no meaning. Though he be no great admirer of the old *Logic*, yet he has taken a great deal of pains both in explaining and correcting *Heereboord*, and has for the most part made him intelligible, or shewn that he is not so.

The two *Mr. Jones's*, *Mr. Francis*, *Mr. Watkins*, *Mr. Sheldon*, and two more gentlemen are to begin *Jewish Antiquities* in a short time. I was designed for one of their number, but rather chose to read *Logic* once more; both because I was utterly unacquainted with it when I came to this place, and because the others having all, except *Mr. Francis*, been at other academies will be obliged to make more haste than those in a lower class, and consequently cannot have so good or large accounts of any thing, nor so much time to study every head. We shall have gone through our course in about four years time, which I believe nobody that once knows *Mr. Jones* will think too long.

I began to learn *Hebrew* as soon as I came hither, and find myself able now to construe, and give some grammatical account of about twenty *verses* in the easier parts of *the Bible* after less than an hour's preparation. We read every day two verses a-piece in the *Hebrew Bible* which we turn into *Greek* (no one knowing which his verses shall be, though at first it was otherwise). And this with *Logic* is our morning's work.

*Mr.*

*Mr. Jones* also began about three months ago some *critical lectures* in order to the exposition you advised him to. The principal things contained in them are about the *Antiquity of the Hebrew Language, Letters, Vowels, the Incorruption of the Scriptures, ancient Divisions of the Bible,* an account of the *Talmud, Masora, and Cabala.* We are at present upon the *Septuagint,* and shall proceed after that to the *Targumim,* and other versions, &c. Every part is managed with abundance of perspicuity, and seldom any material thing is omitted that other authors have said upon the point, though very frequently we have useful additions of things which are not to be found in them. We have scarce been upon any thing yet but *Mr. Jones* has had those writers which are most valued on that head, to which he always refers us. This is what we first set about in the afternoon; which being finished we read a chapter in the *Greek Testament,* and after that *Mathematics.* We have gone through all that is commonly taught of *Algebra* and *Proportion,* with the six first books of *Euclid,* which is all *Mr. Jones* designs for the gentlemen I mentioned above, but he intends to read something more to the class that comes after them.

This is our daily employment, which in the morning takes up about two hours, and something more in the afternoon. Only on *Wednesdays* in the morning we read *Dionysius's Periegesis,* on which we have notes mostly geographical, but

but with some criticisms intermixed; and in the afternoon we have no lecture at all. So on *Saturday* in the afternoon we have only a *thesis*, which none but they who have done with *Logic* have any concern in. We are also just beginning to read *Isocrates* and *Terence* each twice a week. On the latter our tutor will give us some notes which he received in a college from *Perizonius*.

We are obliged to rise at five of the clock every morning, and to speak *Latin* always, except when below stairs amongst the family. The people where we live are very civil, and the greatest inconvenience we suffer is, that we fill the house rather too much, being sixteen in number besides *Mr. Jones*. But I suppose the increase of his academy will oblige him to remove next spring. We pass our time very agreeably betwixt study and conversation with our tutor, who is always ready to discourse freely of any thing that is useful, and allows us either then or at lecture all imaginable liberty of making objections against his opinion, and prosecuting them as far as we can. In this and every thing else he shows himself so much a gentleman, and manifests so great an affection and tenderness for his pupils, as cannot but command respect and love. I almost forgot to mention our tutor's library which is composed for the most part of foreign books, which seem to be very well chosen, and are every day of great advantage to us.



Thus I have endeavoured, Sir, to give you an account of all that I thought material or observable amongst us. As for my own part, I apply myself with what diligence I can to every thing which is the subject of our lectures, without preferring one subject before another; because I see nothing we are engaged in, but what is either necessary, or extremely useful for one who would thoroughly understand those things, which most concern him, or be able to explain them well to others. I hope, I have not spent my time, since I came to this place, without some small improvement both in human knowledge, and that which is far better, and I earnestly desire the benefit of your prayers, that God would be pleased to fit me better for his service both in this world, and the next. This, if you please to afford me, and your advice with relation to study, or whatever else you think convenient, must needs be extremely useful, as well as agreeable, and shall be thankfully received by your most obliged humble servant,

T. SECKER \*.

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\* This very sensible letter was written by *Mr.* afterwards *Archbishop Secker* at the early age of eighteen. It does honour to himself at the same time it pays such distinguished and deserved respect to his learned, vigilant, and amiable tutor, the *Rev. Mr. Samuel Jones*. Had *Dr. Porteous*, and *Dr. Stinton*, the authors of the *Archbishop's Memoirs* prefixed to his Works, been acquainted with *Mr. Jones's* eminent merits, they certainly would not have passed

## LETTER II.

*From the same.*

SIR, Cuddefden, near Oxford, June 19, 1741.

I AM extremely obliged to you for the agreeable present of your book †, which is peculiarly well adapted for the direction and improvement of students in the university, where your *Logic* is by no means the only piece of yours that is read with high esteem. You have been a diligent promoter of useful and especially religious knowledge, of Christian faith, and Christian morals. On these accounts I have always respected you from the time that I had so many years ago the advantage of your conversation, and always rejoiced in the just honour, that has been universally paid you; and, as this opportunity of expressing my regard gives me much pleasure, so, if the favour of letting me see you next winter will not be inconvenient to you, it will be a great satisfaction to, Sir,

Your affectionate humble Servant,

THO. OXFORD.

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passed him over so slightly as one Mr. Jones, who kept an academy at Gloucester. But they will undoubtedly give him his just honours in all subsequent editions.

† *Dr. Watts's Improvement of the Mind, or a Supplement to the Art of Logic.*

## LETTER III.

*From the same.*

SIR,

Cuddefden, Sept. 14, 1743.

I HEARTILY thank you for your obliging letter, and; had I known that you had printed a sermon on the subject\*, I should not have failed to enrich my own from it. I hope the things I have said in favour of our *charity-schools* are true. I hope the Christians of this nation in general are grown much milder towards each other, and I am sure we have great need to gain in this virtue what we lose in others, and become a more united body as we become a smaller, which I apprehend we do. But, fear not, little flock. May God direct and bless us all in our poor endeavours to serve him! May he give you every needful support under your long sickness, and restore you speedily to your former usefulness, if it be his holy will! I am with great esteem, Sir,

Your affectionate and faithful humble Servant,

THO. OXFORD.

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\* *Dr. Watts's Essay towards the Encouragement of Charity-schools.*

## LETTER IV.

*From the same.*

SIR, St. James's, Westminster, March 20, 1744-5.

I HEARTILY thank God that he hath restored you to a better state of health, and should not have permitted your letter, which brought me that good news, to continue unanswered so long, if more than ordinary business had not sometimes put it out of my power, and sometimes out of my thoughts to make you my acknowledgments for it. The civilities for which you thank me are no more than a very imperfect return of justice for the great services you have done to religion; and you have made a valuable addition to them in the book † you have now been pleased to send me: particularly by what you have written in so strong and awful yet so compassionate and good-natured a manner, in defence of the scripture-doctrine concerning the duration of future punishments. I pray God to continue you long in a capacity of being still farther useful, and am with great regard, Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

THO. OXFORD.

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† *Dr. Watts's Discourses on the World to come.*



## LETTER V.

From Dr. Josiah Hort, *Archbishop of Tuam* †.

REV. SIR,

Dublin, Dec. 15, 1743.

I AM brought into the circumstance of an insolvent debtor, who is afraid to see the face of his creditor; and yet it is not through idleness or disregard that I remain so long in my friend's debt for his kind letter of the last summer, but I am really oppressed with letter-writing, and business of various kinds, some of my own, but more of other persons; some private, but more public, both ecclesiastical and secular, which are incident to my station.

However I have at last found a spare hour for thanking you for the present of your book, which ought more properly to be done by my wife, who presently laid hands upon it, and took it into her own library. She is much taken with the vein of piety, which breathes in your works, and buys them up.

I am truly concerned for your *insomnie*, which I suppose proceeds from weak nerves. If you could ride an easy pad, increasing your journey every day from one to four or five miles, as your strength would permit, I should hope for some good effect, as the lassitude oc-

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† Some account of him may be found in our Third Chapter.

caſioned by that exerciſe would incline you more naturally to reſt than the uſe of drugs.

I bleſs God I enjoy good health, which enables me to go through much buſineſs; but I have for many years been going down' the hill, and, if the doctrine of gravitation takes place in the life of man, the motion muſt accelerate as I come nearer the bottom. Your caſe is the ſame though more aggravated by diſtempers. God grant we may be uſeful while we live, and may run clear, and with unclouded minds till we come to the very dregs!

I ſend you my viſitation charge to my clergy of *Tuam*. The former part is a copy of my charge to the clergy of *Kilmore* and *Ardagh*, which being of general uſe, I ſaw no occaſion to change. The latter part is new, and I ſubmit it to your judgment. I am, dear Sir,

Your old Friend, and affectionate Servant,

JOSI. TUAM.

#### L E T T E R VI.

*From* Dr. Edmund Gibſon \*, *Biſhop of London.*

GOOD SIR,

Whitehall, March 7, 1732-3.

I THANK you heartily for your late kind preſent, but, as the courſe of my life has led me into ſtudies of another kind †, I am ſenſible I

\* See his life in the Biographical Dictionary.

† Not improbably the *Doctour's Treatiſe on Logic*, or *The right uſe of reaſon*.

cannot profit so much by it, as others will do, whose thoughts have been more employed in that way. It is certainly a very laudable exercise of the mind, especially as you apply it throughout to the good of religion; and what you have published will, I doubt not, be of great use to the growing generation by leading them into a just way of thinking and reasoning. One thing I wonder at, and that is, how a mind, that thinks so closely, can at the same time frame itself to that easy and familiar way, which appears in some of your other writings. I commend you and your labours to the divine care and direction, and remain, with great truth, Sir,

Your very faithful Friend and Servant,

EDM. LONDON,

#### L E T T E R VII.

*From the same.*

GOOD SIR,

Whitehall, Jan. 22, 1734-5.

SINCE I received the favour of your present it has become part of my *Sunday's* exercise, and I have now read it over with pleasure, and I hope not without profit. The new notion that has prevailed among us of late years, that the Christian religion is little more than a good system of morality must in course draw on a disregard to spiritual exercises, which calls on all serious Christians to do all that is in their

power to raise and keep alive a spirit of devotion and piety in this lukewarm and degenerate age. I pray God to give a blessing to your labours in that way, and remain with great respect, Sir,

Your faithful Friend and Servant,  
EDM. LONDON.

## LETTER VIII.

*From the same.*

GOOD SIR, Whitehall, Jan. 19, 1735-6.

I THANK you very heartily for the book † I lately received, and which I have read with great satisfaction and delight. The seeing so shameful a departure from true christianity on the two points which are the subject of your book has long been a sensible concern and grief to me, and especially when I see it countenanced and propagated by many who call themselves christians, but are in reality little more than deists, for if the great work of our redemption and the blessed fruits of it are to be laid aside I cannot see that the name of christian signifies much. You have set this matter in so clear a light, and worked up the whole in so agreeable a manner, that I hope, by the blessing of God, it will have great effect; and it would have had greater if you

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† Undoubtedly *Dr. Watts's Redeemer and Sanctifier.*



had set your name to it. To deal clearly with you, I have thought for some time that those doctrines and others of the same kind have received a grievous wound from the indifference about them (to say no worse) which some dissenting ministers have discovered of late; and the wound is the deeper because hitherto the dissenters were, without exception, zealous for them, and the present manifest abatement of that zeal in some of their leading men will be reckoned an evidence of their present conviction that their doctrines are either false, or at least of small moment. Forgive me if I add that I think due care has not yet been taken to satisfy the world that, notwithstanding the defection of some dissenters, there are many among them, and those of great note, who are not in the least tainted with the modern notions, but adhere stedfastly to the true doctrines of the gospel, as delivered to us by Christ and his apostles. I am, with great truth and esteem, Sir,

Your very faithful Friend and Servant,

EDM. LONDON.

#### LETTER IX.

*From the same.*

GOOD SIR,

Whitehall, April 23, 1737.

I HAVE perused your *Discourse upon Humility* † with much satisfaction, and I hope, with

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† *Dr. Watts's Discourse on Humility* represented in the character of *St. Paul*.

profit to myself; if not, I am sure it is my own fault. There was no occasion to make the apology (page 52) for descending to the lowest scenes of life. It is a fault both in preaching and writing upon practical subjects, when we keep too much to general reasonings, and do not bring down our doctrines to common life, which are best remembered, and take the fastest hold upon the minds and consciences of our hearers and readers.

I wish you a full enjoyment of health that you may be able to proceed in your good designs for the benefit of religion, and am, with great truth and esteem, Sir,

Your faithful Friend and Servant,

EDM. LONDON.

#### LETTER X.

*From the same.*

GOOD SIR,

Fulham, June 6, 1741.

I AM much obliged to you for your kind remembrance of me, and particularly for the late present of your book †. It found me engaged in a particular business that has been upon my hands some time, so that I have not yet been at leisure to peruse it. But I have seen enough to satisfy me of the serviceableness of it towards replenishing the mind with

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† *Dr. Watts's Improvement of the Mind, or a Supplement to the Art of Logic.*

useful knowledge and true wisdom, and how well the rules laid down for that end are calculated for the general improvement of all, whether learned or unlearned, who will attend to them, and be conducted by them. But while you are teaching others how to employ their thoughts wisely and usefully, you must be so just to yourself, as not to stretch your own beyond your strength, but to take the warning, which age and infirmities give us, to slacken and moderate our pace. Under this restraint I heartily wish you a successful progress in your further designs for the service of religion, and remain with great truth and esteem, Sir,

Your faithful Friend and Servant,

EDM. LONDON,

L E T T E R XI.

*From the same.*

GOOD SIR,

Fulham, July 12, 1742.

I DESIRE you to accept my hearty thanks for your kind and valuable present\*, which was part of my employment yesterday; and this day I am setting out on my visitation of *Essex* and *Hertfordshire*. It is written with great clearness and strength, and whoever peruses and attends to it will find much light from it in reading several of the epistles of *St. Paul*.

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\* Supposed to be *Dr. Watts's* Harmony of all the religions which God ever prescribed.

I am

I am glad to find that you have no difficulty in making him the writer of the epistle to the *Hebrews* (which I took some pains to clear in my third pastoral letter) and that you carry on the gradual opening of the gospel-dispensation by him, and the other apostles to the times after our Saviour's ascension.

The method you take of reducing the matter to be treated of into chapters and paragraphs of no great length keeps every thing clear and distinct, and I wish it were observed by all other writers.

As I take it for granted you have by you other discourses unpublished I hope God will give you health and strength to revise them if needful, and then to publish them for the service of religion, which is the sincere wish of, Sir,

Your very faithful Friend and Servant,

EDM. LONDON.

## LETTER XII.

*From the same.*

GOOD SIR,                      Whitehall, March 2, 1744-5.

I SEND this with my sincere thanks for the valuable present\*, which I have lately received from you. I have already perused part of it, and find much satisfaction in observing

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\* Very probably the *Doctor's Discourses on the World to*



the true spirit of piety and zealous concern for souls which appear in every page. God knows the present degeneracy and lukewarmness among christians stand in great need of such awakenings as to their future state; and as it is the duty of us all, in our several stations, to use our best endeavours for that end, so I heartily wish and pray that you in particular, who have it so greatly at heart, may be blessed with health and strength to pursue and perfect all your designs in that way. I am, Sir,

Your very faithful Friend and Servant,

EDM. LONDON.

#### L E T T E R XIII.

*From Frances Countess of Hartford, afterwards  
Duchess of Somerset\*.*

S I R, Grosvenor-Street, Feb. 23, 1729-30.

I COULD not have been so long without making my acknowledgments for the favour  
of

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\* This lady was the daughter of the Honourable Mr. Thynne, brother to the Lord Viscount Weymouth. She married Algernon, Earl of Hartford, Son of Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, who succeeded to the honour and estate of his father on his demise December the 2d, 1748, by which event she became Duchess of Somerset. His grace, her husband, died Feb. 9, 1750, and she survived him only till July 7, 1754, leaving an only daughter married to Sir Hugh Smithson, Baronet, who succeeded his father-in-law as Earl of Northumberland, while Sir Edward Seymour, Baronet, succeeded him as Duke of Somerset. Her  
grace

of your excellent and obliging letter had not my Lord *Hartford's* illness in a long and severe  
fit

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grace appears to have been a truly pious, amiable, and accomplished lady. *Mr. Thomson* in his poem entitled *Spring* thus addresses her :

O *Hartford*, fitted or to shine in courts  
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain  
With innocence and meditation join'd  
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,  
Which thy own season paints; when nature all  
Is blooming, and benevolent like thee.

In a collection of select letters lately published by *Mr. Hull* in two volumes from the *Duchess of Somerset*, *Lady Luxborough*, *Miss Dolman*, *Mr. Whistler*, *Mr. R. Dodsley*, *William Shenstone, Esq.* and others, there are included eleven letters written by the *Duchess*, of which *Mr. Shenstone* has given the following character (see the preface p. 3): “ that there are discernible in them a perfect  
“ rectitude of heart, delicacy of sentiment, and a truly  
“ classic ease and elegance of style. There are many of  
“ them (he then adds) tinged with an air of melancholy  
“ through the loss of her only son *Lord Beauchamp*.”  
This young gentleman died of the small-pox at *Bologna* in *Italy*, on *Sept. 11*, his birth-day, when he completed his nineteenth year 1744. This was undoubtedly a most distressing providence to her ladyship, and it is no wonder that it should spread a settled gloom of sorrow over her mind, especially as he was a youth eminent for his filial duty, and who gave the brightest hopes of future honour to the illustrious family whence he sprung, and of benefit in his exalted station to the world; but it ought to be recorded to her ladyship's praise that, when she looks back to this melancholy event, she does it in a manner becoming the christian, and that her resignation and acquiescence in the will of heaven break through and irradiate the dark cloud that hung so heavy upon her, for thus  
she

fit of the gout confined me to a continual attendance in his chamber. He is now, I thank God, on the recovery, though not yet able to walk without the help of crutches.

Our human state is indeed liable to many inconveniencies; we are loaded with bodily infirmities, and tormented with passions; but a few circling years will clear the prospect, and we shall, through the grace of God, be relieved from all the pains and sorrows which vex us here. My health has been very uncertain all this winter: at the beginning of it a violent rheumatism confined me to my bed and chamber for some weeks, and I am at present very much disordered by a very severe cold, which has lasted me more than a fort-

she writes to Lady *Luxborough* in retrospect no doubt of the death of her son, and more recently that of her husband (*Sept. 9, 1750*). “ You are very obliging in the  
 “ concern you express for the scenes of sorrow I have  
 “ passed through. I have indeed suffered deeply, but,  
 “ when I consider it is the will of God, who never chastises his poor creatures but for their good, and reflect at  
 “ the same time how unworthy I was of these blessings,  
 “ which I now lament the loss of, I lay my hand upon  
 “ my mouth, and dare not repine, but hope I can with  
 “ truth appeal to him in the following words: *Questo*  
 “ *affano ei fu che, non si oppone al suo santo voler: chio*  
 “ *gemo e gli astro tutti il gemiti miei chio rango et in*  
 “ *tanto benedico il suo nome in mezzo al pianto.*” The  
*English* of which is, “ Such sorrow is sent that none may  
 “ oppose his holy will. Let me sigh and offer up all my  
 “ sighs to him! Let me mourn, and in the mean time  
 “ bless his name in the midst of my sorrow!”

night,

night, and is rather worse than it was at first. My Lord and my daughter assure you of their sincerest regards. I am truly concerned to hear you have been so ill, but I hope you will enjoy a more confirmed state of health for the future, that you may pass your pilgrimage here with as little uneasiness as mortality will admit of.

