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John Dove

A

BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY  
OF  
THE WESLEY FAMILY;  
MORE PARTICULARLY  
ITS EARLIER BRANCHES.

BY  
JOHN DOVE.

Such a *family* I have never read of, heard of, or known; nor since the days of ABRAHAM and SARAH, and JOSEPH and MARY of Nazareth, has there ever been a *family* to which the human race has been more indebted.

DR. ADAM CLARKE.

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AND HENRY SPINK, LEEDS.

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EMMANUEL

## P R E F A C E

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The eventful and important Life of the venerable Founder of Arminian Methodism has been frequently laid before the Public ; but there is reason to believe that the history of his Paternal and Maternal ANCESTORS is only partially known, even amongst the members of the Methodist Society. The late DR. ADAM CLARKE, published in 1822, "Memoirs of the Wesley Family" in a large octavo volume, but which, on account of the introduction of a vast quantity of extraneous and unnecessary matter, is not well adapted for general circulation. The *Price* also prevented many from purchasing it.

On these grounds the Compiler of the following Work is of opinion, that a *condensed*, and well arranged Memoir of the Wesley Family, at a moderate price, and written "with special reference to *general* readers," was still wanting. This conviction led him to prepare the present Work,

which he hopes contains all that is really interesting in Dr. Clarke's publication, together with a considerable quantity of new matter, collected from a great variety of sources. It has been his endeavour to free the narrative from all those details "which are comparatively uninteresting beyond the immediate circle of Wesleyan Methodism," and to adapt it to the perusal of the Public at large.

This volume being designed as *introductory* to MR. WATSON'S excellent Life of the Founder of Methodism, the Lives of MESSRS. JOHN and CHARLES WESLEY are not given; as all that is interesting to the general reader, respecting those eminent Ministers, is furnished with great judgment and propriety by Mr. Watson, in his Publication.

*December 24, 1832.*

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A

BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY

OF

THE WESLEY FAMILY.

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INTRODUCTION.

CHAP. I.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WESLEY FAMILY.—THE ORTHOGRAPHY OF THE NAME.—MR. WESLEY'S ANCESTORS NON-CONFORMISTS.—THE ACT OF UNIFORMITY.—ARCHBISHOP SHELDON'S INTOLERANCE.—THE NOBLE CONDUCT OF THE EJECTED MINISTERS.—THE CONVENTICLE ACT.—THE CORPORATION ACT.—THE TEST ACT.—SUFFERINGS OF THE NON-CONFORMISTS.

Of the Wesley Family little is known previously to the seventeenth century. Some persons have given the family a Spanish origin. The Wesleys themselves believed they came originally from Saxony, and that a branch of the paternal tree was planted in Ireland. DR. ADAM CLARKE states that he met with a family in the county of Antrim called *Posley* or *Postley*, who said that their name was originally *Wesley*, but which had been corrupted by a provincial pronunciation of P. for W.

As to the *orthography* of the name, it appears by the autographs of all the family, from the rector of Epworth down to the present time, to have been written Wesley. When Samuel Wesley, sen. entered at Oxford, he signed

Westley, but afterwards dropped the *t*, which he said was restoring the name to its original orthography. That some of the remote branches of the Wesley family had been in the *Crusades*, or went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, may be inferred from their bearing the *escallop shell* in their arms.

The ANCESTORS of Mr. John Wesley, both in the paternal and maternal line, were strict and conscientious *Non-conformists*. They suffered great persecution during the reign of the Stuarts, and especially in that of Charles II. As the acts then passed for the restriction of religious liberty, had a most important influence on the circumstances and situation of the grandfathers, and great grandfather of the founder of Methodism, it may not be thought irrelevant, previously to entering on the personal history of the family, to give a brief account of these enactments, and also to point out their intolerant nature, and the effects they produced on the nation.

