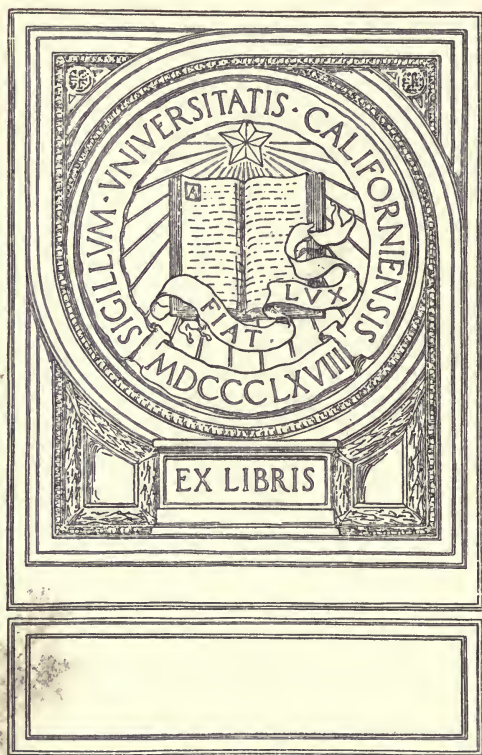


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ELEGY

BY

THE REVEREND COTTON MATHER
ON THE DEATH OF
THE REVEREND NATHANIEL COLLINS





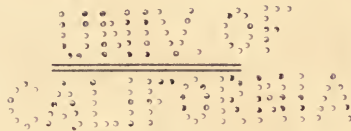
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THE REVEREND COTTON MATHER

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THE REVEREND NATHANIEL COLLINS



Edited by

HOLDRIDGE OZRO COLLINS, LL. D.

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PRELIMINARY

THE REV. NATHANIEL COLLINS WAS BORN IN CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, ON MARCH 7, 1643, THE SIXTH CHILD AND FOURTH SON OF DEACON EDWARD COLLINS AND MARTHA, HIS WIFE.

HE WAS GRADUATED IN 1660 BY HARVARD COLLEGE WITH THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS, SUBSEQUENTLY RECEIVING THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS.

ON AUGUST 3, 1664, HE MARRIED MARY, DAUGHTER OF MAJOR WILLIAM WHITING AND SUSANNAH, HIS WIFE, OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, AND ON NOVEMBER 4, 1668, HE WAS ORDAINED THE FIRST MINISTER OVER THE CHURCH AT MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT, IN WHICH PLACE HE DIED ON DECEMBER 28, 1684.

A VERY INTIMATE ASSOCIATION AND A STRONG AND PERMANENT AFFECTION EXISTED BETWEEN REV. COTTON MATHER AND HIMSELF, AND FEW MOURNED HIS EARLY DEATH AS DID MR. MATHER.

IN HIS MAGNALIA CHRISTI AMERICANA, BOOK 4, CHAPTER 8, MATHER DEVOTED SEVERAL PAGES TO A DESULTORY AND TURGID LAUDATION OF NATHANIEL COLLINS, HIS FATHER AND BROTHER JOHN, AND IN MANY OTHER OF HIS WRITINGS HE MANIFESTS HIS GREAT SORROW FOR THE LOSS OF HIS FRIEND.

CHAPTER 8, OF THE MAGNALIA IS ENTITLED *GEMINI*, AND, FOLLOWING AN ACCOUNT OF REV. JOHN COLLINS HE SAYS:

"A YOUNGER BROTHER, BUT YET A BROTHER TO HIM, WAS MR. NATHANAEL COLLINS, AT WHOSE DEATH, DEC. 28, 1684, IN THE FORTY-THIRD YEAR OF HIS AGE (WHEREIN HE GOT THE START OF HEAVEN!) THERE WERE MORE WOUNDS GIVEN TO THE WHOLE COLONY OF CONNECTICUT IN OUR NEW ENGLAND, THAN THE BODY OF CAESAR DID RECEIVE, WHEN HE FELL WOUNDED IN THE SENATE-HOUSE. READER, I WOULD HAVE MADE AN ESSAY TO HAVE LAMENTED THE FATE OF THIS OUR COLLINS IN VERSE, WERE IT NOT FOR TWO DISCOURAGEMENTS: NOT BECAUSE ANNATUS THE JESUITE RECKON'D IT A THING WORTHY OF SCOFF IN OUR DR. TWISS, TO BE GUILTY OF A LITTLE FLIGHT AT POETRY; FOR THE NOBLEST HANDS HAVE SCANN'D POETICAL MEASURES ON THEIR FINGERS; BUT BECAUSE MY MEAN FACULTIES WOULD NOT CARRY ME BEYOND

THE PERFORMANCES, WHEREOF THE GENTLEMAN IN THUANUS WAS AFRAID, WHEN HE MADE IT A CLAUSE IN HIS LAST WILL, THAT 'THEY SHOULD NOT BURDEN HIS HEARSE WITH BAD FUNERAL VERSES.' "

HOWEVER, HIS AFFECTION FOR THE LOST FRIEND AND THE GREAT DESIRE TO PERPETUATE HIS MEMORY, SPEEDILY OVER- RULED THIS DETERMINATION AND THE ELEGY WAS WRITTEN AND PUBLISHED THE YEAR FOLLOWING THE DEATH OF MR. COLLINS.