*Governor Shute* brought me your picture, which I shall always set an high value upon as I shall do on every thing that reminds me of so worthy a friend.

I will not trouble you any longer at present than to beg to be remembered in your prayers that I may lead a life of holiness for the few remaining years that may yet be left me. I am with a sincere friendship, Sir,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

F. HARTFORD.

#### LETTER XIV.

*From the same.*

S I R,

May 17, 1731.

I AM afraid you will think me very ungrateful for the favour you have done me in sending me your excellent book †, for such I may justly call it, since I never read any thing writ-

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† Supposed to be the Doctor's *humble Attempt towards the Revival of practical Religion among Christians, by a serious Address to Ministers and People*, dated April 2, 1731.



ten with more piety, or founded upon juster principles. If you design one for *Mrs. Rowe*, be so good as to send it to me, and I will convey it to her as soon as I get to *Marlborough*, which I hope to do next week. I should not have been silent thus long, but I have been of late a perfect nurse, for the old servant who bred me up, and whom I now look on as a mother, was so ill about a fortnight since that she was given over for many days together, and, however it might sound to the fashionable part of the world, I dare own to you that it was a great affliction to me, and hindered me from doing every thing but trying to contribute what lay in my power (by my care and prayers) to her recovery. As soon as she grew a little better my Lord fell into a severe fit of the gout, and is not yet able to set his feet to the ground, and I can seldom be long enough out of his room to write a letter: this I hope will plead my excuse, since whatever I may appear to be, you may be assured I am in reality with the sincerest esteem,

Your most obliged Friend

And faithful Servant,

F. HARTFORD.

LET

## LETTER XV.

*From the same.*

S I R, Marlborough, Aug. 3, 1731.

I HOPE you have before this time heard that *Mrs. Rowe* has received your book, which I took care to have safely delivered to her. I assure you it has been my companion in many of my evening walks, and the moderation with which you treat our way of worship ought in my opinion to engage the leading people of our church to judge with equal candour of yours, and then methinks there would be little cause for separation, since we all acknowledge one shepherd. The summer is almost past, and we have seen very little of it, since I think we have scarce been able to leave off fires for above three days together. I have a cough which still hangs upon me, but I hope air and exercise, with the blessing of God, will soon remove it. I am with a very sincere esteem, Sir,

Your most faithful Friend and Servant,

F. HARTFORD.

My Lord and my young people send their services to you. I assure you my little boy is grown a great proficient in your *Songs for Children*, and sings them with great pleasure.

## LETTER XVI.

*From the same.*

S I R,

Grosvenor-Street, Feb. 9, 1734.

THE fresh proof of friendship you design to give me † is as agreeable to me as it must be to receive any instance of kindness and approbation from those we sincerely esteem. Since you allow me to object to any thing in the dedication I will trespass so far upon your good-nature as to beg you will leave out whatever may imply my attempting to write poetry; but if there be any among the things you have of mine which you think worth placing among yours I shall have just cause to be pleased at seeing them come abroad in such company, if you will have the goodness to conceal my name either under that of *Eusebia*, or *A Friend* ‡; a title which I shall think myself happy to deserve. My Lord and the children assure you of their services and kind wishes, and I am with great truth and regard,

Your most obliged

And faithful humble Servant,

F. HARTFORD.

† That of the *Doctor's* dedication of his *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* to her ladyship.

‡ No doubt therefore can be made but the four poetical pieces, entitled *A Rural Meditation*, *A Penitential Thought*, *A Midnight Hymn*, and *The Dying Christian's Hope*, inserted

## LETTER XVII.

*From the same.*

S I R,

April 8, 1734.

I HAVE received the book to which you had the partiality to prefix my name§. This public mark of your friendship and the kind opinion you express of me would be in danger of giving me a self-satisfaction which I have no title to, if a crowd of frailties and defects, which are too frequently reminding how far I am from meriting your esteem, did not hinder me from giving way to a complacence which would be criminal unless my life were more perfect.

I have gone almost half through the book from which I have received the pleasure which your writings never fail to give me, a pleasure attended by profit and reason. I am, Sir, with the truest friendship,

Your most obliged and faithful Servant,

F. HARTFORD.

My Lord, and our young people send services to you.

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serted in the sixty-third number of his *Miscellanies*, attributed to *Eusebia*, and inscribed to *Philomela*, a name by which *Mrs. Rowe*, her Ladyship's intimate friend, was distinguished, are the compositions of her Ladyship.

§ The Doctor's *Miscellanies*.



## LETTER XVIII.

*From the same\*.*

S I R,

I AM extremely concerned that I cannot have the pleasure of seeing you on *Thursday*, since I think it very long since I had that satisfaction, which I assure you I wish for much oftener than I enjoy, but it is my lot at present to be in waiting †, and besides my Lord has been laid up, and still is so with a most severe fit of the gout, so that what time I can spare from my attendance on the Queen is passed by his bed's side. If he is able to be lifted into the coach he talks of leaving *London* next week. We have had an unpleasant winter, for betwixt illness and accidents there has scarce been a week in which the whole family was well enough to go out. I have for my own particular suffered extremely, first from an intermitting fever, which lasted a long time, and since that from a bruise I got on horse-back by a waggon which crushed my stirrup-leg in so sad a manner that, though it is more than seven weeks ago, I have still great trouble with it. My Lord, and my young people assure you of their hearty com-

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\* There is no date to this letter, but the Doctor has written on the back of it *April 1735*.

† Lady of the Bed-chamber to *Queen Caroline*.

pliments.

pliments. I hope you will be so good as to remember me in your prayers, and believe me, as I am with great truth and esteem,

Your most obliged humble Servant,  
F. HARTFORD.

## LETTER XIX.

*From the same.*

S I R,

April 13, 1737.

I WOULD sooner have thanked you for the favour of your letter, and the book which I received just after, but delayed it till I could get time to finish the inclosed lines which I began soon after *Mrs. Rowe's* death †, but had not leisure to proceed with them till after my Lord's return to *London*, whither he and my daughter went last week. He was taken, while he was here ‡, with a violent pain in his stomach and bowels, which, whether it were gout or cholic, reduced him very low, and alarmed me extremely, but I bless God, he is now in perfect health again, and I hear has recovered his good looks entirely. I am myself much better than I was in the winter, bating a shortness of breath which makes them judge my continuance in the country absolutely necessary. I must now thank you for your excellent Discourse on *Humility*, which

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‡ Verses on *Mrs. Rowe's* death.

† Supposed at *Marlborough*.

I have read with great pleasure, and I hope I shall receive profit from the just manner in which you have treated so useful a subject. I must also repeat my gratitude for your book *on the Strength and Weakness of human Reason*. I never read any thing more entertaining and instructive. I should be very happy if I could flatter myself that I had goodness enough to make my life as useful as the benevolence and charity of your temper incline you to think it may. I beg the favour of you not to give any copy of the inclosed verses, for I would wish my excursions of this kind to be a secret from every body but you, and a friend or two more, who know that I do not aim at the character of a genius by any attempts of this nature, but am led to them merely to amuse a leisure hour, and speak the sentiments of my heart. I have no company at present but my son, his tutor being gone to *London* about business, but I do not mention this as a mortification. I am afraid the decline of years, and the languishing state of health I have laboured under for some time make it rather necessary for me to endeavour to find arguments to reconcile myself to the variety of company to which my station and the occupation I am attached to in a court require me to accommodate myself. I am, Sir, with the sincerest esteem and regard,

Your most obliged

And faithful humble Servant,

F. HARTFORD.

## LETTER XX.

*From the same.*

SIR, Hermitage on St. Leonard's Hill, May 2, 1737.

I RETURN you my thanks for the *Epigram*\* you were so good as to send me, and should think myself very happy if any thing of mine could deserve to show the joy I should feel in being able to imitate *Mrs. Rowe* in the smallest instance. I have only two meditations of hers which she gave me with the strongest injunctions not to let any body see them lest they should be thought too rapturous, but, as I conclude she would not have included you among those from whom she meant they should be concealed, I will have them copied if you desire it.

I thank God all my family except myself are in perfect health, and I am myself much better than in the winter, only that I have still a shortness of breath, which makes walk-

\* This *Epigram* is to be met with in the sixth Number of the *Doctor's Miscellanies*, entitled, *Remnants of Time employed in Prose and Verse* published after his decease, and it is thus introduced :

*On an Elegy written by the Right Honourable the Countess of Hartford on the Death of Mrs. Rowe, 1737.*

Struck with the sight of *Philomela's* urn  
*Eusebia* weeps, and calls her Muse to mourn :  
 While from her lips the tuneful sorrows fell  
 The groves confess a rising *Philomel*.



ing up stairs, or any ascent very painful to me, but as I have a better appetite I have recovered some of my flesh, and a little of my natural colour. *My Lord* and *Betty* are in *London*, so that my son and his governor are my only companions at present, but we pass our time agreeably enough between reading, walking, and such other amusements as the place in which we are, and the season of the year afford us. We have been lately reading *Leonidas*, in which I think there are many fine thoughts, but I hear the town are much divided in their sentiments about it, since one part of them are for preferring it to *Milton*, and others for levelling it to the lowest rank of poetry. I confess neither of these appear to me a just representation of it. If you have read it I shall be glad to know your thoughts of it.

I own I find a pleasure in thinking that I perceive dawnings of an honest heart, and tolerable reasoning in *Lord Beauchamp*, and his governor and I flatter ourselves that we see a clearness of judgment and distinctness of ideas in the themes he composes, which are infinitely the favourite part of his studies, and always performed with good humour, though he is obliged to write them in three languages, *English*, *Latin*, and *French*. He is by no means good at getting things by heart, for which reason *Mr. Dalton* is very favourable in his impositions of that kind, which he seldom  
gives

gives him, and in small quantities. Now I have said so much of my son I should be unjust to his sister if I did not tell you that I have the happiness to see her a very good-natured, sensible young woman, with a sincere sense of religion and virtue, and the same observance from affection to my Lord and me at almost one and twenty years old that she had in her earliest childhood. You see, Sir, I take the privilege of a friend, and flatter myself that you will not be tired with a detail of my family comforts, for the enjoyment of which I hope I am thankful as I ought to be, and most particularly so that my Lord is so entirely recovered as to allow me to hope his children will long have the blessing of the tenderest father, and my self of the best husband I ever saw. You will forgive the length of this letter, and believe me with the truest esteem, Sir,

Your most obliged

And faithful humble Servant,

F. HARTFORD.

#### LETTER XXI.

*From the same.*

SIR,

Marlborough, July 13, 1737.

NOTHING but my own very bad state of health, and the confinement I have had with my Lord, who is just recovering from a severe fit of the gout, should so long have hindered me

me from acknowledging the receipt of your letter, and the papers inclosed with it, particularly the letter which you were so good as to design to prefix to *Mrs. Rowe's Meditations*. I can with the strictest truth affirm that I do not know any distinction upon earth that I could feel a truer pleasure in receiving were I deserving of it, but, as I am forced to see how much I fall below the idea which the benevolence of your nature has formed of me, it teaches me to humble myself by that very incident which might administer a laudable pride to a more worthy person. If I am constrained to acknowledge this mortifying truth you may believe there are many people in the world who look upon me with more impartial eyes than self-love will allow me to do; and others, who perhaps think I enjoy more of this world's goods than I either merit, or than falls to the common lot, look at me with envious and malignant views, and are glad of every opportunity to debase me or those who they believe entertain a favourable opinion of me. I would hope that I have never done any thing, wilfully I am sure I have not, to raise any such sentiments in the breast of the meanest person upon earth, but yet experience has convinced me that I have not been happy enough to escape them. For these reasons, Sir, I must deny myself the pleasure and the pride I should have in so public a mark of your friendship and candour, and beg, that if you will design  
me

me the honour of joining any address to me with those valuable remains of *Mrs. Rowe*, that you will either retrench the favourable expressions you intended to insert, or else give me no other Title at the top of it than that of a Friend of yours and hers, an appellation which, in the sincerity of my soul, I am prouder of than I could be of the most pompous name that human grandeur can lay claim to. My Lord and his children desire me to assure you of their service and best wishes. I inclose you a copy of the letter which *Mrs. Rowe* left for me\*,  
and

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\* The following is an exact copy of *Mrs. Rowe's* letter transcribed from *Lady Hartford's* own hand-writing.

*To the Right Honourable the Countess of Hartford.*

MADAM,

This is the last letter you will ever receive from me, the last assurance I shall give you on earth of a sincere and steadfast friendship; but, when we meet again, I hope it will be in the heights of immortal love and extasy. Mine perhaps may be the first glad spirit to congratulate your safe arrival on the happy shores. Heaven can witness how sincere my concern for your happiness is. Thither I have sent my ardent wishes that you may be secured from the flattering delusion of the world, and, after your pious example has been long a blessing to mankind, may you calmly resign your breath, and enter the confines of unmolested joy!

I am now taking my farewell of you here, but 'tis a short adieu, for I die with full persuasion that we shall meet again.—But, O, in what elevation of happiness! in what enlargement of mind, and perfection of every faculty!



and am glad of every opportunity to repeat that I am with the greatest esteem, Sir,

Your most obliged

And faithful humble Servant,

F. HARTFORD.

What transporting reflections shall we make on the advantages of which we shall feel ourselves eternally possess!

To him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood we shall ascribe immortal glory, dominion, and praise for ever. This is all my salvation, and all my hope. That name in whom the *Gentiles* trust, in whom all the families on earth are blessed is now my glorious, my un-failing confidence; in his merits alone I expect to stand justified before infinite purity and justice. How poor were my hopes if I depended on those works, which my own vanity or the partiality of men have called good, and which, if examined by Divine Purity, would prove perhaps but specious sins? The best actions of my life would be found defective, if brought to the test of that unblemished holiness in whose sight the heavens are not clean.—Where were my hopes but for a Redeemer's merits and atonement?—How desperate, how undone my condition?—With the utmost advantage I can boast I should start back and tremble at the thoughts of appearing before the unblemished Majesty.—O *Jesus*, what harmony dwells in thy name?—Celestial joy and immortal life are in the found.—Let angels set thee to their golden harps; let the ransomed nations for ever magnify thee!

What a dream is mortal life!—What shadows are the objects of sense!—All the glories of mortality, my much-beloved friend, will be nothing in your view at the awful hour of death, when you must be separated from the whole creation, and enter on the borders of the immaterial world.

Something persuades me that this will be my last farewell in this world. Heaven forbid that it should be an

## LETTER XXII.

*From the same.*

SIR, Marlborough, August 17, 1737.

THE sincere esteem I have for you makes it very difficult for me to oppose any thing you desire †, and it is doubly so in an instance where I might have an opportunity of indulging so justifiable a pride as I should feel in letting the public see this fresh mark of your partiality to me, but as I am apprehensive that the envy such a distinction would raise against me might draw some vexation with it, I hope you will have the goodness to change the Dedication into a Letter to a Friend, without giving me any other appellation.

I have been so ill as to keep my chamber, and almost my bed since I received the first of your letters, and my Lord has had a return of the gout. Nothing else should have made me so long delay owning the receipt of it, and assuring you that I am with the greatest esteem,  
Sir,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

F. HARTFORD.

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everlasting parting!—May that Divine Protection, whose care I implore, keep you stedfast in the faith of Christianity, and guide your steps in the strictest paths of virtue! Adieu, my most dear friend, till we meet in the paradise of God.

ELIZABETH ROWE.

† That the Doctor might address *Mrs. Rowe's Devout Exercises* to her Ladyship by name.

L E T.

## LETTER XXIII.

*From the same.*

SIR,

October 27, 1737.

I SHOULD sooner have thanked you for *Mrs. Rowe's Meditations*, which you were so good as to send me, but that I had a mind to read them carefully over first. You have in your Preface taken the kindest and most judicious care to excuse some expressions in them which I must confess appear to me to stand in need of some apology, but upon the whole I think there are several excellent sentiments in them, which I think cannot fail of doing good especially to those who, by their acquaintance with her, know how sincerely they came from her heart. Lady *Betty* returns her thanks for the book you sent her, and says she shall always value it as being written by *Mrs. Rowe*, and as a mark of your kind regard to herself. I have many acknowledgments to make you for the honour you have done me in your *Dedication* †, which by your kindness in suppressing my name gives me an unmix'd pleasure by affording me the satisfaction of receiving such

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† This declaration of her Ladyship, and what she says in the two foregoing letters make it evident to whom the *Doctor* inscribed *Mrs. Rowe's Meditations*, though the name is concealed in the Dedication. The whole of it agrees to her Ladyship, and shows what a high opinion and esteem he entertained concerning her.

a mark

a mark of your partiality without the hazard of raising the public envy.

My Lord, and my son present their services to you, and I am with the sincerest gratitude and esteem, Sir,

Your most faithful humble Servant,  
F. HARTFORD.

L E T T E R XXIV.

*From the same.*

SIR, St. Leonard's Hill, June 6, 1738.

I HAD the pleasure on *Saturday* to receive the book \*, and the kind letter you were so good as to send me. I dare say I shall go through the book with a great deal of pleasure. I have already read part of it, and find nothing as yet to give me any apprehensions that I shall find it dry or unpleasant. I am sure the subject is of importance, and is rendered most particularly so at this time, when the polite part of the world look on the Sabbath as an old-fashioned institution, from which they would gladly be released. I inclose you some verses which, though perhaps not strictly right as to the rules of poetry, I believe you will excuse for the piety of the sentiments. They were sent me by a friend of mine who lives

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\* Undoubtedly his *Discourses on the Holiness of Times, Places, and People*; published 1738.



at *Gloucester*, and she says were written by a young gentleman there †.

I thought

† The verses are entitled, *Returning to God*, and are as follow :

All-gracious God, my best retreat,  
 A wounded soul restore :  
 Unnumber'd are my sins, and great,  
 Thy tender mercies more :

Receive a wandring, wanton son,  
 Unworthy of the name,  
 Who bends before thine awful throne,  
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and shame :

Long-wean'd from Heav'n by earthly joys  
 I've fix'd my *Canaan* here,  
 Quitting for present empty toys  
 My bright reversion there :

Like *Noah's* restless dove I've flown  
 Around the delug'd ball,  
 But, ah! what rest can there be known,  
 Where sin has cover'd all ?

Then let me to my ark return,  
 Where peace and comfort reign,  
 With holy flames here let me burn,  
 Nor wish to cool again.

With sin and toil, ye misers blind,  
 Your idol, gold, procure,  
 Here I shall nobler treasure find,  
 From moth and rust secure.