THE "ACT OF UNIFORMITY" obtained the royal assent May 19th, 1662, and was enforced throughout the kingdom after the 24th of August following. This memorable act, which was chiefly promoted by LORD CLARENDON and BISHOP SHELDON, required, that all clergymen, all residents in the Universities, schoolmasters, and even private tutors, should profess their *unfeigned assent and consent* to all and every thing contained in the book of Common Prayer, and to pledge themselves to the then fashionable doctrine of passive obedience. It was urged by a few sober men, that the volume referred to was of considerable extent, and related to topics of great variety and importance; and that in many instances the

ministers could not procure the book before the law required them to swear to it. But arguments of this kind were lost upon the impassioned theologians of the lower house. LOCKE observes of this act, that "it was fatal to the church and religion, in throwing out a very great number of worthy, learned, pious and orthodox divines, who could not come up to all the things in the act. So great was the zeal in carrying on this church affair, and so blind was the obedience required, that if we compute the time of passing this act with the time allowed the clergy to subscribe the book of Common Prayer, we shall find it could not be printed and distributed, so as that one man in forty could have seen and read the book to which they were to assent and consent."

SHELDON, Bishop of London, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, confessed to the EARL of MANCHESTER, that the design of the Act of Uniformity was to compel the Presbyterians to become Non-conformists, or *knaves*.\*

\* This prelate, who was at the head of the persecutors in the church, as Clarendon was in the state, and who BISHOP BURNET said "regarded religion only as an engine of state," seems to have been as insensible to the decorum belonging to religion, as he was to good feeling and humanity. Of this, PEPYS has recorded the following piece of buffoonery and profaneness acted at Lambeth Palace when he was dining there. "May 14, 1669. At noon to dine with the Archbishop at Lambeth; where I met a great deal of company, though an ordinary day, and exceeding good cheer, no where better, or so much that ever I saw. Most of the company being gone, I was informed by a gentleman of a *sermon* that was to be preached; and so I staid to hear it, thinking it serious, till the gentleman told me it was a *mockery* by one CORNET BOLTON, who, behind a chair, did pray and preach like a *Presbyterian Scot*, with all the possible imitations in grimace and voice. And his text was about hanging up their harps upon the willows, exclaiming against Bishops, and crying up of my good LORD EGLINGTON, till it made us all burst. I did wonder the Archbishop made *spo't* with things of this kind, but I perceived it was shown him as a rarity. And he took care to have the room door shut; but there was about twenty gentlemen and myself present, infinitely pleased with the novelty."

When, however, the appointed day arrived, above two thousand clergymen made the better choice. They were most of them needy, and with dependent families, but cast themselves on Providence. After the act had come into operation, DR. ALLEN said to SHELDON, that "it was a pity the door was made so strait;" to which the bishop answered, "It is no pity at all; if we had thought so many would have conformed, we would have made it straiter."\*

The day chosen for this unrighteous exercise of power was the feast of *St. Bartholomew*, a season already memorable in the annals of ecclesiastical intolerance. The massacre of the Parisian protestants, and the policy then adopted toward the English non-conformists, were alike in their principle. It is not to be supposed that this day was selected to aid the sufferers in making such a comparison; but it was chosen for a reason which makes the resemblance less distant than it would otherwise have been. The *tithes* for the year became due from the feast of St. Bartholomew; and by removing the incumbents on that day, the punishment of deprivation was followed in many cases, by the pressure of immediate want; while the clergy, who succeeded their ejected brethren, were empowered to reap where they had not sown.

The severity of these proceedings is without parallel in the history of English protestantism. On the accession of ELIZABETH, many Catholic priests were deprived of their livings, but they were all provided for by the government, though known to be its enemies. The same was the case with the Episcopalian

\* Neal's History of the Puritans.

clergy during the then late commotions : a *fifth* of their revenue being secured to them. But here were men whose loyalty had proved itself to be most ardent ; men who could appeal to the royal promise as grossly belied by this aggression, and who were nevertheless expelled, with circumstances of studied violence and cruelty, and in a season of profound peace.\*

Ecclesiastical history does not previously furnish such an instance of so noble an army of confessors, taking joyfully the spoiling of their goods, rather than violate their consciences. This honour was reserved for the English dissenters. Never before did the world see such a sacrifice. A person, who was no dissenter, observed at the time, "I am glad so many have chosen suffering, rather than conformity to the establishment ; for had they complied, the world would have thought there had been nothing in religion ; but now they have a striking proof, that there are some who are *sincere* in their profession."