THE BOOK IS EXTREMELY SCARCE, AND ONLY THE LIBRARY OF BROWN UNIVERSITY IS KNOWN TO POSSESS A COPY. IT IS GUARDED WITH THE MOST JEALOUS CARE, AND FEW CAN GAIN ACCESS TO ITS PAGES.

THE PAGES OF THE ELEGY ARE NUMBERED FROM ONE TO TWENTY, BUT BY AN OVERSIGHT OF THE PRINTER PAGE SEVENTEEN WAS OMITTED, AND THE TEXT COVERS BUT NINETEEN PAGES, EACH OF WHICH ABOUNDS WITH CURIOUS AND INTERESTING NOTES BY THE AUTHOR.

IN 1896, THE CLUB OF ODD VOLUMES, IN BOSTON, PUBLISHED A RE-PRINT OF ONE HUNDRED COPIES, WHICH WERE EDITED BY MR. JAMES F. HUNNEWELL, ALL OF WHICH WERE TAKEN BY SUBSCRIPTION, BUT IT HAS BEEN IMPOSSIBLE TO INDUCE ANY OF THE POSSESSORS TO PART WITH HIS COPY.

THIS RE-PRINT IS, PAGE FOR PAGE, AND LINE FOR LINE, SIMILAR TO THE LITTLE VOLUME IN THE LIBRARY OF BROWN UNIVERSITY. THE PROOF SHEETS WERE SENT TO MR. H. L. KOOPMAN, THE LIBRARIAN, AND A VIGILANT COMPARISON WITH THE ORIGINAL FAILED TO DISCLOSE ANY ERRORS.

THE EDITOR OBTAINED A COPY OF THE ELEGY SOLELY AS AN ADDITION TO HIS COLLECTION OF MEMORIALS RELATING TO HIS ANCESTOR; BUT ITS MOST ENTERTAINING DICTION IN THE SHOWING OF THE TREND OF THE RELIGIOUS THOUGHT AND EXPRESSION OF COLONIAL NEW ENGLAND, AND THE VEHEMENT ABSOLUTISM OF THE OLD PURITAN DIVINE, WILL MAKE THIS VOLUME A VALUABLE CONTRIBUTION TO THE LIBRARIES OF THOSE WHO ARE LOVERS OF SCARCE AND CURIOUS BOOKS.

Holbridge Ogro Collins.



AN
ELEGY

ON The Much-to-be-deplored DEATH
OF *That Never-to-be-forgotten PERSON,*

The Reverend
Mr. NATHANAEL COLLINS;

Who After he had been many years a *faithful*
Pastor to the Church at *Middletown of*
Connecticut in New-England,
about the *Forty third* year of his Age Expired;
On 28th. 10. moneth 1684.

Testor, Christianum hic de christiano vera proferre.

Hier. Epist. Paulæ.

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.

Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori. Horat

BOSTON in NEW-ENGLAND

Printed by *Richard Pierce* for *Obadiah Gill.*
Anno Christi 1685.

Reader ;

T*o Lament the Dead in Verse, having been even from the Dayes of David until Now, in some sort almost as Common as Death it self, an Apology for that thing at this time is altogether superfluous; Nor have the Noblest Hands disdained to scan Potetical measures on their Fingers, tho' an Annatus has derided a Twiss for not counting that Exercise beneath him. But there seems more needful an Excuse for the meanness of this Composure, which is born before its Time from a Brain disus'd to such Performances; in which I have been so farr from the accuracy of Virgil, who having laid out eleven years upon his Æneids, after all judged them not polished enough to be published, that a few stolen hours were all I had to shape them in, and to which I could never have been drawn, if the Subject of these Rhythmes, had like the Gentleman in Thuanus upon his Death-bed, given sufficient caution That his Herse should not be burdened with bad Funeral verses. For this, my utmost Plea is, That the sense of Duty, awakened by the invitation of others hereunto, has*
produced

*produced this Rapsody, for a Censure on which,
I appeal from Curiosity to Candour, expecting
no Laurel on this occasion but what I merit by
my good Affection to the Memory of a True Is-
raelite worthy to be had in Everlasting Re-
membrance.*

C. M.

FUNERAL-TEARS

At the Grave of the Much *Desired*And *Lamented*

Mr. NATHANEEL COLLINS?

Who changed Death for *LIFE*,*December 28. 1684.*

---But shall he unobserved steal away?
 Or *Israel* not afford an *hand* to lay (a)
 An Evil-boding *Death* to *heart*? no Son
 Of All the Prophets when *Elijah's* gone
 Look after him?