While sensual joy vain fools inflames  
 With gay delusive show,  
 Grant me, O God, those blissful streams  
 That from thy presence flow !

I thought it very long since I had heard from you, and should without ceremony have written again, but I have laboured under a very painful disorder in my head and face, which has of late made writing very difficult to me. I thank God it is now a little better, though so far from well as to hinder me of the pleasures of riding and walking, to which the season of the year would naturally invite me, and which are generally more beneficial to my health than any medicine in the dispensary. But I ought not to repine at these little inconveniencies which are so far less afflicting than I deserve, while I have the blessing to see my Lord and my children enjoy a perfect state of health, for though I doubt I must never hope to see my Lord able to walk again, he is otherwise in as good health and spirits as ever he was since I knew him. He and my daughter are this day going to *London* to stay till *Thursday* or *Friday*,

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If worth and beauty claim my heart  
 What's fair and good like thee?  
 If kindest love my soul can move,  
 What love's like thine to me?

I burn, descending from the skies  
 Swift flames dissolve my soul;  
 My pow'rs in sacred raptures rise,  
 And soar above the pole.

Adieu, vain earth, vain thoughts, depart,  
 Delusive dreams farewell;  
 Such trifling guests must leave that heart,  
 Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

but my son and I remain here. They all assure you of their best wishes. It is comfortable to find that there are still enough of such well-disposed minds as to encourage *Mrs. Rowe's Meditations*, which certainly breathe as sincere a spirit of piety as can be met with in any writing. I am afraid I have tired you with this long letter, and indeed the pain of my eyes reminds me that it is time to conclude it by assuring you that I am with the greatest esteem, Sir,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

F. HARTFORD,

#### LETTER XXV.

*From the same.*

SIR, St. Leonard's Hill, Aug. 8, 1738.

I WOULD much sooner have thanked you for the favour of your last letter but have been hindered by my attendance on my Lord in a severe fit of the gout, though, I thank God, it has been only in his limbs, and not affected either his head or stomach.

I think every body must wish a Muse like *Mr. Pope's* were more inclined to exert itself on divine and good-natured subjects, but I am afraid *Satire* is his highest talent, for I think his *Universal Prayer* is by no means equal to some other of his works; and I think his tenth  
stanza

itanza † an instance how blind the wisest men may be to the errors of their own hearts; for he certainly did not mean to imprecate such a proportion of vengeance on himself, as he is too apt to load those with whom he dislikes; nor would he wish to have his own failings exposed to the eye of the world with all the invective and ridicule, with which he publishes those of his fellow-creatures.

I have lately met with some riddles which we think pretty enough in their way, and, as I remember you once told me; you thought them tolerable amusements, I will inclose you one or two of them, and, if they do not displease you, can furnish you with a few more, which we don't think bad ones. My Lord and our young people assure you of their services. I am, Sir, with the sincerest esteem,

Your most faithful humble Servant,

F. HARTFORD.

## LETTER XXVI.

*From the same.*

SIR,

Jan. 17, 1739.

I AM truly sorry to find you complain of any decay, but I am sure if you have any it must

† Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see,  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.



be bodily, and has no other effect than that, which both *Mr. Waller* \* and *yourself* have so happily described as *letting in light upon the soul*.  
I never

\* *Mr. Waller's* lines, to which her Ladyship refers, are at the conclusion of his Divine poems.

The soul's dark cottage batter'd and decay'd  
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made :  
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,  
As they draw near to their eternal home :  
Leaving the old both worlds at once they view,  
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

The verses of *Dr. Watts* which her Ladyship intends is the poem in his *Horæ Lyricæ* entitled *A sight of heaven in sickness*.

Oft have I sat in secret sighs  
To feel my flesh decay,  
Then groan'd aloud with frighted eyes  
To view the tottering clay ;

But I forbid my sorrows now,  
Nor dares the flesh complain ;  
Diseases bring their profit too ;  
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

My chearful soul now all the day  
Sits waiting here and sings ;  
Looks through the ruins of her clay,  
And practises her wings.

Faith almost changes into sight,  
While from afar she spies  
Her fair inheritance in light  
Above created skies.

Had but the prison-walls been strong,  
And firm without a flaw,  
In darkness she had dwelt too long,  
And less of glory saw :

But

I never read any thing in my life that pleased me better than your meditations on Revelation 10th, and I hope I shall not only delight in reading the words, but lay the substance of it to my heart, to which end allow me to beg your prayers as an assistance.

My dear Lord's state of suffering (for he is again confined to his bed by the gout) gives me little opportunity and less inclination to lose much time in the gay amusements which are apt to divert other people from the thoughts of their dissolution; but I am not sure that a life of care and anxiety has not as bad an effect by fixing the mind too attentively on the present gloom, which obscures every chearful ray which would otherwise enliven one's spirits.

But now the everlasting hills  
 Through ev'ry chink appear,  
 And something of the joy she feels,  
 While she's a prisoner here.

The shines of heav'n rush sweetly in  
 At all the gaping flaws;  
 Visions of endless bliss are seen,  
 And native air she draws,

O may these walls stand tottering still,  
 The breaches never close  
 If I must here in darkness dwell  
 And all this glory lose!

Or rather let this flesh decay,  
 The ruins wider grow  
 Till glad to see th' enlarged way  
 I stretch my pinions too,

I wish I had any thing to send more worth your reading than the following verses ; but I have so little leisure that I can scarce get time to write letters to the few friends I correspond with. These lines were written one morning in *October* as I was sitting in a bow-window in my chamber at *St. Leonard's Hill*, which looks on a little grove in the garden, and beyond has an extensive view of the forest.

How lately was yon russet grove  
 The seat of harmony and love ?  
 How beauteous all the sylvan scene ?  
 The flowers how gay, the trees how green ?  
 But now it no such charms can boast,  
 Its musick gone, its verdure lost ;  
 The changing leaves fall fast away,  
 And all its pride is in decay ;  
 Where blossoms deckt the pointed thorn  
 Now hangs the wintry drop forlorn ;  
 No longer from the fragrant bush  
 Odours exhale, nor roses blush.  
 Along the late enamel'd mead  
 No golden cowslip lifts its head,  
 Scarce can the grass its spires sustain,  
 Chill'd by the frost, or drench'd with rain.  
 Alas—just thus with life it fares.  
 Our youth like smiling spring appears,  
 Allied to joy, unbroke with cares ;  
 But swiftly fly those chearful hours,  
 Like falling leaves, or fading flowers ;  
 We quickly hasten to decline,  
 And ev'ry sprightly joy resign :  
 Then be our heart prepar'd to leave  
 Those joys, nor at their absence grieve ;

Sublimes

Sublimer pleasures let us prove,  
 And fix our thoughts on those above,  
 By the bright eye of sacred truth  
 Review the dangers of our youth,  
 Think how by turns wild passions rag'd,  
 By calm reflection now assuag'd,  
 And bless the gentle ev'ning hour,  
 When reason best exerts its pow'r,  
 And drives those tyrants from our breast,  
 Whose empire they too long possess:  
 Devotion comes with grace divine,  
 Around them heavenly glories shine  
 While ev'ry gloom their rays dispel,  
 And banish the deceits of hell;  
 Ambition now no more aspires,  
 Contentment mod'rates our desires,  
 From envy free we can behold  
 Another's honours, or his gold,  
 Nor jealousy our rest alarms,  
 No longer slaves to mortal charms:  
 With prudence, patience comes along,  
 Who smiles beneath oppressive wrong:  
 If then such peaceful heav'nly guests  
 Age introduces to our breasts,  
 Can we his soft approaches fear,  
 Or heave a sigh, or drop a tear  
 Because our outward forms decay,  
 And time our vigour steals away?  
 Should we regret our short-lived bloom,  
 Which, could it last us to the tomb,  
 Must quickly there to dust consume?  
 If thus life's progress we survey,  
 View what it gives, what takes away,  
 We shall with thankful hearts declare,  
 It leaves us all that's worth our care.



I am importuned by a very valuable old woman, who is declining apace, to beg your prayers. She took me from my nurse, and, if I have any good in me, I owe it to her. She was trusted by my mother with the care both of my sister and myself, and has lived with me ever since. But now, though past 70, she cannot meet death without terror, and yet I believe I may venture to answer, that she has always lived under the strictest sense of religion, but lowness of spirit joined to many bodily infirmities will shed darkness on the most cheerful minds, and hers never was of that cast. I fear she has very few months (if weeks) to come on earth, and a notice that you will grant her request would make her I believe pass them with more comfort.

I am forced to take another page to assure you of my Lord's compliments, and those of my young people; the two latter are very well. I have no other view in sending the above verses, but to prove that my confidence in your friendship has received no alteration from the length of time which has passed since I had an opportunity of assuring you in person with how true a regard I am, Sir,

Your most faithful humble Servant,

F. HARTFORD.

## LETTER XXVII.

*From the same.*

SIR, Windsor-Forest, May 19, 1739.

I WOULD sooner have expressed my concern for your illness had I been free from complaint myself. I have been afflicted for some weeks with a pain in my jaws and face, which is yet very little better, and really disheartens me from doing any thing. My *Lord* and *Betty* are in town, as is my son's governor on account of a violent rheumatism, so that he, and I, and a young gentleman three or four years older than himself live here in perfect solitude. Our amusement within doors is at present *Rapin's History of England in English*, which they abridge as they go along; I work or draw while they read aloud, and we do not seem tired of our way of life.

Your good prayers for poor *Rothery* have met with unexpected success. She is so much recovered that I begin to think she will get entirely well, and if she does I think nothing of that kind has since I can remember looked more like a miraculous operation of the healing power of the Almighty.

I hope the same divine mercy will long preserve you a blessing to the age, and that you will find your strength return with the warm weather.

My

My son assures you of his kindest wishes and services, and I am sure the other branches of my family would do the same if they were here.

I hoped every week (of late) for the publication of the sermons you were so good as to say you intended me. I find *Mr. Grove's* are going to be published by subscription. I have sent to town to desire that my name may be added to the list.

I have just had the oddest pamphlet sent me which I ever saw in my life, called *Amusemens Philosophiques sur le Language des Betes*. It was burnt by the hands of the common executioner at *Paris*, and the priest who wrote it banished till he made a formal retraction of it, and yet I think it very plain by the style that the man was either in jest or crazed. It is by no means wanting of wit, but extremely far from a system of probability. I will now only recommend myself to your prayers, and subscribe myself,  
Sir,

Your most obliged and faithful Servant,

F. HARTFORD.

#### LETTER XXVIII.

*From the same.*

SIR,

Marlborough, June 7, 1739.

You will have great reason to think me very ungrateful for your kind present to my son,  
and

and very indifferent in regard to your health, till I have told you what has so long hindered my returning you thanks for the one, and assuring you of my concern for the other. I have been since I received yours afflicted with a pain in my head, which was almost ready to deprive me of my eye-sight. It lasted four or five days, and, as soon as it was over, we prepared to remove hither, where we have only been three days. These have been the impediments which have kept me silent at a time when I had the strongest inclination to inquire after you, and assure you of my sincerest wishes and prayers for your perfect recovery.

I have the pleasure of finding my garden extremely improved in the two years I have been absent from it. Some little alterations I had ordered are completed. The trees which I left small ones are grown to form an agreeable shade, and I have reason to bless God for the pleasantness of the place which is allotted me to pass many of my retired hours in. May I make use of them to fit me for my last, and that I may do so allow me to beg the continuation of your prayers!

My poor old woman is got hither contrary to her own, and all our expectations. She has the deepest gratitude for your goodness to her, and begs you will accept her thanks. She is still very weak, and I fancy will hardly get over the autumn. My *Lord* and *Betty* desire to assure



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assure you of their compliments. I am, Sir,  
with the truest esteem,

Your most faithful humble Servant,

F. HARTFORD.

L E T T E R XXIX.

*From the same.*

S I R,

June 10, 1739.

THOUGH I troubled you with a letter so lately I cannot dispense with my impatience to thank you for the valuable present you have made me of one of the best books I ever saw †. I received it only on *Friday* night, but, as the goodness of Providence has allowed me many hours of leisure and retirement, I have had time enough to read so much of it as gives me the highest veneration for its author. I hope God will grant me grace not only to read it, but to endeavour after the piety it dictates, which is delivered in such a manner as both to convince the reason, and touch the heart. I have forgot whether in any of my later letters I ever named to you a little book newly translated from the *Italian* by the same *Mrs. Carter*, who has a copy of verses printed in the beginning of *Mrs. Rowe's Works* occasioned by her death. The book she has now translated is *Sir*

---

† Very probably his *Discourses on the World to come*, dated by him in his Preface 1739.

*Isaac*

*Isaac Newton's Doctrine of Light and Colours made easy for the Ladies.* My daughter and I have both read it with great pleasure, and flatter ourselves that we at least understand some parts of it. She joins with her father and brother in their assurances of esteem and good wishes toward you, and I hope you are convinced that on both those subjects you may equally depend upon the sincerity of, Sir,

Your most obliged

And faithfully affectionate Servant,

F. HARTFORD.

L E T T E R XXX.

*From the same.*

S I R,                      Marlborough, July 30, 1739.

I WOULD much sooner have written to you to thank you for the favour of your last letter had I enjoyed more leisure; but I have had a friend with me this last month who has engrossed a good many of those hours which I used to employ in writing to my correspondents. She is a very pious, and religious, as well as agreeable woman, and has seen enough of the world in her younger years to teach her to value its enjoyments, and fear its vexations no more than they deserve, by which happy knowledge she has brought her mind and spirits to the most perfect state of calmness I ever saw, and her conversation seems to impart the blessing to all who partake of her discourse.

By



By this you will judge that I have passed my time very much to my satisfaction while she was with me ; and, though I have not written to you, you have shared my time with her, for almost all the hours I passed alone I have employed in reading your works, which for ever represent to my imagination the idea of a ladder or flight of steps, since every volume seems to rise a step nearer the language of heaven, and there is a visible progression toward that better country through every page ; so that, though all breathe piety and just reason, the last seems to crown the whole, till you shall again publish something to enlighten a dark and obstinate age, for I must believe that the manner in which you treat divine subjects is more likely to reform and work upon the affections of your readers than that of any other writer now living. I hope God will in mercy to many thousands, myself in particular, prolong your life many years. I own this does not seem a kind wish to you, but I think you will be content to bear the infirmities of flesh some years longer to be an instrument in the hands of God toward the salvation of your weak and distressed brethren. The joys of heaven cannot fade but will be as glorious millions of ages to come as they are now, and what a moment will the longest life appear when it comes to be compared with eternity ? My Lord desires to assure you of his regards and  
best

best-wishes. I am, Sir, with the truest veneration,

Your most faithful humble Servant,  
F. HARTFORD.

L E T T E R XXXI.

*From the same.*

S I R,                      Marlborough, Sept. 10, 1739.

I AM extremely glad to find that you have still a reserve of writings which the world may at some time or other hope to see, for without the least flattery (a vice I would always avoid and more particularly on so important an occasion) it is my opinion that God has in a very extraordinary manner blessed your endeavours to the advancement of piety. I cannot help mentioning one instance of it to you, which has fallen within my own knowledge, of a person who, after having drunk extremely hard, and made a very ill husband for upwards of twenty years, has within this year and half entirely changed his course of life, and is now as sober a man, and as good an husband as is possible, and he himself says that his reformation has been entirely owing to reading your three volumes of sermons which were printed some years since.

I must beg you to direct your next letter to me at *St. Leonard's Hill*, for we remove thither (if it please God) the day after to-mor-

row for about two months. *My Lord* and *my son* assure you of their sincere regards, as I am sure *Betty* would do was she with me; but she is still in *Yorkshire*. I will not add any more at present than to desire the continuance of your prayers, and assure you that I am with a real veneration and friendship, Sir,

Your most affectionate

And faithful humble Servant,

F. HARTFORD.

L E T T E R XXXII.

*From the same.*

S I R,

London, Nov. 28, 1739.

I AM very much ashamed when I consider how long I have been indebted to you for the favour of a letter, but since that time I have had my heart full of care, and my hands full of business. When I received yours my Lord was laid up with a severe fit of the gout, which did not permit me to leave *Windsor Forest* (whither we are to return no more) till the thirteenth of this month. When I first came to town I had the disagreeable news of my daughter's being ill in *Yorkshire*, but, I thank God, she is now well again, and I expect her in town next week. Besides all this I have been busy in getting some things ready to go down into *Buckinghamshire*, to an house which my Lord has bought there of my Lord *Bathurst*, and where we are to go to-morrow morning

morning to pass there three or four days. It is the place which *Mr. Pope* in one of his letters to *Mr. Digby* calls my Lord B\*\*'s *extravagant bergerie*\*. The little paddock in which it stands perfectly answers that title. The house is old, but very convenient, and large enough; and what makes it very agreeable to me, though within ten miles, it looks as if it were an hundred from *London*. *The life of God in the soul of man* is a book which I have had and admired above these twelve years. Nothing can breathe a truer spirit of piety. My Lord and son desire to assure you of their services, and best wishes, and I am, with a very sincere regard, Sir,

Your most faithful

And obliged humble Servant,

F. HARTFORD.

#### LETTER XXXIII.

*From the same.*

SIR,

Percy Lodge, Dec. 3, 1747.

I HAVE received the valuable book † you was so good as to send me, and though I have, from some necessary interruptions, been able to read only about half of it, I am so

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\* A large sheepfold.

† Undoubtedly the Doctor's Volume of Evangelical Discourses.



much pleased with those admirable discourses that I cannot be easy any longer to defer my sincere thanks for the satisfaction I have already received from them.

It is much to be lamented that the modern preachers in our church indulge themselves and their hearers with cold, though well penned, essays of morality, as it were forgetting that the only anchor of our salvation is the merits of Jesus Christ, who laid down his life to redeem us from the slavery of sin and Satan. 'Tis by this fashionable way of preaching that I am afraid many serious people are led into the unhappy mistake of trusting to their own righteousness, and find it a hard lesson to rank themselves with the sinners of this world.

My Lord desires to assure you of his sincere regards, and I am with the most cordial esteem and gratitude, Sir,

Your most obliged

And faithful humble Servant,

F. HARTFORD.

*Sir Hugh Smithson and Lady Betty* have been in town some time, but I will let them know your kind remembrance of them.

LET-

## LETTER XXXIV.

*From the late Lord Barrington* \*.

REV. SIR,

London, Jan. 11, 1718.

I CANNOT dispense with myself from taking the first opportunity I have of acknowledging your great favour in assisting me so readily to offer up the praise due to almighty God for his signal mercies vouchsafed me on three several occasions, and of assuring you that it was with the utmost concern I understood that I must not flatter myself with the hopes of your being with us in this last. But how very obliging are you, who would give yourself the trouble to let me know that, though you could not give me the advantage of your company at *Hatton-Garden*, yet I should not want your assistance at a distance, where you would address such petitions to heaven to meet ours as tend to render me one of the best and happiest men alive. This they will influence me to be in some measure, both by their prevalence at the throne of grace, and by instructing me in the most agreeable manner what I should aspire to. Whilst I read your letter I found my blood fired with the greatest ambition to be what you wish me. I will therefore carefully preserve it, where it shall be

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\* See his life in the *Biographia Britannica*.

least liable to accidents, and where it will be always most in my view. There, as I shall see what I ought to be, by keeping it always before me, I shall not only have the pleasure of observing the masterly strokes of the character you wish me, but I hope, come in time to bear some resemblance to it.