Men who are acquainted with the character of the Non-conformists, must often be surprised at the language adopted concerning them by certain writers, who would be thought particularly enlightened on these subjects. It is amusing to observe the airs of wisdom with which these persons affect to deplore the *weakness* of so many well-meaning individuals, who, to escape kneeling at an altar, or wearing a surplice, could expose

\* CLARENDON determined to know the Non-conformists in no other character than as "promoters of the rebellion, and as having no title to their lives, but the king's mercy." Their pleading for liberty of conscience, he ascribes to their characteristic "impudence" and "malice," and to the "want of more severity in the government."

themselves to so much suffering.\* But these persons should be reminded that the sum **HAMPDEN** was called to pay under the name of *ship-money*, was a very small sum; but inasmuch as it was a tax imposed by an authority which had no right to impose taxes, it was a trifle involving a momentous precedent. The men who stood forth in 1662, waging the war of freedom against the powers of intolerance, were in no small measure the saviours of their country; and well would it be if thousands who have since bestowed pity on their weakness, could manifest a fair portion of their strength—strength, we mean, to lay hold on important principles, and to suffer with a martyr's firmness in the defence of them. Such men as **OWEN**, **BAXTER**, **HOWE**, and **CALAMY**, had few equals in their day, either in learning or in judgment, as their opponents well knew. They were as capable of forming enlarged and

\* Even **BISHOP HEBER**, with all his amiableness and intelligence, can speak of the scruples of the Non-conformists as being merely the "colour of a garment, the wording of a prayer, or kneeling at the sacrament." It must be recollected that the case was not whether men might observe the Lord's supper kneeling, but whether it should be *refused* to all who would not kneel.

To do justice to the Bartholomew confessors, we ought to place ourselves in their circumstances. Suppose that the rulers of the church of England were now to determine "That, on or before the 24th of August, 1833, the present occupants of livings, curacies, &c. shall subscribe a declaration, engaging themselves to baptise no child, without the employment of *salt, oil, and spittle*, as a part of the ordinance of baptism; to administer the Lord's supper to those only who should previously bow to the sacred chalice, and submit to a bread wafer being put upon their tongues." What would the serious clergy of the church of England think to such a demand? Would they submit to it as a just exercise of ecclesiastical authority? Would they not to a man abandon their livings, rather than allow their consciences thus to be lorded over and defiled? Or if they submitted to such exactions, would they not be justly regarded by their flocks and countrymen, as traitors and time-servers? Yet this supposed case is not stronger than that of the Non-conformists.



comprehensive views of truth and duty, as PEARSON, GUNNING, MORLEY, or any other of their episcopal adversaries ; whilst, as it regards the evidences of Christian character, there are few of the class from which they seceded, who can be compared with them.

The Protestant dissenters of every denomination have ever been accustomed to revere the memory of the Non-conformist divines, though they may differ widely from them in doctrinal sentiments. The words of DR. JOHN TAYLOR, formerly of Norwich, are remarkable in this view. In remonstrating against the design of some dissenters in *Lancashire* to introduce a *liturgy*, he refers them to their forefathers as having set them a better example, of whom he gives the following character :—“ The principles and worship of dissenters are not formed upon such slight foundation as the unlearned and thoughtless may imagine. They were thoroughly considered, and judiciously reduced to the standard of scripture, and the writings of antiquity ; the Bartholomew divines were men prepared to lose all, and to suffer martyrdom itself, and who actually resigned their livings (which with most of them were, under God, all that they and their families had to subsist upon) rather than desert the cause of civil and religious liberty ; which, together with serious religion, would, I am persuaded, have sunk to a very low ebb in the nation, had it not been for the bold and noble stand that these worthies made against imposition upon conscience, profaneness and arbitrary power. They had the best education England could then afford ; most of them were excellent scholars, judicious divines, pious, faithful and laborious ministers ; of great zeal

for God and religion; undaunted and courageous in their Master's work; keeping close to their people in the worst of times; diligent in their studies, solid, affectionate, powerful, lively, awakening preachers; aiming at the advancement of real vital religion in the hearts and lives of men, which it cannot be denied, flourished greatly wherever they could influence. Particularly they were men of great devotion, and eminent abilities in *prayer*, uttered as God enabled them, from the abundance of their hearts and affections; men of divine eloquence in pleading at the throne of grace; raising and melting the affections of their hearers, and being happily instrumental in transfusing into their souls the same spirit and heavenly gift. And this was the ground of all their other qualifications; they were excellent men, because excellent, instant and fervent in prayer. Such were the fathers, the first formers of the dissenting interest. And you here in Lancashire had a large share of those burning and shining lights. Those who knew them not might despise them, but your forefathers, wiser and less prejudiced, esteemed them highly in love for their works' sake. You were once happy in your NEWCOMBES, JOLLIES, and HEYWOODS, who left all to follow Christ; but Providence cared for them, and they had great comfort in their ministerial services. The presence and blessing of God appeared in their assemblies, and attended their labours. How many were converted and built up in godliness and sobriety by their prayers, pains, doctrines and conversations! How many days, on particular occasions, were set apart and spent in warm addresses to the throne of grace, and how much to the comfort of