Forbid this, Heaven! Showr
On a bereaved Clod of Earth a pow'r
To yield a spire of grass (b) whereon may grow
The Name of COLLINS, help a verse to show
His Vertues, as that Flock acknowledged
Their doe (c) when to the Spicy Mountains fled.
Assist mee, thou who hast engag'd the Just
A Memory, (d) to whom the precious dust
Of Saints Dissolv'd remains united!--

I SIGH the *Fate* for which our broached eyes
 Spend floods of *brine*; at which a dire surprise
 Of a soul-chilling horror doth invade
 The *Soul* not *stone* before; at which are made
 In serious minds as many *wounds* as were
 To *Caesar* (e) given. Reader, shake to hear;
The

(a) *Isai*, 57.1. (b) allusion to the poetical fancy
 of *Ajax* (c) *Dorcas*, *Act*. 9.39. (d) *Psa*. 112.6.
 (e) whom the Roman conspirators [slew with 23 wounds.]

The DEATH of COLLINS tis. He dead without
 A *Paper* winding sheet to lay him out!
 A shame. O that *Egyptian Odours*, and
Embalmers too (f) were now at my command!
 I want them. But *Hyperboles* withdraw,
 Be gone *Licentious Poets*. What I saw
 On this occasion let some countrey Rymes
 That call a Spade a *Spade*, tell after-Times.

DEPRIV'D of *Charrets* & of *Horsemen* too, (g)
 I on the wings of *Contemplation* flew;
 Into the howling *desart* thus I went,
 The *cut-off garden* (h) where our *David* sent
 His *sheep* to feed and fold, from which he drave
 The Rav'nous *Tigre-brood*, in which he gave
 His herds a *Rest at noon*. (i) On *Jordans Banks*
 I meant to sit with *Thoughts* on this and *Thanks*.
 But there found I an *Elect Lady*, (k) There
 Grov'ling in Ashes, with dishev'led hair,
 Smiting her breast, *black'd* with a mourning dress,
 Resembling mother *Sion in distress*; (l)
 Or like a *Rachel* in a *Bethl'em* plight, (m)
 But with a *Beauty* glittering too, that might
 The Features show that *Judah's preaching King*
 Much did once in his machless Raptures sing; (n)

I

(f) *Gen.* 50.2. (g) *all. to 2. King* 2.12.

(h) *so some render* the Garden of Nuts, *Cant.*
 6.11. *in a phrase very accommodable to America.*

(i) *Cant.* 1.7 (k) *some (tho' groundlesly*
though) suppose a Church intended by that name in.
 2. *Job.* 1. (l) *all. to the figure thereof in B.K.'S ingeni-*
us poem. (m) *Mat.* 2, 18. (n) *viz. the Canticles.*

I found her. There amaz'd, into a *Tree* (o)
 Almost transformed with passion: *Sympathie*
 Produced this Enquiry, *Who I wonder,*
Seems Sorrow's Center, Sorrow's Essence yonder?
 Lo, I no sooner had approached near,
 Then from above this voice did thunder; *Here*
Pitty, the Church of Middletown bespeaks
Set in the midst of swoons and sobs and shrieks.
 With Bowells full of it I hastned to
 The *Wet place*, asking *Why she grieved so;*
 And had this Answer.

Sir, Ask you this? Are you a Sojourner
 Within *New-Englands* bounds & know not *why?*
 I've lost great *COLLINS*, man! O that, O there,
 From this *Tears-Fountain* (p) is my misery.

Immortal *COLLINS*! what a *Charm* is in
 So dear a *Name*? 'Tis *Honey* mixt with gall
 To think, I *had* him, but I *miss* him; Seen
 He *was*, sad word! (q) but so *no more he shall*.

My *Love* is Talkative; tis fit that I
 Thus vent my *smother'd Fire*. The *Rabbins* say
 That when good old *Methusela* did dye,
 His Wife *nine husbands* lost in him that day:

Like *Looser* I will *speak*: The *Lamentation*
 Over *Jerus'lems Woe* doth suit me well,
 A *Widow how is she become!* || Privation
 Seems now to be my only *Principle*.

One

(o) *all. to such a metamorphosis celebrated in Ovid.*

(p) *Hinc illae lacrymae.* (q) *fuimus Troes.* || *Lam. i.i.*

Once did I *prise*, I'll now *praise* what I had.

The *box* of his Fames *Oyntment** now shall send
Abroad its Odours. *Alexander* †dead
Had not the *scent* which doth from him ascend.

Some *Elogyes* compose to try their Wits;

The *Gout*, (r) the *Feavour*, ||*yea* & *Injustice*, (s)
Folly (t) and *Poverty* [u] have in the Fits

Of Ranting Writers had a *comeliness*.

My *Theme*, my *Humour* is not such an one;

Who to proye *Cicero* not eloquent,
Pen'd Books, (x) who *truth* & *worth* for *guards* disown
Such only count *Collins* not *excellent*.

Bright COLLINS, Star of the *first Magnitude*,

Extol him how could I! I sha'n't be chid
If as much time on him my *gazes* shou'd
Spend, as that *Greek* (y) in's *Panegyric* did.

O that *Apelles* were my servant now

To *limn* this *Hero*, but his utmost *All*
Would blush, and draw a *vail* upon the Brow(z
Below whose *Majesty* his *skill* would fall.

I

*Eccles. 7.1. †from whose corpse 'tis said there
went a smell surprisingly fragrant. (r) praised by
Pichennerus, ||praised by Huttenus, (s) praised by
Glaucus [t] praised by Erasmus, [u] praised by
Pierius, all in set poems or orations. (x) as once
an humdursome person did. (y) Socrates, who
spent 15 year in framing of one Panegyric, one ora-
tion. (z) as that painter did upon his *Minerva's*.