Whilst you were praying for us; we did not forget you; nor shall I cease to beseech almighty God to make you a bright example of passive virtue till he shall see fit to restore you to that eminent degree of acceptableness and service you have once enjoyed. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

BARRINGTON.

My wife is very much obliged by your civility. She has desired a copy of your letter, which she says will be as useful to her, as it has been entertaining, if it be not her own fault. Both our humble services attend the good family where you are. I am sorry my *Lady's* cold is like to deprive us of their company on *Wednesday*.

L E T T E R XXXV.

*From the same.*

REV. SIR,

Tofts, Jan. 23, 1724.

I RETURNED you my thanks for the kind present of your *Logic* soon after I received it.

I can

I can now do it on much better grounds, for since I have read it (which from the scene of sorrow and business I have lately been in I have not been able to do till within these few days) I do not barely thank you for the civility of your present, or only for the satisfaction I have received on reading a book finely written on a noble and useful subject, or for the profit I have reaped by it, but for a book, by which I expect not only the youth of *England*, but all, who are not too lazy, or too wise to learn, will be taught to think and write better than they do, and thereby become better subjects, better neighbours, better relatives, and better christians. As far as wrong reasoning helps to spoil each of these (and a great way every one, who will reflect, must see it goes towards it) so far will putting us in a right way of thinking help to mend us. I think your book so good an help to us this way, that I shall not only recommend it to others, but use it as the best manual of its kind myself, and intend as some have done *Erasmus*, or a piece of *Cicero* for another purpose to read it over once a year. I am, Sir,

Your most faithful humble Servant,

BARRINGTON.



## LETTER XXXVI.

*From the same.*

REV. SIR,

Becket-House, Feb, 4, 1731.

AT last I have received the kind present\* you so long since ordered me. I have read it over, and looked over some parts of it again. I shall lay it in my nursery, hall, and parlour, and keep it in my study. I think it a book that will be very instructive and entertaining to people of all ages and conditions. You know I am very much for the whole Bible's being looked through, and not one part of it only; or even the New Testament alone in prejudice of the rest. I think you have done very good service in giving us the Apocryphal history, as a part of the account of God's transactions with his people. . But, after saying this I must own to you I could have wished you had made your sections, especially at the beginning, not barely as historical ones, but with a view to the different dispensations of God to mankind (I mean in that part of the book before the law) though still preserving the order of the Bible. The breaks, that arise from that consideration, are what are most likely to lead us into the true knowledge of the Bible. Without them the history of the Bible will be little more than the amusement of other histories. I am, Sir,

Your very faithful humble Servant,

BARRINGTON.

---

\* *Dr. Watts's View of the whole Scripture History.*

## LETTER XXXVII.

*From the present Lord Barrington.*

REV. SIR, Becket-House, Feb. 22, 1734-5.

My Lady begs you to accept through my hands her best thanks for your last kind letter to her. She is fully sensible of the favour you do her both by the handsome manner in which you speak of her deceased Lord, and the excellent motives you propose for her consolation.

Give me leave, Sir, to return you my thanks for your kind wishes on my account. My late dear father was often commending me in a manner far above what I any ways deserved, and for which I esteem myself entirely indebted to his paternal fondness. But, if I was to have chosen to whom I would have been so commended, it should have been to *Dr. Watts* at *Lady Abney's*. I esteem it incumbent on me to come up as far as I am able to his account of me, which I shall endeavour to do by the closest imitation of his bright example.

The desire you express of having my father's head among your collection of learned men is worthy of a person who had so long an intimacy and friendship with him. I am sensible that if all the world had the same regard, and so quick a remembrance of men of merit as yourself, a picture would be entirely superfluous. Yet if you think that from the in-

specification of the late *Lord Barrington's* picture any may be induced to follow the pattern of virtue and self-denial he has set, it may be easily done. I am in a very particular manner, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

BARRINGTON\*,

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

*From the Honourable Jonathan Belcher, Esq.†*

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Boston, Oct. 20, 1732.

IN *August* last I had the favour of yours of the fourth of *May*, with your lamentation on the death of that excellent christian *Mrs. Sarah Abney*. God indeed in his unerring wisdom orders every thing at the best time, yet, to speak after the manner of men, her death was untimely to the world, and uncommonly so to those who were happy in her relation and acquaintance. She seemed to be seasoned with a peculiar modesty, grace, and piety, and her conversation discovered a good knowledge of the world and things. But, dear Doctor, I must not excite you, or any of her surviving friends to new grief. I doubt not but she has dropped anchor within the veil. May God of his infinite mercy enable us to follow her in imitation of the holy *Jesus*!

---

\* His Lordship was only eighteen years of age when he wrote the above letter.

† Governor of *New England*, or the province of *Massachusetts-Bay* from 1730 to 1740.

I heartily

I heartily condole with you and his bereaved flock in the death of *Dr. Calamy*, who was a faithful labourer in his master's vineyard, and I doubt not is entered into the joy of his Lord.

I know, Sir, the station in which God has set me is surrounded with snares and difficulties, and requires great care and thought; bow then your knees with mine to the fountain of grace and wisdom that I may so conduct my administration as most of all to advance the honour of God with the welfare and happiness of his people, then shall I at last be able to give up a joyful account of the talents committed to my trust.

May the God of the spirits of all flesh restore your health, and strengthen your tender, crazy constitution! and may the great Head of the Church replenish you continually with the effusion of his holy spirit for the better edification of the body of the church, and at last receive you to the general assembly and church of the First-born, and the spirits of just men made perfect! This is, and shall be the hearty prayer of, Sir,

Your affectionate Friend,

And very humble Servant,

J. BELCHER.

LET-



## LETTER XXXIX.

*From the same.*

WORTHY SIR,

Boston, Oct. 24, 1735.

IN *June* last *Mr. Boylstone* brought me your obliging letter of 2d of *May*. I again thank you for your prayers and good wishes for me in the weight of the government. It shall be my study to be faithful to my master, and with a tender eye to keep inviolate all the liberties of my dear country, and such a practice I think very compatible. I was sorry to hear of the death of the late ingenious, and religious ——— I looked on him as a part of our glory and defence; but what shall we say, the residue of the spirit is with God? *Asbur* shall not save us, neither will we ride on horses; and cease ye from man whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of. God's church and people shall be safe here and safe for ever; while their faith is fixed trusting in the Lord, they shall be as Mount *Zion* which cannot be removed but abideth for ever. I have from others the same account you give me of the declining state of the health of my predecessor *Governor Shute*, for whom I have a great esteem, as a gentleman of great virtue and integrity: his days have filled up the age of a man, whose strength is not the strength of stones, nor his flesh of brass. We must all cry out at last, Corruption, thou art my father! O

worm, thou art my sister and mother! but happy, thrice happy shall they be, who, when this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality, shall be able to triumph over the last enemy of mankind, and say, O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? This I hope will be the portion of my worthy friend *Col. Shute*, who, I doubt not, in God's best time, will come to his grave in full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season. *Faxit Deus.*

I ask leave to condole the Honourable *Lady Abney* on the death of *Mrs. Gunston*, and to congratulate her on the mercy of God in her own recovery. May she live long in good health a still more extensive blessing to her family, and this unworthy world!

I thank you, Sir, very heartily for your share of the 54 discourses delivered at *Mr. Coward's Lectures*; the two volumes being sent me by my excellent friend *Dr. Guyse*.

I pray God to pour out upon you and upon your brethren more and more of his Holy Spirit. That you may be faithful to your great Lord and Master, even unto death, and then receive the crown of life, is the prayer of,

My dear Friend,

Your most obliged and most humble Servant,

J. BELCHER.

## LETTER XL.

*From the same.*

DEAR SIR,

December 10, 1737.

THE seventh current came to my hand your favour of the thirteenth of *October*, for which you have my kindest thanks.

*Mr. Loving's* sermon is allowed by those who have the best sense of religion to be full of excellent advice to rulers and people; and I humbly pray that by the influences of that God, who has honoured him to be an overseer of one of his flocks, we may for the future live and act more to his glory! And I am here again thankful for your prayers to heaven on my behalf.

The acceptance of my picture is a token of your respect, and so is the present of yours to me, which I hope to receive by one of the Spring-ships, with *Mr. Edwards* of *Northampton's* narrative, printed by your self and *Dr. Guylse* at *London*, of the wonderful things wrought by the Spirit of God on the hearts of our people in the county of *Hampshire*.

You will, Sir, oblige one of your constant readers, and hearty well-wishers to let me have any thing new with which you oblige the world.

It is very kind of pious *Lady Abney* to allow me a share in her good wishes. She is making haste to a better world, and at her great change  
 “ will

“ will come to the grave in full age, as a shock  
 “ of corn comes in its season.” In the mean  
 time I wish her length of days with health and  
 comfort.

That you may be continued a burning and  
 shining light by which many souls may be  
 guided to the regions of eternal day, and there  
 be witnessers to that crown of life, which you  
 shall receive from your Lord and Master in  
 testimony of your fidelity, is and shall be the  
 prayer of, Rev. Sir,

Your obliged Friend,

And most obedient Servant,

J. BELCHER.

L E T T E R XLI.

*From the same.*

REV. SIR,

Boston, Oct. 20, 1739.

IN *August* last came to hand your kind letter  
 of the 6th of *June* which grieved me with the  
 account you gave me of a paralytic disorder  
 which had lately visited you. Our times are  
 in God's hands. The sands run low in your  
 glass and mine. O! that I could realize it as I  
 ought, then I should stand with my loins girt  
 and my light burning, and ready to depart at  
 whatever hour the Lord shall come. I offer  
 up my sincere praises to the God of all grace  
 and mercy who still saves, and has so much re-  
 stored you. May your life and health be pre-  
 cious



cious in his fight, and your usefulness in your Master's service be extended even to old age!

Not long after I wrote you of the affairs of my government the clouds returned after the rain, and things are not so placid and easy as I could wish. I desire to be patient and submissive to the dispensations of God's wise and holy providence. It is easy with him to say, "And at evening time it shall be light." I thank you for the present of your last book †, which *Dr. Sewall* borrowed before I could get through it—the others were delivered as you desired. Please to make my best regards acceptable to the worthy *Lady Abney*, and believe me, Sir, with entire esteem,

Your Friend and most obedient Servant,  
J. BELCHER.

L E T T E R XLII:

*From Sir Gilbert Elliot, Bart.*

REV. SIR,

Epsom, Nov. 8, 1727:

I PROPOSED myself the pleasure of seeing you before this, but several unexpected accidents have prevented me, and, as I do not know when I shall enjoy so great a satisfaction, I take this opportunity to renew my old request, that you would be so good and charitable as to oblige the world with a short catechism

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† Not unlikely the Doctor's Discourses on the Holiness of Times, Places, and People, printed 1738.

in a plain, easy, intelligible way, adapted to the several ages and capacities of children. Give me leave to be importunate in my request because it would be of great use to a society that I have some concern in. It would look like flattery and not sincere friendship was I to tell you what a general and deserved applause your writings meet with. Sure this is a great encouragement; let me use it as an argument to undertake so useful and beneficial a work which seems to be reserved by Providence for your happy genius and extensive capacity. It was no small pleasure to hear upon the road by *Mr. Tonge* of your health, which I hope and wish you may still long enjoy to be continued as a further blessing in your day and generation. My respectful services attend *Lady Abney*; I hope she will be my advocate in this cause, and use her interest with you in my favour. I should be extremely glad to hear of your welfare, as being with a sincere esteem,  
Rev. and dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble Servant,

GILB. ELLIOTT.

L E T.

## LETTER XLIII.

*From Lady Mary Levett\*.*

SIR,

March 10, 1722.

THIS presents you with grateful acknowledgments for your book † and picture, both are worthy of a better place than I have to put them in. I did not receive them till last *Monday*. So far as I have looked into your book I have reason to believe that the method together with the spirit and temper is best suited to convince of error and establish in the most important articles of Christianity, and hope the divine blessing will by these your labours produce these happy effects. I have been much concerned for the death of *Sir Thomas Abney* at a juncture when his zeal as a magistrate, and his prayers as a good Christian are so much wanted. I beg my service to *Lady Abney*; tell her I sympathize with her, for though *Sir Thomas* was full of years, and nature was spent, yet to lose such an husband, parent, and master must be matter of deep sorrow: one every way so fit for heaven must be a diffusive blessing to our earth. But how-

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\* The relict, if I conjecture right, of *Sir William Levett*, Alderman of *London*.

† His Christian Doctrine of the Trinity, as appears from what follows in her letter, printed by the Doctor 1722.

ever her Ladyship is not unacquainted with her duty, or an experimental benefit by a due submission to the darkest dispensations. She knows the God who sends, the errand, and tendency of afflictions. And here I can't but say I am more apt to pity a carnal wretch under afflictions than a pious soul; the one is so hardened that he usually either contemns or reproaches God, or studies indirect methods to relieve himself, whilst the other is more solicitous to have trouble sanctified than removed. Happy is my Lady in such a disposition, and in having you, Sir, to mention her complaints to, and ask your advice and prayers. That you may have confirmed health of body and growing degrees of a prosperous soul, and abundant success in your ministerial labours is the wish of, Sir,

With great respect, your Servant,

MARY LEVETT.

L E T T E R XLIV.

*From Samuel Holden, Esq; \**

S I R,

Carpenter's-Hall, Dec. 28, 1733.

THE papers you communicated contain two stories remarkably sad and profane, though I  
fear

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\* *Dr. Benjamin Colman of Boston in New-England* preached and published a funeral sermon for this Gentleman, in which are contained several extracts from his letters to the Doctor, which shew *Mr. Holden* to have been



fear there are but too many instances of the like nature.

*Mr. Chandler* told me one which happened at a coffee-house where he was present. A person came in retching and straining as though he wanted to vomit. He was asked what ailed him. He replied, he had been the day before at the sacrament to qualify himself, and that he should never be easy, till he got the damned bread and wine off his stomach.

How those who have it in their power to remove the occasions of such horrid impieties (and yet continue them for secular ends) can answer it to the great Judge of all, must be left to their own consciences, if they have any.

My respects wait upon yourself and the good family. I am, Sir,

Your most humble and affectionate Servant,

SAMUEL HOLDEN.

L E T T E R XLV.

*From the Rev. Mr. Frederic Michael Ziegenhagen* \*.

REV. SIR, Kensington, Oct. 29, 1736.

YOUR very kind letter of 23d instant, together with three books of the late *Rev. Mr.*

*John*

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a man of considerable abilities, and eminent piety. He was Chairman of the Committee of Protestant Dissenters in London.

\* He was chaplain to his Majesty *George II.* Minister of the *German Chapel at St. James's* upwards of fifty-three years,

*John Jennings's Discourses concerning evangelical and experimental preaching* came safe to my hands Oct. 26. I heartily thank you, dear Sir, as well as the *Rev. Mr. David Jennings* for so agreeable a present, and more especially for the care and pains both of you have been at either in translating or revising and publishing the late Professor *Franck's* Epistle on the same subject. I shall not fail to acquaint the son of that good man, the present Professor *Franck*, with your particular esteem for and love to the memory of his father, and by the first opportunity also transmit, according to your direction, two copies of the said Discourses to *Hall*. In the mean time I dare assure you this fresh instance of your pious desire to promote the interest of true Christianity will certainly be acknowledged with praise to the Lord, and endear your name to very many who wish well to the cause of Christ in *Germany*. May the Lord be pleased to awaken by this little book the whole order of men who pretend to be ministers of Christ and the gospel, and nevertheless have been too negligent, if not ashamed to preach Christ or the gospel, that they may recover themselves out of the snare and deceit, they most unhappily are fallen into, that for the future they may not preach themselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and

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years, bore an excellent character, and died *January 24th, 1776.*

especially him crucified, who alone is made of God unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.

As to your kind invitation to come and dine with you on a *Tuesday* in *Aldermanbury* I very thankfully accept of it, but must beg leave to defer it a time longer, till the arrival of three missionaries for the protestant mission in the *East-Indies* at *Tranquebar*, who are expected from *Hall* the middle of *December* next, and will certainly be very glad to have the happiness to get acquainted with good and pious men, and particularly with the author of that excellent book called *The Redeemer and Sanctifier*, and I do not question that your goodness will grant them a friendly access and conversation. My most humble service to my *Lady Abney*, and her family. I remain with much sincerity and esteem, reverend Sir,

Your affectionate Brother,

And humble Servant,

FRED. MICH. ZIEGENHAGEN.

L E T T E R XLVI.

*From the same.*

DEAR AND REV. SIR,      Kensington, Nov. 30, 1737.

YOUR kind letter of *Nov. 25*, with the little book\* annexed to it lays me under a new

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\* Possibly the Doctor's Discourse on Humility, published 1737.

obligation,

obligation, and I sincerely wish to be able and to have an opportunity to acquit the same. I think I foresaw what you were pleased to object against the encomiums, however well deserved and no doubt well meant, bestowed upon you and your writings by *Mr. Kortbold* and the *Abbot Steinmetz*. Perhaps you will be the more inclined to excuse the liberty both of them have taken in acquainting the public with your character, when I beg leave to tell you, that probably neither of them was aware that any thing published in the *German language* would be translated into *English*, or come to your knowledge. For *Mr. Kortbold's* translation of *Mr. Benson's* vindication of prayer has not been sent over as yet, although it came out for aught I know a year ago, and as to the *Abbot's* preface the translating of it was purely a motion and resolution of my own in order to shew my great esteem and respect I justly owe you. This is really the case, I believe, why these Gentlemen did express their sentiments concerning *Dr. Watts* and his writings so full and freely, and no doubt they would be sorry to hear they had given the least offence to a man they value so much. The preventing of which is the true reason why I trouble you with the fore-mentioned circumstances. I agree entirely with you that it is more safe to have low thoughts of ourselves and our abilities than great ones. Highmindedness and more espe-



cially spiritual pride is the nearest image of the fallen angels, and an infallible way to lose all, and every grain of grace, the favour of God, and the glory that is promised to the faithful Servants of God. But however low and mean we have reason to think of ourselves this makes no law to others to think so too, nor can their liberality in speaking to our praise, considered in itself, be blamed. The instance we have of this, Mat. xi. 7—11, compared with John i. 27, is clear.

The present of your *Catechisms* is really very agreeable to me, and I thank you heartily for it.