those who joined in them! But now, alas! we are pursuing measures which have a manifest tendency to extinguish the light which they kindled, to damp the spirit which they enlivened, and to dissipate and dissolve the societies which they raised and formed!—Let my soul for ever be with the souls of these men.”

Of the “Act of Uniformity,” DR. ADAM CLARKE says, “I am not surprised that so great a number of ministers then left the church, as that one conscientious man was found to retain his living. High churchmen may extol the authors of this act as deserving the everlasting praises of the church! but while honesty can be considered a blessing in society; while humanity and mercy are esteemed the choicest characteristics of man, and while sound learning is valued as the ornament and handmaid of religion,—this act must be regarded *as a scandal to the state, and a reproach to the church.*”\*

In addition to this infamous statute, there was another passed in 1664, called THE CONVENTICLE ACT. It was pretended that disaffected persons might assemble on the plea of religious worship, to promote treasonable designs; and a bill was passed, in which all private meetings for religious exercises, including more than *five* persons, besides the members of the family, were insultingly described as *Conventicles*, and declared to be unlawful and seditious. The offender against this act was fined in the first instance £5, or imprisoned three months; for the second £10, or imprisoned six months; for a third offence the penalty of £100, or transportation for seven years. All this was

\* After the passing of the “Act of Uniformity,” the name of *Puritan* was changed to that of *Non-conformist*.

done in contempt of that sacred institute—*trial by jury*, the awarding of these penalties being left to the discretion of any justice of the peace. “The calamity of this act,” says BAXTER, “in addition to the main matter, is, that it was made so ambiguous, that no man could tell what was a violation of it, and what was not, not knowing what was allowed by the liturgy or practice of the church of England, in families; and among the diversity of family practice, no man knowing what to call the practice of the church. According to the plain words of the act, if a man did but preach and pray, or read some licensed book, and sing psalms, he might have more than four present, because these are allowed by the practice of the church; and the act seemeth to grant indulgence for place and number, if the quality of the exercise be allowed by the church, which must be meant publicly. But when it comes to trial, these pleas, with the justices, are vain; for if men did but pray, it was considered an exercise not allowed by the church, and to jail they went.” “The people were in great strait,” continues Baxter, “those especially who dwelt near any busy officer, or malicious enemy. Many durst not pray in their families, if above four persons came in to dine with them. In a gentleman’s house, where it was ordinary for more than four visiters to be at dinner, many durst not then go to prayer, and some scarcely durst crave a blessing on their meat, or give God thanks for it. Some thought they might venture, if they withdrew into another room, and left the strangers by themselves: but others said, it is all one if they be in the same house, though out of hearing, when it cometh to the judgment of justices.”

All classes of dissenters were comprehended in the prohibition of this act. But the QUAKERS, who professed themselves to be moved to assemble *openly*, heedless of the law of man, were the greatest sufferers. The jails were crowded with them, and became scenes of wretchedness, to which a modern slave-ship affords the only resemblance.\*

But the triumph of the oppressor was not yet complete. Most of the non-conforming clergy remained in the midst of the people who had constituted their charge, and gave so much of a religious character to their more frequent intercourse with them, as in some measure supplied the place of their former services as preachers. By this means also, much of that pecuniary support of which their ejection was expected to deprive them, continued to be received; and their influence through the country was not lessened by their appearing among their followers in the light of sufferers, on the score of integrity and true religion.

There was also another circumstance which served about this time to place the Non-conformist clergy in an advantageous contrast with their opponents. During the recess of parliament in 1665, many of the latter fled from London to avoid the ravages of the *plague*, leaving, as hirelings, their flocks when they see the wolf coming; while the Non-conformist ministers chose rather to share in the danger of their friends.

\* Had the Dissenters generally evinced the same determined spirit as the Quakers, the sufferings of all parties would sooner have come to an end; for government must have given way. The conduct of the Friends, in this instance, is highly to their honour.