I would that you, my friend, each *drop* of Ink
 Could fill with *Elogyes* no fewer then
 The little *eels* *that may swim in't: I think
 They all should celebrate this *Flow'r of men*.

I would too that each *syllable* all round
 This Globe with *perfum'd Air* might fly about;
 Or your *Stentorophonic Tube* † might sound
 The praise of admirable *Collins* out.

Death, thou *All-biting* ‡ *Prodigall*, a blow
 Of thine hath laid *within* the ground a plant
 Surpassing *Cedars*. I did hardly know
 A *spice* whose quantity on it was scant.

Good *Nature* and good *Education* were
 In him conjoyn'd to such an high degree,
 As gain'd the Title of that ||Emperour,
 In this rare soul *Mankinds delight* we see.

Facetious *Snow-balls* from his *candid* breast
 With *early Magic* hence would captivate
 His near, *Familiars*, so that he was blest
 Who could have leave to be his Intimate.

Hence from his Cradle clothes his neat *discretion*,
 Mounted upon bridled *Urbanity*,
 Before a most obliging *Disposition*,
 Triumphant rode in ev'ry *Company*.

But

*of which I can with my Microscope see incredible
 hundreds playing about in one drop of water. †which
 speaking-Trumpet may be heard a vast way off.
 ‡all. to ye Acrost. of Mors Mordens Omnia Rostro Suo
 ||Tit. Vesp. who was termed, *Delicae humani generis*.

But Oh the *fruits* of Heav'nly *Graces* dew
 Upon so rich a *soyl*! Let *Peter* bid -
 His *Brethren* add one *graces pearl* unto
 The *rest: The whole *heap* was in *Collins* hid.

You'd scarce believe the FAITH residing in
 This Child of *Abraham*, the strong Impression
 On his heart of *Realities* unseen,^{||}
 Of *Gospel* glories, of things past expression.

How dearest to him his *Redeemer*; how
 With brave *Ignatius*† he could warble out
O Christ my Love; how we might e'en allow
 A *JESUS* grav'd ¶within his breast no doubt.

His VERTUE took this *sister* by the hand;
 And with her *train* accompanied thus,
 In *vert'ous* flights he went---how much beyond
 An *Aristides*; *or a *Regulus*!

For KNOWLEDGE, tho in him poor *Harvard* lost
 One of her *tallest sons*, one of the best
Souldiers in her *Minerva's* Camp, my boast
 Of *higher Wisdom* in him i'n't the least.

My *Moses*, he in *Egypt's Learning* verst††
 Had more then *that*; Accomplishments *Divine*
 In exercise of which, while he conversed
 With *Isr'els Jah*, to us his face did shine.†||

Yare

*v. the glorious catalogue 2. Pet. 1.5-7. ||2 cor. 4
 18. †whose saying often was, *Amor meus est crucifixus*
 ¶ which is grossly and fabulously reported of another.
 **two glories of the heathen, the one for Justice, the
 other for Fidelity. ††Act. 7.22. †|| Exod. 34.35.

Yare at his GRAMMAR, kenning *how* and *when*
 To speak: his *tongue* a* *tree of life*, no (dross
 Proceeding from this *Chrysostom*||†) the *penn*
 Of *Ready writers* like, not *barbarous*:

How *lofty* in his RHET'RIC, when with cries
 To the Omnipotent reduc'd to say¶
Let me alone, thereby he scal'd the Skyes,
 And with the *old* ‡*Artill'ry* got the day.

In the best LOGIC, Oh how *Rational*!
 How able to spy *Canaan* through! how ready
 To baffle a *Temptation*! and withal
 Full of his *Oracles* sound, solid, steady!

How right was his ARITHMETIC that knew
Wisely to measure his own|| *dayes*! How right
 Was his GEOMETRY, that found the true
 Bulk of the *earth*! a point* not worth the *sight*.

In his ASTRONOMY how ripe his eye
 Reaching to things beyond the *stars*! Always
 Exact in this *no-vain* ¶ ¶ PHILOSOPHY,
 That in all things he found his *Makers* || || *praise*.
 Master

*Prov. 15:4 ||†golden mouth. ¶as in Exod. 32.
 10. ferendi licentiam petit a Mose qui fecit Mo-
 sen. ‡preces et lacrymae sunt Arma Ecclesiae. ||Psa.
 90. 12. *and an invisible point no doubt would it
 be to an humane eye in the starry Heaven, tho it
 probably contains above Ten Thousand Millions of
 cubic German leagues. ¶¶as some other Philoso-
 phy is call'd in Col. 2.8. || ||presentem docuit
 quaelibet herba Deum.

Master of all the *Arts* that shew us what
 'Tis from each *Bad* unto each *Good* to goe;
 To all his *Knowledge* last subjoyning *that*, +
All that I know is, that I nothing know.