Having received letters this day se'nnight from *Ebenezer* in the new colony of *Georgia*, where some of the *Saltzburghers*\* driven out from

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\* Who these *Saltzburghers* were, what were the sufferings they met with, and the compassionate regards that were shown them may be learned from the Continuation of *Mr. Rapin's History of England*. "A most dreadful persecution of the *Protestants* at this time (1732) raged in the bishopric of *Saltzburgh* in contravention of the treaty of *Westphalia*, which the bishop of *Saltzburgh* endeavoured to justify by charging his *Protestant* subjects with facts that amounted to little more than ignorance and intemperate zeal. The cruelties and hardships they underwent produced a letter from the *Protestant Ministers* in the diet of *Ratisbon* to the *Emperor*, which refuted most of the facts alleged by the *Bishop* to justify his cruelties, and very plainly proved that he could not by the treaty of *Westphalia* refuse them liberty to go out of the diocese as they should see occasion. Notwithstanding this letter the *Bishop* continued his cruelties

from their own native country are settled,  
and finding to my own great grief and sorrow  
that

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ties against his *Protestant* subjects till his *Britannic* majesty (King George the Second) interested himself so far in their favour with the *Emperor* as to interpose his authority in behalf of the treaty of *Westphalia* : this is the more extraordinary as the family of *Austria* had always been remarkable for oppressing the *Protestants* in *Germany*, and the *Bishop* before this interposition had made use of the *Emperor's* forces to reduce his *Protestant* subjects to the miserable condition before mentioned." Oct. Edit. Vol. VIII. p. 123. Again, "The persecution against the *Protestants* in *Germany*, particularly the *Saltzburghers*, still raging, it was thought by many public-spirited gentlemen in *England* that it would be good policy to grant those unhappy people an asylum in the *British* dominions in *America*, particularly in *Georgia*. This colony was then in its infancy, and through the indefatigable pains of *Mr. Oglethorp*, afterwards Lieutenant-general, wore a promising aspect. It had been settled by a royal charter in 1732, which constituted a body politic and corporate by the name of the Trustees for establishing the Colony of *Georgia* in *America*. The charter had likewise empowered them to erect the same into an independent province, and the trustees, who by their own desire were restrained from taking any fee, salary, or profit whatsoever, also took subscriptions, and collected such monies as were contributed. They therefore on the 10th of *May* (1733) petitioned the *House of Commons*, setting forth that many *Saltzburghers*, and other persecuted and distressed *Protestants* would be glad to go and settle in the said province of *Georgia*, where they may find, under his majesty's protection, an asylum from persecution and arbitrary power, but were unable at their own charge to transport themselves thither, and as the settling them there will be a charity highly becoming this *Protestant* kingdom, the em-

that their present circumstances are very distressed and deplorable, not having given them,

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ploying them in raising rough materials for several of the most useful manufactures, with which none of our plantations at present supply us, will be of great service to the trade of this nation, increase the number of his majesty's subjects, and give further employment for our poor at home: and that the petitioners, notwithstanding the benefactions of many well-disposed and charitable people find themselves unable to send over any number of the said distressed *Protestants* without the assistance of parliament, and therefore praying the house to take the premises into consideration, and grant such relief therein as this house shall think fit. This petition was judged so reasonable that the *Parliament* granted this year 10,000*l.* to the trustees out of the sale of lands of the island of *St. Christopher's* for carrying the purposes of it into execution." *Ibid.* p. 183.

I have now before me a pamphlet printed by *J. Downing* in *Bartholomew-close*, entitled *An Account of the Sufferings of the persecuted Protestants in the Archbishopric of Saltzburgh with their reception in several imperial cities in Germany, together with their confession of faith taken from authentic papers; to which are added the Archbishop's decree and passport, and two Letters relating thereto from the evangelic body at Ratisbon.* In a letter in the above pamphlet dated at *Augsburg* in answer to an Inquiry what is the real cause of the expulsion of this people from their country, it is declared that no other cause can be alleged but their confession of the *Protestant* religion, which is not tolerated in the territory of *Saltzburgh*: and that this is the true cause is manifest not only from the many kinds of sufferings these poor people have endured, all of which were designed to make them quit the *Protestant* religion, but also from the public acts of *the Imperial Diet*. Next follows an inquiry how have these people been treated? To which



them, when the letters came away, the land which was promised them, and suffering in every

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which it is answered that at first all pains were taken to dissuade them from the *Protestant* religion by arguments from worldly interest, and, when that would not do, their books, which they had been many years collecting, were seized in several places, and it is reported of the Dean of *Werffen* that he burned them. After they were thus deprived of the word of God their enemies proceeded to more violent methods. Many were apprehended, particularly those who were suspected to be their leaders, and sent in derision with white caps which hung down to their breasts into the deepest dungeons in *Salzburgh*, and others have been sent away their relations not knowing whither. When this would not do the *Papists* threatened them with beheading, drowning, the gallies, and the like. At last, when it was found that they could not be brought by any of these violent means to love their lives and possessions more than God and his truth they were on a sudden ordered to leave the country. The order was immediately executed with all imaginable rigour. Some were taken from the field, others were dragged naked out of their beds. All in general had a sudden summons to depart, and none or very few were permitted so much as to sell their goods, or take any thing necessary with them. Many have been obliged to leave their wives and their substance behind them, and go away deprived of all they had in the world. This, and much more appears by the complaints that have been laid before the *Evangelic* body at *Ratisbon*, and by the imperial mandates issued thereupon; and what increased the calamity of these people was that they were forced to begin their journey in the depth of winter, when the cold is most severe (Christmas 1732). The first 800 spent five whole weeks in their journey, and that in the most bitter cold and stormy weather, and they were a fortnight in wandering over mountains and hills not knowing whither they



every respect great poverty, and hardships, I am resolved to acquaint all my friends I have a particular confidence in with the distress this christian and truly good people are in at this time. Their pious and indefatigable minister the *Rev. Mr. Boltzius* acquaints the *Rev. Mr. Urlspurger* at *Augsburg* and myself, that any old rag thrown away in *Europe* is of service to them, for instance, old shoes, stockings, shirts, or any thing of wearing apparel for men or women, grown people or children.

Wherefore, dear Sir, if *Baron Oxie's* supposition that you have some hundreds of friends at your disposal be true, perhaps you might by the blessing of God be an happy instrument to get here and there something of old clothes for them to cover their nakedness. Some well-disposed persons in *Germany* have hitherto sent them through my hands at several times considerable benefactions, and more especially have agreed among themselves to contribute a certain sum of money for the buying of linen cloth, and by the last ship, which sailed from hence the 6th of this month for *Georgia*, there were actually sent them

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they went. These hardships fatigued and emaciated them so much that they were almost famished, having been in want of bread for three days together. At the conclusion of the above pamphlet there is an account of the particular number of exiles from ten districts in the Archbishopric of *Saltzburg*, amounting in the whole to 20,678.

fifteen pieces of linen, for shirts, aprons, caps, &c. I must needs own, if the good providence of God had not raised them such kind benefactors, I am afraid there would have been very few of them yet alive. If the journal sent by *Mr. Boltzius* was not in the *German* language I should not fail to communicate it to you, and am pretty sure that the reading of it would as well edify as raise your compassion to them. Your goodness lets me hope you will kindly pardon the length of this letter, and the freedom used in laying before you the misery and calamity of the poor *Saltzburghers* at *Ebenezer*. May the Lord give us grace at all times to fulfil the good pleasure of his will! I am with great sincerity and esteem, Rev. Sir,

Your affectionate Brother,

And humble Servant,

FRED. MICH. ZIEGENHAGEN.

L E T T E R XLVII.

*From the same.*

Kensington, Dec. 9, 1737.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

I RETURN you many thanks for your kind letter of *December 6*, which came not to my hands till just now at six o'clock at night, else I should not have failed to have answered it sooner. The readiness you show in assisting the poor *Saltzburghers*, yea your well receiving the mentioning them, and their circumstances

in

in my last letter give me great satisfaction. What you are pleased to mention of an application made to you in behalf of the *Saltzburghers* three years ago by three Ministers of the Church of *England*, viz. in the name of the Society, is all fact, and I myself remember the thing very well, but I never heard the reason why the application had no success; and am almost apt to question whether the gentlemen commissioned with that affair made their report to the *Society for promoting Christian knowledge*, agreeable to what I find in your letter. *N. B.* The other Society called *The Incorporated Society for foreign Parts*, that is to say for the *West Indies*, have done nothing for, or have any any thing to do with the *Saltzburghers* in *Georgia*.

But to come to the main point upon which you are so good as to desire my answer. The case stands thus. When the said *Society for promoting Christian knowledge*, after having read the accounts of the sufferings of the *Saltzburghers*, which were sent me from *Germany*, and by me communicated to them, did agree to have the same published in *English*, in order to raise a collection for the benefit of the persecuted *Saltzburghers* in general, they appointed at the same time six trustees for receiving all the charities of that branch, and among the rest I myself was one of them, as you will find in the first account of the sufferings of the *Saltzburghers* published by *the Society*. The office of a trustee

trustee laid me under an obligation to report to the Society what money I received from benefactors here in *England*, and so I did report it except the money that was put into my hands for particular uses, and desired to be sent to *Germany* by myself, for instance, the money for the *Salzburghers* 67 *l.* collected by the *Rev. Mr. Burroughs*, a minister of the *Baptist* persuasion, who preached two sermons upon that charity; also the money that was, or is still sent me from *Germany* for those *Salzburghers* who are gone to *Georgia*, I never was obliged to make a report of it to the Society, and never did.

The reason of this difference I suppose you apprehend very easily. I have sent, thank God, every year charitable contributions to *Ebenezer*, and given directions to the *Rev. Mr. Boltzius* how it is to be applied. Sometimes the benefactors signify expressly to me for what use they design their charity, either for the relief of the sick, or old people, or for widows and orphans, or for maintaining some poor children, or for instructing some negroes, or for the poorest among them to buy shoes, stockings, shirts, &c.; but sometimes they leave it to the discretion of *Mr. Boltzius* to apply the money to the best advantage of the *Salzburghers*.

All this I do in my private capacity without acquainting the Society with particulars either from whence the money comes or for what  
particular



particular use it is designed. Neither do they desire it, being sensible that the miserable condition the *Saltzburghers* are in is more fully known to me than to themselves. As to my former office of trustee I think it is quite at an end, not having here in *England* in more than two years time received the least benefaction for the *Saltzburghers*, the thing being now dead.

Wherefore, dear Sir, if the Lord blesses your good intention and intercession in behalf of the *Saltzburghers*, and sends them by your means some seasonable help it will be an additional kindness if you will be at the trouble to specify in what manner it is to be applied, and I shall be very punctual in every respect agreeable to your order and direction, and send your charity by the first ship to *Mr. Boltzius* at *Ebenezer*, and I am well assured that the administration of this service not only will supply the want of the saints (and I hope many of them really are such) but will be abundant also by many thanksgivings to God, and by their prayers for you, good Sir, and all their benefactors. May the Lord give us grace to do whatever is pleasing to him! I remain with sincere esteem,  
Rev. Sir,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

And Brother in the Lord,

FRED. MICH. ZIEGENHAGEN.

## LETTER XLVIII.

*From the Rev. Mr. Joseph Standen.*

DEAR SIR,

Newbury, May 26, 1721.

I HAVE more thanks to offer than a man of your generous spirit will be persuaded to receive for all the favours you have been pleased to confer on me, than whom none can more value them, though few can less deserve them. I know an hearty acknowledgment and continual gratitude (which I am sure I cannot be without) is a better return than a multitude of words. I am very particularly obliged to you, Sir, for your last invaluable present. May that excellent book \* (through the Divine blessing) answer the design of the author, and the end which the several subjects so naturally lead to; that profane and unthinking men may no longer make a jest of their own reason, while they banter the inward testimony which an improved Christian has for the truth of his religion; that mankind may more value those noble faculties by which they are distinguished from the brutes, and that supernatural grace by which alone at last they can be distinguished from the devils; that they may seek help from God rather than creatures, and not only spread their sorrows before the God of all consolation, but their sins before him, who can abundantly pardon; that

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\* Undoubtedly the Doctor's first volume of Sermons.

there

there may be fewer instances of persons in whom man may think he sees all the beauty of an angel without, while the all-seeing God knows there is the hideous deformity of a devil within, and that the world may be brought to so just and reasonable a taste and judgment as not to think that the former makes amends for the latter; that the hidden life of Christians may be their better part, and that they may more place their felicity in nearness to the great author of it, and may be more ambitious of rising by the heavenly scale of TRUE, than the earthly one of *imaginary* blessedness, and so may every day grow more fit for a solemn appearance before God both in this and the other world!

I had the happiness to see your good father three weeks ago at *Southampton*; and *Mrs. Watts*, your mother, was then so well as to appear abroad. I hope they will both live some years the longer being supported with the joy of having such a son. I saw the dear *Sarissa* † too, whose temper and spirit I am satisfied you are pleased with.

Shall we never see you at *Newbury*? Nobody (hardly *Sarissa* herself, had she been in my case) could more regret your passing by without my snatching a look or two at you. It will (I confess) more show my respect to *Mr. Watts*, if

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† Undoubtedly *Sarah* the *Doctor's* sister.

I go to *Southampton* on purpose to meet him for an hour or two, and that I beg you'll permit me to do by letting me have timely notice of your being there, as (if I mistake not) somebody told me you intended this summer.

I have not the honour to know *Sir Thomas* and his family, but can't forbear congratulating them on the happiness of your company, which in my opinion is a greater honour than titles and coronets.

I again beg a line from you, and pray give me some hopes that you'll admit me to an interview with you at *Southampton*, which will be a greater satisfaction than you imagine to, dear Sir,

Your most obliged Friend,  
And most obedient Servant,  
J. STANDEN †.

L E T T E R XLIX.

*From the Rev. Mr. George Thomson* \*.

St. Ginnys, Jan. 17, 1736.

POET, DIVINE, SAINT, the delight, the guide,  
the wonder of the virtuous world; permit,

† *Mr. Standen* was first minister among the Protestant Dissenters at *Newbury, Berks*, and afterwards conformed to the Church of *England*, continuing his ministry at the same town or in its neighbourhood.

\* This Gentleman I am informed is still living, though deprived of his sight.



Rev. Sir, a stranger unknown, and likely to be for ever unknown to desire one blessing from you in a private way. 'Tis this, that when you approach the Throne of Grace, and lift up holy hands, when you get closest to the Mercy-seat, and wrestle mightily for the peace of *Jerusalem*, you would breathe one petition for my soul's health. In return I promise you a share for life in my unworthy prayers, who honour you as a father and a brother (though differently ordered) and conclude myself,

Your affectionate humble Servant,

GEORGE THOMSON.

*P. S.* If you can forgive my freedom, and find a few minutes leisure to ascertain me of your kind design to oblige, to make me happy direct to *George Thomson* Vicar of *St. Ginny's*, near *Camelford*, in *Cornwall*.

L E T T E R L.

*From the Rev. Mr. James Hervey, Author of the Meditations among the Tombs, &c.*

Weston-Favell, Dec. 10, 1747.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

PARDON me if I take leave to interrupt your important studies for the good of mankind, or suspend for one moment your delightful communion with the blessed God. I cannot excuse myself without expressing my gratitude for the present by your order lately transmitted from  
your

your Bookfeller \*, which I shall always value not only for its instructive contents, but in a very peculiar manner for the sake of the author and giver.

To tell you, worthy Doctor, that your Works have long been my delight and study, the favourite pattern by which I would form my conduct and model my style, would be only to echo back in the faintest accents what sounds in the general voice of the nation. Among other of your edifying compositions I have reason to thank you for your Sacred Songs, which I have introduced into the service of my church; so that in the solemnities of the Sabbath, and in a lecture on the week-day your Muse lights up the incense of our praise, and furnishes our devotions with harmony.

Our excellent friend *Dr. Doddridge* informs me of the infirm condition of your health, for which reason I humbly beseech the Father of spirits, and the God of our life to renew your strength as the eagle's, and to recruit a lamp that has shone with distinguished lustre in his sanctuary; or, if this may not consist with the counsels of unerring wisdom, to make all your bed in your languishing, softly to untie the cords of animal existence, and enable your dislodging soul to pass triumphantly through

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\* The Doctor's Discourses *On the Glory of Christ, as God-Man.*

the valley of death leaning on your beloved Jesus, and rejoicing in the greatness of his salvation.

You have a multitude of names to bear on your breast, and mention with your lips, when you approach the Throne of grace in the beneficent exercise of intercession, but none I am sure has more need of such an interest in your supplications, none I believe can more highly esteem it, or more earnestly desire it than, dear Sir,

Your obliged and affectionate humble Servant,  
 JAMES HERVEY.

L E T T E R L I.

*From* Mr. Isaac Greenwood, New-England.

Harvard College, Sept. 12, 1728.

REV. SIR,

YOURS of the 10th of *May* last I received this week together with the generous present of the second edition of your *Astronomy* and *Geography*; and your *Prayer-book* for the assistance of children. It is an undeserved honour you do me in your correspondence, and I acknowledge myself under the strongest obligations of gratitude and all possible returns. Those I have shown your *Prayer-book* to are very well pleased with the design, and performance; and some have told me that, were it not that we are suspicious of novelties, they would encourage the

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the reprinting of it among us. Your *Astronomy* and *Geography* is highly worthy the esteem our students have of it, and if there are enough in the country to be purchased I propose this fall to make it their *vade mecum* in those studies.

Could I obtain treatises on all the mathematical sciences which are proper for the education of divines written with such a freedom and ease of expression, as well as perspicuity of thought, it would exceedingly facilitate the business of professing the *Mathematics* \*, &c.

It is our most hearty prayer that God would confirm your health still more and more, and give you an opportunity to go on as you have so excellently done in your *Logic*, *Geography*, and *Astronomy*, to shew us what studies you pursued and in what method in order to arrive at that perfection we admire in your *theological treatises*.

I have sent you inclosed a small book of sermons which were preached among us upon the death of his late Majesty, and the accession of the present King to the throne, which, being very much admired among us, I have thought they might not be unacceptable to you. I am with the utmost respect

Your obliged humble Servant,

ISAAC GREENWOOD.

Please to present my humble service to the *Rev. Mr. Price*, your colleague.

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\* Probably *Mr. Greenwood* was the Professor of *Mathematics* in that seminary of learning.



## LETTER LI.

*From Mr. John Sergeant.*

REV. SIR,

Stockbridge, Nov. 8, 1745.

By the favour of the *Rev. Dr. Colman of Boston* I was some months ago informed that by your kind and charitable interposition a collection of money was put into his hands to forward the design of a more effectual method of educating the *Indian* children, which instance of your beneficence, though late, I now acknowledge with great pleasure and thankfulness. From the too little success of the ordinary means of instruction and cultivation the necessity of some such method appears more and more every day. The most promising hopes we have are frequently blasted, and national ill habits still prevail against all the opposition we can make, and the rising generation too easily learns to tread in the wrong steps of those who go before them. All their seeming repentance and resolutions of amendment are weak and ineffectual, and rarely sufficient to withstand the force of national custom and too general example. Where idleness is a national habit, vice in every shape, 'tis to be feared, will always prevail with fatal success. The grace of God can indeed overcome all opposition, and without his blessing the best means will prove ineffectual; but yet the means are

to

to be used, and it is a divine observation, “Train up a child in the way he should go, “and when he is old he will not depart from “it;” and in universal experience it is found that open and scandalous wickedness will be predominant where national customs are not corrected by early discipline. The truth is, we seem to labour almost in vain, unless we can have the entire framing of their young ones in a well-ordered school, where industry and a regular manner of life may, by exercise as well as instruction, be made habitual. Nor is it easy for those who converse only with the politer part of mankind to form any just notion of the degeneracy of those who are brought up in the wild woods, and seem to learn their manners from the beasts they hunt in the forests.