For *TEMPERANCE*, he liv'd upon it, hee
 Like *Hooper* spar'd much in his *diet*, more
 In 's *speech*, but most in *Time*; the hateful *Three*
 ||*Fly-gods* o' th' world mean while he car'd not for.

To *Meat* a * *Daniel*; and a *Rechabite* ¶
 To *Drink*; like a *John Baptist* † in his *Rayment*;
 His *sleep*, like *David*, ‡ robbing in the *Night*;
 Still putting *Nature* off with *scanty payment*.

Abstemious in all things at such a rate
 Some (like *Eliza* → in her *Brothers* eyes,
 Him *Brother Temp'rance* could denominate.
 And *Justice* caus'd what e'er lookt otherwise.

For *PATIENCE* whole *beds* and *loads* of it
 In his soul flourisht. What *Affliction* meant
 He *felt* as much as most do *talk*, and yet
Groans might from him, but *Grumbles* * || ne're
 (be-sent.

+ *Socrates* his *Hoc tantum sciō, me nihil scire.* || *the*
Pleasures, and Profits & Honours of the world, be-
come the 3 Belzebubs of it, according to the Distich
Ambitiosus honos et opes et foeda voluptas,

Haec tria pro trino Numine mundus habet.

* *Dan.* 1.12. ¶ *Jer.* 35.6. † *Mat.* 3.4. ‡ *Psa.*

119.62. → *K. Edw. vi. us'd to call the Princess*
Elizabeth, his sister Temperance. * || *It was the*
sentence of a great Saint under great pain, I groan
but do not grumble.

And under *Provocation*, 'twas a care
 By him maintained to *smile Affronts away*.
 Not *firing* when meer *Cock-boats* landed are;
 Seldom decoy'd from his mild *Yea*, or *Nay*.

No Brother of **Achilles*; like unto
 The *Upper Regions* free from Tempests; full
 Of the *doves temper*; Able for to go
 Over an *Alphabet*, ¶ tho *Anger* pull.

His *GODLINESS* *steer'd* ¶all his motions still:
 God had his *thrice-hot* † *love*, his life, his Whole:
 Gods *Honour* was his *End*, and in the *Will*
 Of God he *moulded*‡ his renewed soul.

His sev'rall *Turns* on a *Religious threed*
 He sought to string: fixing that *Motto* on
 What signal he in both his *Callings* did,
 With much devotion, *Lord* + *for thee alone*.

How

**whom* Homer so often represents in fumes.
 ¶as was wont to do the Renowned Roman Empe-
 rour. ||Allusion to *Sola fit humanae pietas cyno-
 sura carinae*. †Amo te, Domine, plusquam meos,
 plusquam mea, plusquam me. Bern. †all. to
 Rom. 6.17. gr. +as he, Propter te, Do-
 mine, propter te.

How *James*-like were his *Pray'rs*, how did the word
 Of Life, his heart *Christs* ¶ *Library* affect!
 What God-ward flames did his *pure* * *mind* afford,
 Of any *Ord'nance* dreading a Neglect!

BROTHERLY-KINDNESS did procure the
[*Law*]

Of kindness in his *†lips*, a Denison
 Of *Philadelphia* [a] in him we saw;
 Heir to the soul of the Apostle [b] *John*.

A *Zuinglian* entire that ever said[c]
Let me see Christ in anyone, I shall
Him with both Armes embrace. Whatever made
Distinctions, this with him removed all.

And CHARITY in him *warm Beams* extended
 To all the race of Man; *Philanthropy*
 Him like a *shaddow* every where attended;
COLLINS made up of *Love*, we us'd to cry.

An

[|of whom *Ecclesiastical History* relates, that his hard-
 ned knees wore the Badges of his hard prayers.

¶ as *Jerome* remarkt of his friend *Nepotian*. **Ani-*
ma justi Coelum est. †*prov.* 31.26. [a] which name
 signifies brotherly love. [b] *Heb.* 13.1 gr.

[b] of whom tis said that when through age he could
 do no more, he would give that short Lesson for a long
 Sermon to his congregation, my Children, love one
 another. [c] a savory speech recorded of the famous
Zuinglius.

An *Injury* seldom resenting more
 Than *Cranmer* or the *Martyrologer**
 Who urn'd his *Ashes*, of whom tis notour,
 Of good, for ill; Turns from them sure you were.

In fine, as the ¶*Philosopher* did give
 His friend advice, suppose a *Cato's eye*
 On you, and so be wise; when I would live
 Uprightly, I'd imagine *COLLINS* by:

Thus was he for a *Christian*, and thus he
 With Conversation lightned, every Deed
 Of his in print a *Sermon* yeeldeth mee:¶
 But now what as a *Minister* you'l heed.

Methinks I see how fraught the *Pulpit* was
 Of Grace, of Gravity, of Wisdom, when
 With most harmonious notes a *Barnabas*
 He now was, and a *Boanerges* then:

How deep his sermons were, where *Elephants*,
 Might take content, and yet withal how plain,
 Suited unto the leather *Dublet's* Wants,
 All in a near unimitable Strain:

What

**Holy Mr. Fox.* ¶*Seneca.*

||*Ille pius pastor, quo non prestantior unus,
 Qui faciendo docet, quæ facienda docet.*

What *undasht* †*wine* he gave me: what a *Zeal*
 For me consum'd him: how *material*
 He was in *Dispensations* aim'd to heal
 Distempers in me, yet how *Spiritual*:

He like an *Ox** was alwaies labouring
 To feed me, but he like an *Eagle** too
 Did soar to *Pisgah's* Top, from thence to bring
 Celstial *Visions* pore-blind us unto.

One is a *Doctor* most ¶ *Invincible*
 Another most + *Profound*, a Third is counted
 A *Subtil* → one; (Scholastic Records tell)
 A Fourth ‡ *Angelical* by none surmounted:

COLLINS was *all* of this. The noble ¡:! *Three*
Geneva crowns, enlightning *Calvin*, and
 The thundring *Farel* join'd auspiciouslie
 With shouring *Viret*, here in one did stand.

For *Memory* almost a *Seneca*,|||
 For *Judgment* and *Fancy* inferior
 To few; in learning rich, and ev'ry way
 He was a *furnisht* Gospel-Orator.

How

†*all*. to 2. Cor. 2.17. gr. ***all*. to those 2 creatures
 in Rev. 4.7. whereof by the former some will have the
 Pastor, & by the latter the Teacher of a Church to
 be meqnt. ¶ so Alexander Hales. + so Bradwar-
 dine. → so Scotus. † so Aquinas. !:; thus dis-
 tinguished in an Epigram of Beza's. ||| whose
 tenacious Memory is to all Ages memorable.

How many **Lydian*-hearts reputed him
 A ||*Claviger*, by him unlockt? To us
 For *Light* giv,n to our *House* how much Esteem
 He had as an ‡*Oecolampadius*!

To save poor me and mine, Oh how *severe*†
 His *Labours* were! how lasting his *Renown*
 Must to my *Offspring* be, *Once* (saying) *were*
Doves eyes within the Locks of → *Middletown*!

My *Neighbourhood* shar'd with me too; he gave
 Some *Spirit* unto them: and then his → *Haven*
 He chose: So on the *Day*||* we us'd to have
Heaven from him, from us he flew to Heaven.

The Age of *Perkins* *just attained, he thought
 It time to follow him. But. *Why so fast?*
 The *cause* you know that of *such things* is brought
 Belong'd to him, *he only grew too fast.*¶

More

*all. to Act. 16.14. ||an excellent *Divine*, the
English of whose Name seems to be Key-carrier:
 ‡another, whose Name in likelyhood was *House-*
Lamp. †observing the *Motto of the Emperour Se-*
verus, which was LABOREMUS. →all. to *Cant.*
4:1 where by those expressions some understand
Christian Teachers surrounded with their believ-
ing Hearers. → One of his last *Services was that*
he assisted in a Day of Prayer at New-Haven, im-
mediately on which he sickned. ||*He died on a *Sab-*
bath Day about the beginning of the Morning Ex-
ercise. *about 44.

¶ *Immodicis brevis est actas et rara senectus.*

B.

More would I say but Heart-corroding *Anguish*
 Layes that check on me, *you have lost him now.*
 Broken with thy big Loss dear Friend, I languish:
Hence would my *Tears* more than my *River* flow

Now in *Micaiahs* Trance *I seem to see
 For *Food* on mountains, wandring Shepherdless,
 And Shiftless rambling, what belongs to me.
Wast Park of mine that now no *Keeper* has!

Lord, is my *Night* come shall *Impenitent*
 Transgressours now continue *so?* Shall it
 Upon my *Meeting-House*, while men repent,
This and that man born here || no more be writ?

Shall a forsaken now *Society*
 Without its *Head*, its *Heart*, its *Eyes* remain?
 And like *Isaiah's* woful *Vineyard* ly(a)
 With with'ring *Grapes* abandon'd by the *Rain?*

O Ghastly *Omens!* if *Paraeus* dy
 Let *Heidleberge* look to 't. If *Austin* go
 Let *Hippo* tremble. If *Elisha* fly(b)
 After his Master, *next year* brings a wo

I

*1. *King. 22. 17.* ||allusion to *Psal. 87. 5.*

[a] *all. to Isai. 5.* [b] *2 King. 15.20.*

'Tis one of the *Jewish Oracles*, Quando Lumina
 naria patiuntur *Eclipsin*, malum est signum
 mundo.

I fear of both sorts now [c] *Mortalities*,
 Of *Famines* too I fear the [d] worst, I fear
 The *Gallop* of no less Calamities.
 Then can be wrap'd in a pale *Comets* Hair.

Amidst these hideous *Frights* perplext, I mourn
 With *Incoherent* Throbs you see. Now tell me
 Whether it be not *just* that thus forlorn
 I here bewail this that has late befel me.

SHE said; Her heavy words were hardly out
 When, as one *planet-struck*, a doleful shout
 Of the surviving *COLLINSes* detain'd
 Me from *Replies* to what had been complain'd.
 To fill the *Stage* there seem'd to throng a croud
 Of his *Relations* to us. First aloud
 His Aged *Parents* with drench'd Hankerchiefs
Saw and *had* cause thus to proclaim their Griefs:

A Son, our Staff and || *Stork*; (said they) *A Son,*
Our Benjamin, Alas, must he be gone
To his Long-Home before us? Heaven more
May now be Heaven to us than before.