As the design I have proposed is disinterested in its intention I hope it appears so to the world, and that in due time that gracious Providence which provides for all will give it effect. Your kind notice of it and encouragement to it is a good omen of success. Your former beneficence ~~has not~~ I hope ~~been~~ without some good effect. Your *Catechisms* are taught among us, and have learned to speak *Indian*.

I long to see this proposed method of education put into execution. Till that is done we have but a dull prospect of success in all we can do for so wild and wandering a people. It would, I believe, meet with some encourage-

ment in these parts, if the wars were happily ended. In the present situation of affairs it is not thought adviseable to expend any money if we had enough to lay a foundation. If matters may be so prepared now that we may be ready to enter upon the execution of this design, as soon as it may be thought convenient and safe to do it, it will be a great satisfaction to me. Indeed we seem to gain ground so slowly in the present method that my resolution sometimes almost fails me, for the expence and pains of their conversion seem almost labour lost. So ineffectual their repentance and resolutions have hitherto appeared. Of some few indeed, I thank God, I hope better things. Towards them all it is my heart's desire and prayer to God that they may be saved, and my constant grief that there are no more, of whom I can hope well; and if the method proposed for their better education (if ever it be put into execution) does not prove more effectual we must I think conclude this people to be under some strange and awful curse of heaven; but till we have tried all that is in the power of human means to do, we ought not perhaps to desert them as incorrigible. If it shall please the great Saviour of the world to make me instrumental to bring them into the fellowship of the saints, and to the fulness of the stature of perfect men in Christ I shall esteem myself both honoured and happy.

As

As your piety has already moved you to do something for us, I hope in the midst of your other concerns you will still remember this affair, and, as you have opportunity, recommend it to the notice and countenance of gentlemen of fortune and piety.

I heartily congratulate you or the world rather upon the recovery of your health so as not to be only able to preach, but to prepare and put things to the press; which I hope will be the means, by the blessing of God, to propagate that piety, goodness, and candour, which appear with so amiable a lustre in your writings; from which (I speak it with thankfulness to God, and to you his instrument) I myself and many others have reaped so much benefit. When I hear of any thing of *Dr. Watts's* coming abroad I am impatient till I have read it: nor will you, I hope, account it a flattery that I say with many others that I never read any thing of yours, without being made wiser and I hope better. That candour which shines in your writings is extremely wanted in this day, at least in this part of the world; and, though I compliment myself in saying it, 'tis what gives me a peculiar relish for your books that, with the strongest sentiments of piety to God, there is always joined the most extensive charity to men, and an happy freedom from the bigotry of party opinions; two things I hardly know how to separate from the notion of a truly  
Christian



Christian temper. I earnestly recommend myself to your prayers, and am with great respect

Your most obliged humble Servant,

JOHN SERGEANT.

*N. B.* On the outside of this letter of *Mr. Sergeant* I find the following short letter to *Dr. Watts*.

S I R,

Two or three days past I wrote to you. This I cover from *Mr. Sergeant*, and it breathes his pious soul, and will increase your esteem of him, as it does mine.

Your affectionate Brother and Servant,

BENJAMIN COLMAN.

#### L E T T E R LIII.

*From Mr. Elisha Williams* \*.

REV. SIR,

New-Haven, May 24, 1736.

I HAVE now before me yours of *May 13th, 1735*, for which, as well as the two volumes of sermons

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\* This gentleman was Rector of *Yale-College* at *New-Haven* in *Connecticut* from the year 1726 to the year 1739, when he resigned his office on account of his sedentary life, attended with application to study, and the work of instruction, bringing upon him a dreadful pain in his head, and threatening him with the loss of his sight, if not even of his life itself. But when he was disabled for serving his country in one capacity he did it in another. He went  
 4 chaplain

sermons sent therewith to the college, my grateful acknowledgments on my own account, as well as in behalf of the College Corporation, you might justly have expected before this time; yet, when I have informed you that my friend at *Boston*, into whose hands your packet was put to convey it to me, happened to send it by one who left it in the country at some distance from *Boston*, where, notwithstanding all the care I could possibly take, it lay till this spring, and then was carried back to *Boston* for conveyance hither, and but two days ago came to my hands, you will not, Sir, interpret it as

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chaplain to a regiment sent from *New England* against *Cape Breton* in the year 1745, when that important place surrendered to the *British* arms. After this, when an expedition was concerted against *Canada*, and a regiment of a thousand men was raised by his Majesty's order for the purpose, he was appointed by the General Assembly to be the chief Colonel, which office he accepted, and was in readiness to have gone upon the service, when orders came from *Great Britain* for disbanding the troops designed for the expedition. He came to *England* to solicit the payment of the regiment in *January* 1749-50, and did not leave it till *August* 1751. During this time I had a particular and intimate acquaintance with him, and so had that excellent man *Dr. Doddridge*, who in a letter to a friend gives this account concerning him. "I look upon Colonel *Williams* to be one of the most valuable men upon earth: he has joined an ardent sense of religion, solid learning, consummate prudence, great candour, and sweetness of temper, and a certain nobleness of soul capable of contriving and acting the greatest things without seeming to be conscious of having done them."

a neglect

a neglect of duty that our thanks reach you no sooner.

Though I have had so little time to think on what you laid before me in yours relating to those Philosophical Inquiries, yet I durst not omit this first opportunity of transmitting this to *Boston*, and the rather expecting it may reach the hands of *Mr. Hooker*, an ingenious and hopeful young gentleman educated at this college, now sailing for *London*, who intends to do himself the honour of waiting on yourself, if God shall give him leave, and so I hope this may safely reach you by him. Since the thesis I sent you was not unacceptable, I venture to offer you the last.

The state of religion in the nation seems very lamentable according to your account of it, and, considering the light and means they have, it is amazing, and a very strong evidence of the dreadful depravation of human nature, and so of some of those truths they so earnestly oppose. As those volumes of sermons you were pleased to send us were doubtless very seasonable where they were preached, wherein several truths were fairly cleared which had been suffering from various quarters, so they are indeed seasonable in this country, and I cannot sufficiently express my thankfulness to God and to you for them on account of the youth who are here educated.

I am obliged in thankfulness to God to own that your sermons have done great service to  
our

our youth, as I hope those now sent will, which I purpose shall be read in the *College-hall* every Sabbath evening, as yours and some others have been, that they may be made the more extensively beneficial.

I sometime since informed you I hoped your *Catechisms* for youth would have an impression in this country; and should when accomplished have offered one to your acceptance had there not been the mistake of copying after the first edition instead of your corrected one, which I trust will be mended when it receives a second edition which I wish for—and my father (who wrote the preface to it) lately telling me *Mr. S. Mather* of *Boston* had acquainted him he had sent you one of them, I thought it not amiss to inform you how the mistake came. The ministers in that county of *Hampshire* devolved the care of printing it on one of their number who told me he had your corrected edition, I having seasonably observed to him the necessity of putting such an one into the printer's hands, and that if he had not one I would furnish him, and upon his telling me so I took no further care of the matter till it was too late to help his mistake.

Since the advancement of Christ's kingdom is always your rejoicing it will not be disagreeable to you if I should acquaint you that there has been a remarkable revival of religion in several parts of this country, in ten parishes in the county of *Hampshire*, in the *Massachusetts* province



province where it first began a little more than a year since, and in near 20 parishes of this colony. It has not been equal in them all, though in all the Spirit of God has appeared remarkably poured out on many old professors, but especially on the rising generation. In several towns it was very general, and a serious thorough concern was stirred up in them to make a business of religion so as to speak the special hand of God therein. I will only instance in one town, *Hatfield*. There appeared a great concern upon the minds of many in one part of the town at once. Children from 10 to 12 years of age of their own accord (and without the knowledge of elder people) assembled to read and pray by themselves, while others who were elder did the like (though in this practice the children were first). The other part of the town observed this, and rather wondered what had happened to them than thought of any such thing themselves, and the looser among them ridiculed it, but in a few days they were awakened themselves, and the concern became so general that it seemed almost the universal cry (among the unconverted) what they should do to be saved, so that they applied to their minister in numbers every day from morning till night with their difficulties for his direction and help. The issue has been that many are happily converted, some children under ten years of age, many of whom surprise us with their piety and understanding  
in

in religion. There is an universal reformation of manners, there are frequent meetings for reading and praying kept up in several parts of the towns, the most engaged attention on the ministry, and the conversation of people is much turned from worldly concerns to those of a religious nature, and their religion seems to be a real living principle within them. After this manner has the work been, and is still going on in some places. This mercy has also reached some of the *Indians*, especially a tribe of them, to whom *Mr. Sergeant*, lately a tutor at this college, a learned pious man, has gone, and entirely devoted himself to serve the interest of Christ among them, and since last *October* has baptised fifty infants and adults, of whom he says he has reason to hope they will live worthy the profession they have made, that they seem surpris'd at the change they feel in themselves, and compare their former state of heathenism to a dream, and their christianity to their being awake; their heathenism to the darkness of the night, their christianity to the brightness of the day: these and such like metaphors they used to express the difference between their former and present state. Would to God this blessing might be extended not only through our land and nation but the whole world!

We have just received the unwelcome news that the *parliament* has rejected the application of the *Protestant Dissenters* to have the *Corporation*

*poration* and *Test Acts* repealed. I had hoped by this time that the just notions of liberty had so far prevailed in the nation as to have delivered as good subjects as any the king has from a part at least of that persecution they had long felt. Are the adversaries of truth and liberty still so strong as to discourage any further attempt?

Forgive all the trouble of this tedious letter, and be pleased to accept of our sincere and affectionate regards, and of the humble duty of our tutors and *Mr. Hubbard*, and allow me to subscribe myself, reverend Sir,

Your most obliged and

Very humble Servant,

ELISHA WILLIAMS.

L E T T E R L I V .

*From Z. Boylston, M. D.*

REV. SIR,

Boston, N. E. Aug. 12, 1732.

THE repeated and undeserved favours you have done me have laid me under such obligations as I am at present unable to discharge: and my long silence favours so much of ingratitude that had I not a long indisposition of body, *viz.* a convulsive asthma which has torn me down for five or six years past, to have pleaded for me, I must have been without excuse.

I thankfully accept the present of your extraordinary performances, *viz.* fourteen sermons

mons on various subjects, that on King *George's* death, your four catechisms, and an humble attempt to revive religion, &c. All which, and indeed every piece which drops from your golden pen, meet a joyful acceptance in general from those who see them here in *New England* as well as those at home. May your shining gifts and graces be increased, your very valuable useful life and health be preserved, and your pious endeavours be more and more successful in the work of the LORD to which you are called!

Your concern to find out the donor of an handful of cranberries sent you some years past, and the repeated acknowledgment of so small a present surprises me, considering your public and extraordinary labour in studying, preaching, writing, conversing, visiting, &c. in your weak state of health. That you should regard such a trifle, or the unworthy giver is but agreeable to your uncommon goodness and gratitude to all.

I am sorry I cannot at present inform you of the success of our later practice of inoculating the small-pox. Although our physicians generally came into it, at a time when they found it their interest so to do, yet they have declined giving the public an account, notwithstanding they succeeded well therein. However, if it may please God to restore my health, I intend to collect their number and success, with my own, which will amount to



hundreds, and give them the public, though it may be thought too late.

The bearer, *Mr. Joseph Baxter*, is a young gentleman of so much worth as will in my opinion recommend him to all. He has behaved so well here that we hope he may at least meet with the common civilities abroad. He was designed for the pulpit, and preached some years, but, the organs of speech in him proving weak, and his voice low, about a year past he altered his profession, and became a pupil to me, and has been industrious and made a considerable progress in the practice of *physic* and *surgery*, and now comes to *London* to inform himself further in the cure of diseases in order to serve his country better at his return. I am, reverend Sir,

Your most humble

And most obliged Servant,

ZA. BOYLSTON.

#### LETTER LV.

*From Mr. Theophilus Rowe* \*.

REV. SIR,

Hampstead, Sept. 22, 1739.

I AM persuaded I need not excuse my giving you an account of a good undertaking now on foot, since the relation of a design to promote

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\* *Mr. Theophilus Rowe*, the editor of *Mrs. Rowe's* works, and the writer of her life. He was brother to *Mr. Thomas Rowe*, *Mrs. Rowe's* husband.

practical

practical religion (if you have not already heard of it) must necessarily yield very sincere pleasure to so pious and benevolent a mind as yours. *Mr. Fillard of Tavistock, Devon*, has set up a kind of charity-school in that place, the occasion of which he thus represents.

“ This being a town of trade here has  
 “ been and is a multitude of poor. Parents  
 “ of the last age were many of them negligent  
 “ as to bringing up their children to read.  
 “ They are better in this. However some with-  
 “ out difficulty cannot, and others will not  
 “ pay for their schooling. I have set on  
 “ foot a design of making this easy to them,  
 “ engaging them to send their children to  
 “ some place of public worship (in which  
 “ they are egregiously defective), and to  
 “ make it more extensively useful I have pro-  
 “ posed to send them to *Mr. Sandercock’s*  
 “ daughter to learn. Several of my people  
 “ approve of the thing, I wish I could add  
 “ contribute too; herein they are too back-  
 “ ward. Could I be so happy as to have a  
 “ little encouragement, with the prospect of  
 “ some Bibles to carry on the design, I hope  
 “ it would stimulate some of my people. A  
 “ small company of children I have, provid-  
 “ ing the *New London Method of Teaching*, *Jane-*  
 “ *way’s Token for Children*, and *Dr. Watts’s Songs*,  
 “ as the introduction to the *Bible*, and pro-  
 “ mising each of them a Bible when they are  
 “ able to read it, or leave the school. Could

“ I do more I hope I would ; but I am almost  
 “ alone in this. *Dr. Watts’s Songs for Chil-*  
 “ *dren* are universally relished both among the  
 “ people of the church and meeting ; and, as  
 “ this charity is not confined, if any gentle-  
 “ man would be so good as to send me some  
 “ of them I hope he would never repent it,  
 “ and God would reward him. I would only  
 “ add this is a very populous, but a very  
 “ wicked town. The children are very pro-  
 “ fane. We have no government ; and I  
 “ would hope the sanctions of Christ’s laws  
 “ might have an influence now and hereafter.  
 “ Whoever laments the wickedness of the age  
 “ would look with an eye of peculiar pity and  
 “ compassion on this town.”

In a letter written about half a year after the former he gives this further account of his progress in his design.

“ I bless the glorious name of God I have  
 “ now a school of twenty children. My  
 “ assistants promise me only for one year,  
 “ however at the end of it I hope to have it  
 “ repeated. Most of the parents belong to  
 “ the established church, who are only desired  
 “ to carry their children to public worship,  
 “ choosing what mode they please. They are  
 “ very willing I should talk to the children  
 “ on the common principles of religion,  
 “ and, thanks to Almighty God, I have hope  
 “ of some good success. The Lord’s day is  
 “ not so much profaned I trust. Religious  
 “ worship

“ worship is more frequented. The parents  
“ own their children are more obedient to  
“ them, and cautious of their words. I have  
“ met with surprising ignorance even as to the  
“ first principles of religion ; but the children  
“ are willing to know better, and readily come  
“ to my house. They have an eye over one  
“ another, and the mistress I apprehend does  
“ her part very faithfully. I have great dis-  
“ couragements within myself, and nothing  
“ but a divine power and divine motives can  
“ strengthen my resolutions. Vice bears such  
“ an head here, no place I imagine more  
“ corrupt. The poor very numerous and  
“ wicked, and the rich far from being ex-  
“ emplary christians. But why should not  
“ these things prompt me on? They should  
“ I acknowledge, and, through concurring  
“ assistance from heaven, I hope they will.  
“ Parents who are high-church allow me the  
“ liberty of instructing their children, and the  
“ good influence may be conveyed to ages  
“ yet unborn. God grant it! Had I an an-  
“ nuity, nothing should in my present thoughts  
“ prevent it. But God is all-sufficient. This  
“ cause seems to be entirely his, and I would  
“ not despair.”

In another letter written about two months ago he adds, “ Certain remarkable circum-  
“ stances convince me that an infinitely wise  
“ and good Providence brought and continues  
“ me here. I may do good to some, I



“ believe I shall. I please myself that my sub-  
 “ scriptions will be increased this following  
 “ year. Bibles and several of *Dr. Watts’s*  
 “ pieces have been sent, which have I hope  
 “ been useful. *Dr. Watts’s* Songs are uni-  
 “ versally acceptable: all the church people  
 “ consent to their children’s learning them,  
 “ and his first set of *Catechisms*. We have a  
 “ multitude of poor people in this town, being  
 “ the center of certain low trades, and I have  
 “ reason to fear many families have scarce a  
 “ Bible. If a few low-priced Bibles can be  
 “ procured I shall be exceeding thankful.”

Thus far I have copied *Mr. Jillard*, one  
 with whom I am unacquainted, but have suf-  
 ficient grounds to believe him to be a person of  
 uncommon worth and piety, and of so benevo-  
 lent a disposition that it occasioned the loss of  
 his whole fortune, which he lent to some of his  
 own and his wife’s relations. He has lost in  
 my late dear brother a friend who was able  
 and zealous to serve him, and I know not  
 whether he is so happy as to have any other  
 minister in town for his patron. So that I will  
 take the liberty to add that if at the time of  
 new impressions of your excellent books for  
 the instruction of youth you reserve any of  
 them, and are willing to oblige him with the  
 present of a few, or can influence any of your  
 numerous friends to allow *Mr. Jillard* a share  
 in their charity, or assist him in his design,  
 I think it would be an action worthy of your-

self, and pleasing to God: but of this you are the best judge. It may be fit for you to chuse an object of your beneficence whom you know to be more, or at least equally deserving. However it seemed to be my duty to mention a case I thought so worthy of regard.

Whether the blessing be deny'd or giv'n,  
Thus far was right; the rest is left to heav'n.

POPE.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient

And most humble Servant,

THE. ROWE.

My sister and nephew present their most humble service. Mine with due thanks attends *Dr. Colman*.

I forgot to say that, though *Mr. Fillard's* salary from his people is not so small as that of several other ministers in the country, yet the largeness of his family may make him equally stand in need of relief.

L E T T E R LVI\*.

*From the same.*

REV. SIR,

As my nephew, who according to your permission gave *Mr. Fillard* an account of your

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\* This letter is not dated, but the Doctor has put upon the back of it *January 1740*.

sentiments on the subject of the education of children, received yesterday an answer from him, I thought it might not be improper to send you the following transcript of part of his letter.