Farewel

[c] *Some have observed*, that the *Death* of a
 faithful *Minister* in a place where he hath done
 God much service, is oft attended with a great
 Mortality among other persons in that place.
I. Collins. Elijahs Lamentation. p. 18. [d] See Amos
 8.11. || *A Bird fam'd for its regard to its Dam.*

*Farewel, thou world of *Dirt; we meekly wait
 But for a ||Call too. This deplored: Straight
 His Brethren not as a †Jehoiakim
 But as a ‡Jonathan, bemoaned him,
 With this, We live to see the Joseph die,
 Whom we thought born for our Adversity!*

*His Widdow then, (the tender Whiting swam
 Thro' the Black + sea of Death to us) I came
 (Said She) to bear a part with you. But I
 Must in deep Silence do't. That ev'ry Sigh
 Of mine--- O that it Marbles might erect
 To him, for lack of whom I'm thus deject.*

*And then his Orphans, all ensabled add
 O could we say---that once a Father had,
 A Father whose paternal over-sight
 Did make us over happy, whose Delight
 Was in our Welfare, whose Behaviours
 Still taught us---Mercy! what a Loss is our's!*

*In this Distraction mixing once again
 A Consolation-cup; [f] Thick Mists amain
 About us gathering; a Murmur there
 Of the blest Shade himself we then might hear.*

Fond

**One of the most splendid Cities wherein, is hence ap-
 positely term'd Lütetia. ||Vitam habentes in pati-
 entia, Mortem in desiderio. †see Jer. 22.17.
 ‡v. 2. Sam. 1.17. +all. to the Mare mortuum.
 [f] such the Jews were wont to have at their Fune-
 rals.*

[keep

FOND *Mortals*, wipe your eyes (said he) pray
 That *liquor* for your selves. *poor *Envy* 'tis
 Which prompts your *Threnodies* for me. To weep
 For *my sake*, is but to Ignore *my Bliss*.

O what a world of *smoke* of *dust* of *Folly*
 Am I *say'd* || from! No *sin* shall me annoy,
 And no *Temptation* more to be *unholy*
 Shall e'er molest me in my *Masters JOY*.

I have my *Ragged Mantle* dropt; I have
 All *Vanity* and all *Vexation*†
 Escap'd, my *Clay* safe kept within a *Grave*
Preserv'd lies for the *Resurrection*.

No *Cross* (g) shall ever gall my shoulders more,
 From *God*, correcting my *disorders*, and
 No *Club* e're strike me, red with ancient *Gore*,
 Still by each *Cain* (h) retained in his hand.

I'm got within the *Vail*, and there I see
 The ever-glorious Face of the (i) *GOD-MAN*;
 And he with *Transports* doth convey to me
 As much of *GOD* as entertain I can.

I

*all. to *Luk.* 23.28. ||all. to *Phil.* 1.23. where
 to depart, is by some translated to loose Anchor.
 †Mors Beatitudinis principium, Laborum meta,
 peremptoria peccatorum, *Aug.* (g) *Christ* & his
Cross part at Heavens door, for there's no room for
Crosses in Heaven. *Rutherf. Epist.* (h) *Caini*
adhuc clavus Abelis sanguine rubens ubique circum-
fertur. *Bucholtz.* (i) *The Heaven of Heaven*
pourtray'd in Joh. 17.24.

(17 is omitted in the original.)

I *Know*, I *Live*, I *Love*; But *how?* forbear
 To be inquisitive: It can't be told
 To *you*; No, tho you all (k)*Hebricians* were:
 Nor can *shell-vessels* (l) this things meaning hold.

I find besides my loving *Guardians* here,
 Here the *Good Angels* that convey'd me thro'
 The Divil-haunted *Dungeon-Atmosphere*, (m)
 To mine annex their *Hallelujahs* do.

Here, me the *Chorus* of the *glorify'd*,
 The *polisht* (n) *stones*, now in the *Temple plac*, t
 The *twice cloath'd* (o) *Souls*, salute on ev'ry side;
 I see *Nathaneel* (p) here, I know the rest.

Be *glad* that I am here, and after hye,
 Your selves with diligence, all *posting* hither,
Precepts and *Patterns* left, my *Counsels* eye,
 And *Copyes*, so we shall be soon together.

Souls, follow me. Anon the *Stars*, the *Sands*,
 The *Atoms* of the Universe---a *Scrol*
 Like *Heaven* fill'd with *Nines*, for cypher stands,
 Compar'd to the *Long joyes* || that over us may roll.

(k) *skil'd in the language that bold conjectures think to be Heavens Dialect.* (l) *all. to 2. cor. 4.7. gr.*
 (m) *the territores whereto the apostate troops of Lucifer seem to be confined, from eph. 2.2* (n) *all. to 2 cor. 5.5*
 (o) *all. to 2. ibid. where an upper garment of glory is engaged to the souls on which an under garment of grace is wrought with the Eternal Spirits Needle-work.* (p) *v. Joh. 1.47.* (q) *a thing rationally sung by the German Swan the night before he died. || a line purposely too long for the verse but too short not-[original illegible]. haddow of ETERNITY.*

A *PERIOD* this puts to the *Tragaedy*.
He vanisht; *They* retir'd; confused *I*
 Now quite *alone*, have nothing else to do,
 But to pour out a short *Hosannah* to
 The Worlds Almighty GOVERNOUR to whom
 On this account now these *Petitions* come
 From lifted *Hands*, and bended *Knees*---

Dread Lord,

By whom vast Hosts of Beings with a Word
Are made and mov'd: Let thy much-hop'd Salvation
Shield us, like Walls from much-fear'd Desolation,
O Save New-Englands Churches; Let them be
Still golden Candlesticks; belov'd by thee,
Still Puritans; Still Iv'ry' Pallaces.
Keep up the Quickset Hedge about them; Please
To keep the gladsome Streams of them alive.
Save Middletown, and cause the Place to thrive
Under Fat Clouds still, and that Bochim let
By thy Provision be a Bethel yet.
Save ev'ry soul that reads this Elegy;
Like COLLINS let us live, like COLLINS dy.

AMEN.

Sic mihi contingat vivere sicque mori.

Sic optat,

Qui longe sequitur vestigia semper adorans.

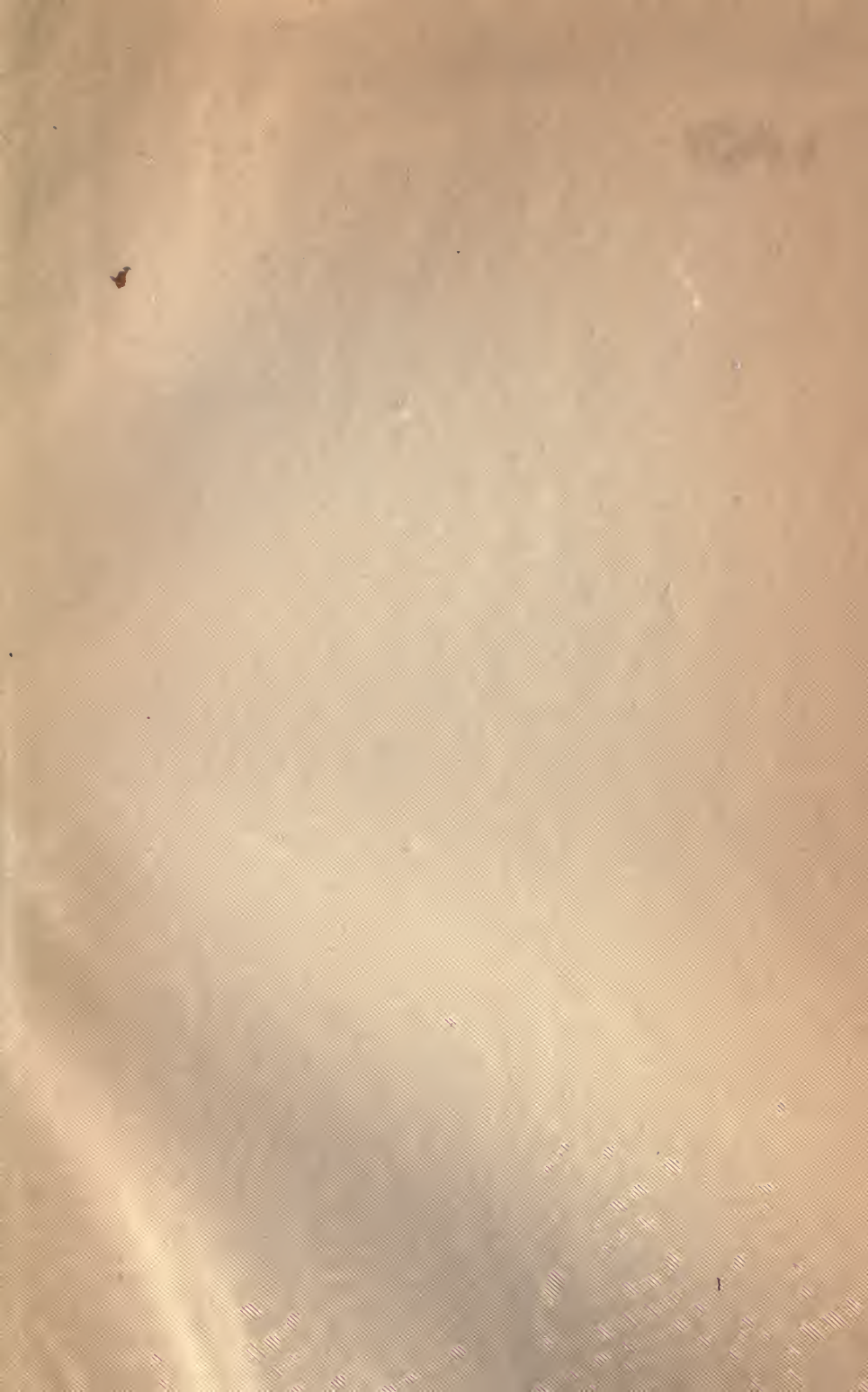
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