“ I am much obliged to the *Doct̃or* for what  
 “ he has been pleased to send me, and his  
 “ good advice. And to say all the truth I  
 “ began with a spelling-book, *viz.* the *Lon-*  
 “ *don new Method, &c.* but, considering my  
 “ circumstances and family, I could not well  
 “ go on with the purchase. Gladly therefore  
 “ I took those treatises of *Dr. Watts* which were  
 “ providentially sent me, and put the chil-  
 “ dren upon reading them, and so learning  
 “ them in the place of the *Spelling-book*. I  
 “ own all the *Doct̃or* faith, but what shall I  
 “ do who am concerned with people who are  
 “ ignorant, wicked, and bigotted to old  
 “ customs? The Bible is given to the scho-  
 “ lars when they leave the school, and before  
 “ this what books I can get for them, so that  
 “ a Testament would be exceeding welcome  
 “ to learn to read by, and I own abundantly  
 “ sufficient for salvation. But how shall I  
 “ overcome the prejudices of education as to  
 “ this? Besides the Bible is not only read at  
 “ home, but carried to the church for the  
 “ texts and proofs. What need you will  
 “ say for so many Bibles? Why, really, I  
 “ seem obliged to satisfy my friends, in what,  
 “ I hope, they will not disapprove of. Love  
 “ to

“ to God and man is the sum of religion so  
“ that I endeavour to know the poor families  
“ of the town, who have not a Bible in the  
“ house, or certain children who appear well  
“ disposed; or to make them so, and encou-  
“ rage their parents to continue them till they  
“ can read I promise a Bible when capable  
“ of it. Also apprentices who come in my  
“ way I examine, and to encourage their pains  
“ to learn, and their masters care to teach,  
“ I make the like promise. And having  
“ young companies, who come alternately  
“ every week to my house I endeavour to  
“ make my discourses from the scripture more  
“ acceptable by giving now and then a Bible.  
“ These besides the children at school. I hope  
“ you will not construe this as vanity (of  
“ which 'tis my grief I have so much), but I  
“ had never mentioned this surely without  
“ such a reason for it. With an aking heart  
“ I look over this town, where there is a large  
“ number of people but no government;  
“ and, as they carry it with unexpected and  
“ undeserved civility to me, it appears an  
“ incumbent duty to try whether I may not  
“ be able, through the divine blessing, to do  
“ good. The work is much upon my heart,  
“ and I would adore that over-ruling hand  
“ which appears so evident in certain remark-  
“ able circumstances, and encourages my  
“ hope of increasing success. *Dr. Watts's*  
“ *divine Songs* are exceeding acceptable to all.

“ I



“ I have begun in the country as well as  
 “ town-schools with them, and every where  
 “ they take both with parents and children.  
 “ I would attempt further, and design that  
 “ not one school in these parts but what  
 “ should be tried, could I leave a few in it.  
 “ Please to present my most humble and hearty  
 “ service to all who give the least encourage-  
 “ ment to my weak, but I trust honest en-  
 “ deavours to diffuse the practical knowledge  
 “ of the only living and true God, and of  
 “ his Son whom he hath sent, and that most  
 “ excellent religion Christ hath taught us.  
 “ My most humble service to *Dr. Watts*, and  
 “ hearty thanks for past favours, the present  
 “ prospect, and his good advice.”

I doubt not but your gentle disposition will easily forgive the inaccuracy of language in what I have here copied from a letter written in careless haste to a young friend without the least thought that it would be seen by a gentleman of your great reputation for learning and judgment. The strain of unaffected piety which appears in every letter *Mr. Jillard* writes to his friends ought I think to charm one beyond all the wit and elegance in the world, and that eminent benevolence, which, even oppressed with poverty and affliction, could exert itself in forming excellent designs for promoting practical Christianity, will sufficiently endear him to all who have that interest at heart. However obscure and unnoticed he

may

may be in the present world, as God has (I trust) chosen him to be an instrument of turning many to righteousness, without all doubt in the life to come he will, with a distinguished lustre, shine as the stars for ever and ever.

I could not write to you without expressing my just sense of your goodness in interesting yourself with so generous a zeal in favour of the subscription to *Mr. Grove's* works. Indeed to serve the orphans of a learned and good man, whom you honoured with your friendship, who are unhappily left to struggle with the necessities of a narrow fortune, is a very beneficent action, worthy of yourself.

Be pleased to accept the compliments of the season with my sincerest wishes that you may enjoy a long and vegete old age, crowned with all happiness, and increasing opportunities of doing good. I am, Sir,

Your most humble and obedient Servant,

THE. ROWE.

My sister and nephew present their best wishes and most humble service.

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## LETTER LVII.

*From Mr. Robert Porter, afterwards a Physician  
in London.*

SIR,

Oct. 29, 1726.

WHEN I took my leave of you in *England* I had no small honour done me in being desired to write to *Mr. Watts*.

I have seen but very little of *Holland*, and consequently am capable of giving but a very little account of the country, and indeed there are not a great number of things observable in the provinces. I was much pleased at *Delft* with the magnificent tomb of *William Maurice Prince of Orange*, which really is no common monument: this I think *Misson* has given an account of. What they have erected for *Van Trompe* has likewise in it a great deal of propriety to the subject of it. I cannot help taking notice here of the absurdity of *Sir Cloudesty Shovel's* in *Westminster-abbey*, who is figured in an easy careless posture like a beau, whereas *Trompe* on the contrary lies with his head upon a cannon. The *Stad-house* at *Delft* has written over the door,

Hæc domus amat, punit, conservat, honorat,  
Nequitiam, pacem, scelera, jura, probos\*.

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\* This house hates vice, loves peace, swift vengeance flings  
Impartial upon malefactors heads,  
To laws insulted timely succour brings,  
And glory round the brows of virtue sheds.

As soon as you enter there hangs depending from the ceiling a tub without a bottom, decreasing gradually to the top which is likewise open. This is put over persons who have committed crimes, and with this (their heads appearing out above) they are condemned to walk along the streets. At *Haerlem* I saw the books which the citizens say were first printed, and according to them (for *Mentz* is a rival in this point) *Costerus*, their townsman, first invented this art. The house where he lived is now little better than a petty stationer's. The college of physicians have erected a statue (such as it is) to his memory in their physic-garden, and behind upon the pedestal are these lines,

*Costerus* clara redimitus tempora lauro  
 Quisquis ades, quare conspiciatur, habe.  
 Hæc propria heroum fuit olim gloria, quorum  
 Vel gestis celebris vita vel arte fuit.  
 Invento qui gesta suo, servavit, et artes,  
 Quis neget hunc tantum bis meruisse Deus \* ?

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\* See *Coster* here with laurels deck'd :  
 Ask you the cause of such respect ?  
 If thus of old their heads were crown'd,  
 For bold heroic deeds renown'd,  
 Or theirs who with superior mind  
 Disclos'd some art to bless mankind,  
 What pow'r divine but will bestow  
 A double wreath to grace his brow,  
 Whose wond'rous skill to deeds and arts  
 Ecceitry of fame imparts ?

This



This good precaution the States of *Holland* have that every night a watch is placed upon the *church* or *Stadhouse* that he may thus overlook the town, and discover any fire that might break out, and as a proof of his watching he is obliged to sound a trumpet every hour. At some distance from *Leyden* is a very neat pest-house kept in that order to be ready at an hour or two's warning, if any such calamity should happen. *Dr. Boerhaave* has a very distinct way of teaching, but has not an equal gaiety in his dress with an *English* physician. He was first designed for the ministry, and has a brother of that profession, who was on the contrary designed for physic; this gentleman has an impediment in his speech and the people don't greatly admire him, but the Doctor constantly, when his brother preaches in the town, goes to hear him. These trifling remarks, Sir, can give you but small entertainment. I wish I could have the honour to afford you more in the remaining part of this letter.

I wonder amidst all the studies which employ our thoughts we take not more notice of those miracles which present themselves to our view in the lower rank of creation. Were these attended to they would prodigiously enlarge our minds, and give us far more exalted ideas of the Supreme Being. Perhaps it might almost puzzle *Mr. Derham* were the question asked whether his quadrant or microscope, whether a star or an insect has given him  
greater

greater surprize or satisfaction? But man stalks heedless and thoughtless along amidst a world of beings which surround him on every side, and because they occur frequently to his sight he takes no regard of them. If I might be allowed; Sir, the presumption of presenting you what I have frequently thought on this subject I would say we may as rationally find footsteps of Divinity in the most abject reptile upon the ground as in the sun himself. How wonderful must be the contrivance in the legs of a *Scolopendra*\*! How inexpressibly curious must be the structure of those muscles which move its unnumbered joints! Or to carry this still farther, how amazingly small must the nerves be which convey the spirits to actuate those muscles in such a regular succession! And I question not but the limbs of every insect are composed of such constituent parts adapted to the nature of the creature, as answer to the connexion of the bones in the human body, attended with all the supplement of cartilages or epiphyses. All animals as they fall below each other in the scale of existence have their organs suitably prepared, nor is there more wisdom, nor power evidenced in the formation of an elephant than of an *Ichneumon* †.

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\* An insect of a very slender and long body, very smooth, and of a yellowish or reddish colour, furnished with a vast number of legs, and having a clefted tail.

† A particular kind of fly bred in the bodies of caterpillars.

It may not be unpleasing to reflect a little on the perceptions with which animals seem furnished. And I am apt to think a pile of building to some may appear a level plain; nor can I yet find sufficient reason for the contrary. There is no difference in their velocity in ascending a brick-wall, or traversing the flat surface of the ground, and they will mount or run down a perpendicular height with equal swiftness, intrepidity, and unconcern.

As to the degree of their sense of pain it seems plain from what I have said concerning the formation of their parts, and *Shakespear* sure is in the right when he says,

———The beetle that we tread upon  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.

However I think it barbarous to take away the life of any animal (but what we are necessitated to) and that from an ostentation of the superiority of human power, especially considering the short duration of time they enjoy among us is the whole of their life, and that they have no future existence. *Mr. Locke* I remember in *his Treatise of education* advises parents to let their children have as many birds, squirrels, &c. as they will, for he thinks the care they take of them will give a tincture of humanity to their minds. And by the way *Leonardo da Vinci*, the famous *Florentine* painter, could not bear to see a bird even confined in a  
cage,

cage, and, as he walked along the streets, would purchase them, and set them at liberty.

It is observable that the Supreme Being has given them such perceptions as are suited to the functions of their lives, and the different places of their residence. A bee is in its element while hovering over a parterre, and a charnel house is the paradise of a toad. To some the most loathsome stench is a perfume, and others nauseate the most grateful odour; 'tis the happiness of these to lie basking in the noon-day sun, of those to hug themselves in dust and obscurity.

The most trivial thing in nature may entertain a speculative mind with many an agreeable meditation. What wonderful art appears in a bird's nest? How contemptible is the very mention of it, and yet what great sagacity appears in its make? Not only every species composes them of different materials, and in a peculiar plan, but each constantly presents the same form, and invariably keeps to one model. *Mr. Addison* has observed this before me, but there are two other considerations which fall under this head that gentleman has not noticed. One is the strength and firmness with which those little buildings (if I may so call them) are made. A piece of architecture founded on a rock is not more secure than the basis of a bird's nest, which is so intricately interwoven with the branches of a tree. An oak may be riven with lightning or torn up with an hurri-



cane before the storm shall be able to dislodge the nest.

The other consideration is, they, whose young can bear the severity of the cold, or where they would perish by being exposed to the severity of the weather, accordingly provide for their offspring. A crow brings up its little family upon the summit of an elm, while a sparrow nurses her tender progeny within the close recesses of an house-ridge.

The organs of sight in some can endure and take delight in the effulgence of the sun, and others cannot bear the light; therefore a lark never builds in a barn, nor an owl in a corn-field.

Is it not remarkable, that among all insects the bee and the pismire should be so regardful of futurity, and shew such indefatigable industry in laying up their winter's provision? And if the entrance of an hive is guarded by proper centinels to prevent a foreigner's admission to the community, could we discover the passage to the subterraneous kingdom of ants, possibly we might find the like policy used by them, and the same outguards posted before their separate states. Those animals, whose life is determined to a short period, discover none of this care, for in them it would not only be useless but burdensome. Or as *Mr. Cowley* expresses it,

Wisely

Wifely the ant against poor winter hoards  
 The stock, which summer's wealth affords,  
 In grasshoppers, that must at autumn die,  
 How vain were such an industry?

The Supreme Being has exerted an infinite benevolence towards every individual of his creatures, and has made the lives of all easy and pleasant to themselves. In those which amphibiously search their food by land and water, how must it have obstructed their flight, if that element had adhered to the feathers of water-fowl? Where the necessity of their lives confines them to places which must otherwise have been destructive to them how has their Maker sufficiently guarded them from those injuries? "God, says *Boerhaave*, lest  
 "fishes should be affected by the salt water  
 "which surrounds them; has placed innume-  
 "rable glands in their skins which secrete an  
 "oil." He has left no creature unguarded from and exposed to the inclemency of the weather, but each carries with itself a sufficient shelter from the cold. Nay this, in those of the same species, is proportioned according to the difference of the climate they inhabit. The skin of hares is remarkably thicker in the *northern* than the *southern* parts of *England*.

I think this moral, Sir, may naturally be drawn from what I have mentioned. If the Supreme Being has shown such extensive benevolence towards this inferior rank of his creation, and if he has given them all satisfaction

and pleasure in their own momentary life, what unknown and superior joy must he have reserved for man, whose existence is not confined to time and this world, but whose duration he has designed shall measure with eternity? And on the contrary how dreadful will be the effects of his vengeance on those incorrigible wretches who take no care to please him, and live, as it were, in defiance of his wrath, when they shall have an angered Omnipotence by which to be punished, and an everlasting state in which to endure those punishments? *These are but a small part of his works, but the thunder of his power who can understand!*

Sir, as soon as I was settled here I wrote to my mother to desire *Mr. Price* at the close of the then next succeeding sacrament to offer up my thanks to God for my safe arrival here, but I find she had anticipated me herein, and, before that letter came, had already sent to him on that account. You will please, Sir, to present my humble service to him, in whose, and in your own prayers I beg I may be remembered, and hope I shall ever be enabled so to behave myself that through me no scandal shall fall on the profession I have made, or on the religion of my Saviour. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged

And most humble Servant,

R. PORTER.

Sir,

Sir, you will believe me when I say I shall be glad to receive a letter from *Mr. Watts*. If you can ever find leisure for this, I hope it will come safe to me at *Mr. John Frazenburgh's* upon the Long Bridge in *Leyden, Holland*.

*N. B.* The ingenious gentleman who wrote the above letter was a member of the *Doctor's* church.



## A P P E N D I X.

No I.

*A CATALOGUE of his WRITINGS.*

## IN DIVINITY.

1. **S**ERMONS on various Subjects, Divine and Moral, with a Sacred Hymn suited to each Subject; designed for the Use of Christian Families, as well as for the Hours of devout Retirement.

2. A Guide to Prayer, or a free and rational Account of the Gift, Grace, and Spirit of Prayer, with plain Directions how every Christian may attain them.

3. The Christian Doctrine of the Trinity, or Father, Son, and Spirit three Persons and one God asserted and proved, with their divine Rights and Honours vindicated by plain Evidence of Scripture without the Aid or Encumbrance of human Schemes.

4. Seven Dissertations relating to the Christian Doctrine of the Trinity in two Parts.

5. Death and Heaven, or the last Enemy conquered, and separate Spirits made perfect,

H h 4

attempted

attempted in two funeral Discourses in Memory of *Sir John Hartopp* Baronet, and his Lady.

6. A Defence against the Temptations to Self-murder, wherein the criminal Nature and Guilt of it are displayed; together with some Reflections on Excess in strong Liquors, Dueling, and other Practices akin to this heinous Sin.

7. A Caveat against Infidelity, or the Danger of Apostacy from the Christian Faith; with an Answer to some Queries concerning the Salvation of the Heathens, and the Hope of the modern Deists upon Pretences to Sincerity.

8. The Strength and Weakness of Human Reason, or the important Question about the Sufficiency of Reason to conduct Mankind to Religion and future Happiness, argued between an Inquiring Deist and a Christian Divine, and the Debate compromised and determined to the Satisfaction of both.

9. An humble Attempt towards the Revival of practical Religion among Christians, and particularly the Protestant Dissenters, by a serious Address to Ministers and People, in some occasional Discourses.

10. Discourses on the Love of God, and the Use and Abuse of the Passions in Religion; with a devout Meditation annexed to each Discourse.

11. The Redeemer and the Sanctifier, or the Sacrifice of Christ, and the Operations of the Spirit vindicated, with a free Debate about the

the Importance of those Doctrines represented in a friendly Conversation between Persons of different Sentiments.

12. The Holiness of Times, Places, and People under the *Jewish* and *Christian* Dispensations considered and compared in several Discourses on the Sabbath, the Temple, Churches, Meeting-houses, &c.

13. A Book of Catechisms, complete, containing (1) A Discourse of Catechisms, how to write and judge of them. (2) The first Set of Catechisms and Prayers for young Children of Four or Five Years of Age. (3) The second Set of Catechisms and Prayers for Children of Eight or Nine Years of Age. (4) The Assembly's Catechism with Notes for Children of Ten or Twelve Years of Age. (5) A Preservative from the Sins and Follies of Childhood and Youth, written by Way of Question and Answer; to which is added a large Catalogue of remarkable Scripture Names collected for the Use of Children.

14. Prayers composed for the Use and Imitation of Children suited to their different Ages, and their various Occasions, together with Instructions to Youth in the Duty of Prayer, drawn up by way of Question and Answer, and a serious Address to them on that Subject.

15. A short View of the whole Scripture-History, with a Continuation of the Jewish Affairs from the End of the Old Testament to the Coming of Christ, illustrated with various  
Remarks

Remarks on the Laws, Government, Sects, Customs, and Writings of the Jews, and adorned with Figures.

16. Humility represented in the Character of *St. Paul*, the chief Springs of it opened, and its various Advantages displayed, together with some occasional Views of the contrary Vice.

17. Self-love and Virtue reconciled only by Religion, or an Essay to prove that the only effectual Obligation of Mankind to practise Virtue depends on the Existence and Will of God, together with an occasional Proof of the Necessity of Revelation.

18. The World to come, or Discourses on the Joys and Sorrows of departed Souls at Death, and the Glory or Terror of the Resurrection, to which is prefixed an Essay towards the Proof of a separate State of Souls after Death.

19. The Ruin and Recovery of Mankind; or an Attempt to vindicate the Scriptural Account of these great Events upon the plain Principles of Reason; with an Answer to various Difficulties relating to original Sin, the universal Depravation of Nature, and the overspreading Curse of Death; general Offers of Grace to all Men, and the certain Salvation of some; the Case of the Heathen Nations, and the State of dying Infants. To which are subjoined Three short Essays, namely, the Proof



of Man's Fall by his Misery; the Imputation of Sin and Righteousness; and the Guilt and Defilement of Sin.

20. The Harmony of all the Religions which God ever prescribed, containing a brief Survey of the several public Dispensations of God towards Man, or his Appointment of different Forms of Religion in successive Ages, humbly proposed as an easy Clue to lead us through many Difficulties of the *Old* Testament, and the *New*, and particularly to explain and reconcile the several Parts of *St. Paul's* Epistles on these Subjects to every Capacity.

21. Orthodoxy and Charity united in several reconciling Essays on the Law and Gospel, Faith and Works, namely, Essay 1st, The Substance or Matter of the Gospel. Essay 2d, The Form of the Gospel. Essay 3d, The Use of the Law under the Gospel. Essay 4th, Mistaken Ways of coming to God without Christ. Essay 5th, A plain and easy Account of Saving Faith, or coming to God by Jesus Christ. Essay 6th, A Reconciling Thought on various Controversies about Faith and Salvation. Essay 7th, Against Uncharitableness. Essay 8th, The Difficulties in Scripture, and the different Opinions of Christians. Essay 9th, An Apology for Christians of different Sentiments.

21. The rational Foundation of a Christian Church, and the Terms of Christian Communion; to which are added Three Discourses, namely,

namely, A Pattern for a Dissenting Preacher; the Office of Deacons; and Invitations to Church-fellowship.

22. Useful and important Questions concerning Jesus the Son freely proposed; with an humble Attempt to answer them according to Scripture.

23. The glory of Christ as God-Man displayed in Three Discourses. Discourse 1st, A Survey of the visible Appearances of Christ as God before his Incarnation, with some Observations on the Texts of the Old Testament applied to Christ. Discourse 2d, An Inquiry into the extensive Powers of the Human Nature of Christ in its present glorified State, with several Testimonies annexed. Discourse 3d, An Argument tracing out the early Existence of the Human Soul of Christ, even before the Creation of the World. With an Appendix containing an Abridgment of Doctor *Thomas Goodwin's* Discourse of the "Glories and Royalties of Christ," in his Works in Folio, Vol. ii. B. 3.

24. Evangelical Discourses on several Subjects; to which is added an Essay on the Powers and Contests of Flesh and Spirit.

25. A Sermon preached at *Salters-hall* to the Societies for Reformation of Manners in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, October 6, 1707.

26. The religious Improvement of public Events, a Sermon preached at *Bury-street*, June

18, 1727, on Occasion of the Death of *George the First*, and the peaceful Succession of *George the Second*.

27. Several Sermons in the *Bury-street* Collection of Discourses preached by several Ministers. Sermon I. The Knowledge of God by the Light of Nature, together with the Uses of it, and its Defects. Sermon II. God's Election of a People for himself among Men, and giving them to his Son in the Covenant of Redemption. Sermon III. The Excellency and Advantages of the Christian Dispensation with the Invitations and Promises of the Gospel. Sermon IV. The Exaltation of Christ to his Kingdom, and his sending down the Holy Spirit. Sermon V. The perpetual Obligation of the moral Law, the Evil of Sin, and its Desert of Punishment. Sermon VI. The Lord's Day, or Christian Sabbath. Sermon VII. Christian Baptism. Sermon VIII. Christian Diligence with the Blessings that attend it, in Opposition to Sloth, Security, Backsliding, &c. Sermon IX. Christian Fellowship, with its Duties and Advantages.

28. Questions proper for Students in Divinity, Candidates of the Ministry, and young Christians, to be proposed to them by themselves or others.

29. A short Essay towards the Improvement of Psalmody, or an Inquiry how the Psalms of *David* ought to be translated into Christian Songs, and how lawful and necessary it is to compose other Hymns according to the clearer  
Revelation

Revelation of the Gospel, for the Use of the Christian Church.

IN P O E T R Y.

30. *Horæ Lyricæ* ; Poems chiefly of the Lyric Kind, in three Books. Book I. Sacred to Devotion and Piety. Book II. Sacred to Virtue, Honour and Friendship. Book III. Sacred to the Memory of the Dead.

31. The Psalms of *David* imitated in the Language of the New Testament, and applied to the Christian State and Worship.

32. Hymns and spiritual Songs, in three Books. The first collected from the Scriptures. The second composed on divine Subjects. The third prepared for the Lord's Supper.

33. Divine Songs attempted in easy Language for the Use of Children.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

34. Logic, or the right Use of Reason in the Inquiry after Truth, with a Variety of Rules to guard against Error in the Affairs of Religion and human Life as well as in the Sciences.

35. The Improvement of the Mind, or a Supplement to the Art of Logic, containing a Variety of Remarks and Rules for the Attainment and Communication of useful Knowledge in Religion, in the Sciences, and in common Life. In two Parts. The first containing Remarks and Rules for the *Attainment* of useful Knowledge ; and the second Remarks  
and



and Rules for its *Communication* to others.  
N. B. The two Parts are in two Volumes.

36. A Discourse on the Education of Children and Youth.

37. The Knowledge of the Heavens and the Earth made easy, or the first Principles of Astronomy and Geography explained by the Use of the Globes and Maps; with a Solution of the common Problems by a plain Scale and Compasses as well as by the Globe. Written for the Use of Learners.

38. Philosophical Essays on various Subjects, namely, Space, Substance, Body, Spirit, the Operations of the Soul in Union with the Body, innate Ideas, perpetual Consciousness, Place and Motion of Spirits, the departing Soul, the Resurrection of the Body, the Production and Operation of Plants and Animals, with some Remarks on *Mr. Locke's* Essay on the Human Understanding. To which is subjoined a brief Scheme of Ontology, or the Science of Being in general with its Affections.

39. The Art of Reading and Writing *English*; or the chief Principles and Rules of pronouncing our Mother-Tongue, with a Variety of Instructions for true Spelling.

40. The Doctrine of the Passions explained and improved; or a brief and comprehensive Scheme of the natural Affections of Mankind, and an Account of their Names, Nature, Appearances, Effects, and different Uses in human  
man

man Life ; to which are subjoined moral and divine Rules for the Regulation or Government of them.

41. *Reliquiæ Juveniles* ; Miscellaneous Thoughts in Prose and Verse on natural, moral and divine Subjects. Written chiefly in younger Years.

42. Remnants of Time employed in Prose and Verse, or short Essays and Compositions on various Subjects.

43. An Essay on the Freedom of the Will in God and in Creatures, and on various Subjects connected therewith, namely, The Ideas of Liberty and Necessity ; the Causes of the Determination of the Will ; the Use of the Understanding to direct, not determine it ; the Liberty of God as a Creator, a Governor, and a Benefactor ; the Doctrine of Fatality ; the Spring of moral Good and Evil, the Difference between moral and positive Laws ; the Sin and Fall of Man, and the free Grace of God ; the Rewardableness of Faith in the Gospel, and the criminal Nature of Infidelity.

44. An Essay on Civil Power in Things sacred, or an Inquiry after an established Religion consistent with the just Liberties of Mankind, and practicable under every Form of civil Government.

45. An Essay towards the Encouragement of Charity-schools, particularly those which are supported by *Protestant Dissenters* for teaching the Children of the Poor to read and  
work,

work, together with some Apology for those Schools which instruct them to write a plain Hand and fit them for Service, or for the meaner Trades and Labours of Life; to which is prefixed an Address to the Supporters of those Schools.

No. II.

*A Collection of Poems, lately published under the Title of the Doctor's Posthumous Works, shown to have been already published, or to have been falsely ascribed to him.*

THE above catalogue contains a genuine account, as far as I have been able to collect it, of *Dr. Watts's* works. True it is that two volumes in octavo have appeared not a year since, entitled, *The Posthumous Works of the late Reverend and Learned ISAAC WATTS, D. D. said to be compiled from papers in possession of his immediate successors, and to be adjusted and published by a gentleman of the university of Cambridge,* and it may be expected in an attempt to furnish a complete list of his compositions that some notice should be taken of them.

To the first volume is prefixed an account of his life and character; next follow in great abundance what are called *hymns and spiritual songs*, filling up one hundred and eighty-five pages, and above fifty more are employed in what are styled *Translations*, that is *English versions* of particular passages or poems of *Latin* and *Greek* writers, and with these the volume is com-

pleted. The other volume is made up of letters to and from the *Doct̄or*, and five sermons ascribed to him. In justice to him I feel myself constrained to declare to the world that the poems in the first volume under the title of *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* either cannot with truth be said to be his *posthumous works*, or that they are the composures of some other person. As to what pieces in the collection cannot be truly said to be the *Doct̄or's posthumous works* they are the first nine in the volume, which may be met with in general to much greater advantage in his *Hymns*, though it is granted that one of the number is taken word for word from them. It is observable also that part of two of his *Hymns*, one entitled *Delight in God* (B. ii. Hymn 42.) and another called *The rich Sinner dying*, (B. i. Hymn 24.) are most absurdly blended together, and formed into one, though the first is evidently in *common* and the second in *long metre*, and the subjects of them are the remotest distance from each other.

As to the great number of other pieces, more than sixty, and some very long ones, printed under the title of *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, I am very certain they never were composed by the *Doct̄or*, were it only for this internal reason that the marks of his sublime, enraptured Muse are not to be found in them, and that they manifestly fall far, far below the dignity of his verse. Even the embers of old age,



him at that period of life, would surely have discovered something of the poetic fire he once possessed, but where is there so much as one glimmering spark of it to be discovered? or at least where is there a single piece in the whole *Miscellany* that can, in point of poetical merit, stand a moment's comparison with those which are unquestionably his own? I can truly affirm that I have not as yet met with so much as a single person acquainted with *Dr. Watts's* writings who has been at the least difficulty in determining his opinion that the poems attributed to him in the *late publication* were never his composition, but that they must have originated from some other person.

I have further to observe that, it may be about three or four years before his decease, perhaps not so much, he repeated to me his Epigram *upon the sight of an Elegy written by the Countess of Hartford on the death of Mrs. Rowe*, as one of the last, if not the very last, if my memory does not fail me, of his attempts in poetry, and accordingly this epigram bears a date given under his own hand \* nearer the time of his death than the date of any one of his poems besides. These verses were written by him eleven years before he left our world. What then becomes of the pretension of the

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\* See his *Remnants of Time employed in Prose and Verse*, published after his Decease by *Dr. Jennings* and *Dr. Dodridge*, to whom he had bequeathed the care of his papers.

poems in *Dr. Watts's Posthumous Works*, as they are called, to authenticity, which are said to be composed by him on his arrival at sixty-five years of age, two years beyond the above date, and another in his seventy-first year, that is about six or seven years after he wrote the epigram in honour of her Ladyship?

It may be further worthy of notice that in his *Miscellaneous Thoughts in Prose and Verse*, published when he was not quite sixty years of age, we find twelve whole pages taken up in what he styles *Epigrams, Inscriptions, and Fragments of Poesy*. Now is it probable the *Doctor* would thus industriously collect his little pieces in verse, some of them of not above two lines, and suppress the elegy on his sister's death of no less than sixty, which is given in the late publication as his own composition, and which, if it were his production, must have lain by him, when he printed his *Miscellanies*, above forty years? Would not also the ode on the return of *King William* consisting of fifty lines, which we find in these *Posthumous Works*, as they are entitled, ascribed to him, have been long ago communicated by himself to the world, if he had in truth been the author of it \* ?

It

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\* Was this *ode* in particular compared with the verses of the *Doctor* in honour of *King William* in his *Horæ Lyricæ* I am persuaded there would appear such a manifest disparity between  
between

It may be further remarked, that in the *recent publication* there is an elegy, as we have just now observed, though for another reason, said to be written by the *Doct̄or* on the death of  
his

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between them as would convince every intelligent reader that the author of the first poem, and more especially nearly at least, it may be at the very same period of life, could never have been the author of the last. Specimens of the two poems shall be given, as I am certain they will form a most striking contrast. In the *Doct̄or's* verses in honour of *King William* in his *Lyr̄ic Odes* we meet with the following lines :

O could my thoughts but grasp the vast design,  
And words with infinite ideas join,  
I'd rouse *Apelles* from his iron sleep,  
And bid him trace the warrior o'er the deep.  
Trace him, *Apelles*, o'er the *Belgian* plain,  
Fierce how he climbs the mountains of the slain,  
Scattering just vengeance through the red campaign :  
Then dash the canvass with a flying stroke  
Till it be lost in clouds of fire and smoke,  
And say 'twas thus the conqueror through the squadrons  
broke :  
Mark him again emerging from the cloud  
Far from his troops : there like a rock he stood,  
His country's single barrier in a sea of blood.  
Calmly he leaves the pleasures of a throne,  
And his *Maria* weeping, while alone  
He wards the fate of nations, and provokes his own :  
But heav'n secures its champion ; o'er the field  
Paint hov'ring angels ; though they fly conceal'd  
Each intercepts a death, and wears it on his shield.

In the Ode on the Return of *King William* imitated from *Horace*, B. iv. Od. 2. which this *new publication* ascribes to the *Doct̄or*, are the two following stanzas.

his sister *Elizabeth Watts*, who deceased Nov. 11, 1691, aged two years. Now, though it is true that he had at that time begun to compose in poetry, as appears from the *Latin Ode* addressed to his brother *Enoch Watts* in an earlier month in the same year (see page the 64th of our work), and that therefore there can be no objection taken from the date against the *Doctor's* being the writer of the elegy, yet his young Muse, if she had chosen such a very tender and mournful subject, would undoubt-

As you have seen the painful bee, that roves  
About the woods, the flow'ry banks, and groves  
To gather fragrant thyme,  
So unambitious I

With much laborious industry  
Perhaps may hammer out a grateful rhyme :  
But let some greater poet sing  
The honours of a *British King*  
When he shall lead the captive *French* along  
Through *Westminster* attended with a noble throng.

The bounteous Gods could ne'er bestow  
A greater gift on men,  
No, though the golden age returns again,  
And streams of milk and wine in ev'ry channel flow.

Sing of the joyful merry day,  
The city-sport, and public play  
At *England's* mighty monarch's safe return ;  
As welcome as the long'd-for sun,  
When blust'ring storms are past and gone ;  
Then shall my humble Muse attend the joyful choir,  
And in the sacred chorus join :  
If they can hear so mean a thing as mine  
I'll tune the strings, and strike the warbling lyre.

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edly have clothed her verse with the deepest gloom, and most solemn pomp of melancholy, and poured out the most melodious strains of sorrow, such as we find in the elegies composed not many years after on the deaths of *Mr. Gouge* and *Mr. Gunston*, whereas, instead of any such powers of verse, and striking images of woe, the lines creep on in one low, heavy uniformity, of which the first stanza may serve as a specimen.

And has she left us too? Dear infant! What  
 But two short years, and scarcely that?  
 Could nothing, nothing here commend thy stay?  
 Could eager passion brook no small delay?  
 What flames of longing love did thus extend  
 Thy wings, or move thy hasty feet?  
 A mile or two and then at journey's end!  
 Methinks a little travel in the way  
 Should make thy home more pleasant, and thy rest more  
 sweet.

The above considerations have forced my conviction that the poems called *Hymns* and *Spiritual Songs* attributed to *Dr. Watts* in this *late publication* were not written by him, except the first nine, which I have shown to be taken from his *Book of Hymns*. In the same light and for the like reason I consider the other poetical pieces in the same volume styled *Translations*, in which there is no kind of intrinsic desert that allows me to imagine that he could be the author of them, except the verses to the *Countess of Sunderland*, which were unquestionably

his production, but which are most improperly inserted under the article of *Translations* in the same *Miscellany*.

Should it be inquired if the poems said to be the *Doctor's Posthumous Works* were not his who may be supposed to be the author of them? My answer is that they were most probably written by his father, a man of eminent piety and virtue, (see the marginal note in our first chapter) but who possessed no considerable talents as a poet, and who never, as far as I have learned, made any pretensions to them, but innocently amused himself in his intervals of leisure in putting his thoughts into metre, and coupling like sounds together, and principally upon serious subjects. What leads me into this apprehension is that, when I was at *Southampton* about fifteen years since, *Mrs. Jane Rolleston* \*, a member of the congregation

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\* The same gentlewoman furnished me at the same time with two more poetical performances which she said were the compositions of old *Mr. Watts*. The three copies of verses she gave me as his, and the poem inserted in *Dr. Watts's Posthumous Works*, as they are styled, and there said to be written by his father when he was fourscore years old, it should rather, as appears from the poem itself, be fourscore and five, together with the numerous pieces in verse which make up the *new publication* are all most evidently upon the same humble level; and I am persuaded that, if my Readers had the perusal of them, they would readily believe that they had one and the same author. However, not to presume on any deference to my opinion, I would  
 desire

gation of *Protestant Dissenters* there, gave me a copy of verses, which she said were made by *Mr. Watts*, the *Doctor's* father, and that accordingly

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desire the verses of *Mr. Watts* given me by *Mrs. Rolleston* in the marginal note in the second page of our work, but which the *late publication*, p. 169, attributes to *the Doctor*, to be carefully compared with the poem which we find there printed and ascribed to his father when he was fourscore years old, leaving it with my Readers to judge for themselves after the comparison whether there is not the highest probability that the author of one of these compositions was also the author of the other. The poem, which this *new publication* expressly ascribes to old *Mr. Watts*, runs as follows :

Worn with the toils of fourscore years and five,  
 A weary pilgrim, Lord, to thee I come  
 To beg supporting grace till I arrive  
 At heav'n, thy promis'd rest, my wish'd-for home.

Here's nothing to invite my longer stay  
 Among these darksome melancholy cells.  
 When shall I leave this tenement of clay?  
 Fain would I be where my Redeemer dwells.

O! had I but some gen'rous seraph's wing  
 There's nothing should prevail to keep me here,  
 But with the morning-lark I'd mount and sing  
 Till I had left earth's gloomy atmosphere.

My soul directly rising upward still  
 Till I should reach the glorious court above,  
 Where endless pleasures my desires shall fill,  
 And solac'd be with my dear *Jesus'* love.

With sweet refreshments on such things as these  
 My serious thoughts have often been employ'd,  
 But how much more will happiness increase,  
 When more than can be thought shall be enjoy'd?

I have

cordingly stand at the head of my work as his composition, but which are ascribed, in the *new publication* I have so often mentioned, not to the father but to the son. This apprehension is confirmed by an authentic information I have received that *Dr. Watts* was possessed of a volume of his father's poems in manuscript, and that he directed this collection to his sister *Mrs. Sarah Brackstone*, signifying that she might like to read them as they were written by their father, but that they were not proper to be published.

Upon the whole, as I have already observed, in justice to *Dr. Watts's* memory, I have taken the liberty of laying before the world my reasons for believing that the poems that make up the first volume of his *Posthumous Works*, as they are called, are not his, but some other person's, most probably his father's:

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I have only to observe that this self-same poem, which is said to be written by *Mr. Isaac Watts senior* in this *recent publication*, p. 28, is in the same volume reprinted under the title of a *Birth-day Thought* as one of the *posthumous* pieces of the *Doctor*, p. 167, only in the poem printed as the production of old *Mr. Watts* the first line runs,

Worn with the toils of *four score years and five,*

an age to which *Dr. Watts* never attained by many years, and in the poem as attributed to the *Doctor* the first line is,

Worn with the toils of *three score years and five,*

so that both *father* and *son* were, according to this publication, the composers of the same poem.

and



and it gives me no small pleasure that all endeavours, on the supposition that they were the *Doctōr's*, to depreciate his poetical merit, or hold him up to ridicule and contempt by the *abuse* or *distortion* of any particular passages contained in any of them will henceforward absolutely, and for ever cease. A cloud of smoke may for a moment obscure the lustre of a diamond. The smoke vanishes, and the diamond shines in its former glory.

F I N I S.

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