Some of them presumed to ascend the vacant pulpits, and preach to the affrighted inhabitants.

The parliament, to escape the infection from the plague, held its next session at Oxford; and amongst its earliest proceedings was the passing of a bill which required every person in holy orders, who had not complied with the "Act of Uniformity," to take the oath respecting *passive obedience*,\* and to bind himself against any endeavour towards an alteration in the government of the church or the state. The persons refusing this oath were prohibited from acting as tutors or schoolmasters; and were not to be seen within *five* miles of any city, corporate town, or borough. Thus most of the ejected ministers were banished to obscure villages, where they were not only separated from their friends, but were generally surrounded by a people sunk in the grossest ignorance, and easily wrought upon to treat them with the most rancorous bigotry. †

It is due to the memory of BISHOPS RAINBOW, WILKINS and WILLIAMS, to record, that they had the

\* See APPENDIX A.

† The passage which follows is descriptive of a state of things which became common to nearly every county in the kingdom. BAXTER informs us that "*Mr. Taverner*, then late minister of Uxbridge, was sentenced to Newgate for teaching a few children at Brentford. *Mr. Button*, of Brentford, a most humble, godly man, who never had been in orders, or a preacher, but orator to the university of Oxford, was sent to gaol for teaching two knights' sons in his house, not having taken the Oxford oath. Many of his neighbours at Brentford were sent to the same prison for worshipping God in private together, where they all lay several months." PEPYS says in his diary, August, 1664, "I saw several poor creatures carried to-day to gaol by constables, for being at a conventicle. They go like lambs, without any resistance. I would to God they would conform, or be more wise, and not be catched!"

courage to oppose the Conventicle Act, as a barbarous invasion of the liberties of the country. The king requested BISHOP WILLIAMS not to speak against the bill, or to stay from the house whilst it was debated ; but he told His Majesty that as an Englishman, and a senator, he was bound to speak his mind. BISHOP EARLE also did the same by the Oxford Act ; concerning which the Lord Treasurer *Southampton* shrewdly observed, that “though he liked Episcopacy, he would not be sworn to it, because he might hereafter be of another opinion.” The number of tolerant prelates, however, was too small to have a decisive influence ; though they had the argument on the score of policy, as well as of good morals. This was well illustrated by BISHOP WILKINS, in a conversation with COSIN, Bishop of *Durham*, who had censured him for his moderation. Wilkins frankly told the bishop that he was a better friend to the church than his Lordship ; “For while,” says he, “you are for setting the *top* on the piqued end downwards, you wont be able to keep it up any longer than you continue whipping and scourging ; whereas, I am for setting the *broad end downwards*, and so ’twill stand of itself.”

But the cup of intolerance was not yet considered full ; and therefore in 1673 a statute was passed entitled “*an Act for preventing the dangers which may happen from Popish Recusants.*” Although this act was professedly aimed at the Catholics, it was so worded as to include, within its capacious grasp, all persons who dissented from the Parliamentary church. It is generally known by the name of THE TEST ACT, and excluded from any office of *trust or profit*, those who did not renounce the doctrines of Transubstantiation, and receive the

ordinance of the Lord's supper in the manner *prescribed by the church of England*.\* It is however to the credit and happiness of the present times, that these, with other test acts, then passed, are no longer suffered to disgrace the statute book of this realm.

Of the sufferings of the Non-conformists, no exact estimate can be made; but the record is on high, where the souls of those suffering men from beneath the altar of God cry "how long, Lord, holy, just and true." JEREMY WHITE is said to have collected a list of *sixty thousand* persons who suffered for dissent between the Restoration and the Revolution, of whom *five thousand died in prison*. LORD DORSET was assured by Mr. White, that king James II. had offered him a thousand guineas for the manuscript; but, in tenderness to the reputation of the church of England, he determined to conceal the black record.† It is also stated, that within three years, during the reign of Charles II. property was wrung from the Non-conformists to the amount of two millions sterling.

\* This imposition was noticed in the following stanzas:—

“Dissenters they were to be pressed,  
To go to *Common Prayer*;  
And turn their *faces to the East*,  
As God were only there.

“Or else no place of price or trust,  
They ever could obtain;  
Which shows the saying very just,  
That ‘godliness is gain.’”

† Mr. John Wesley in his journal says, “I saw DR. CALAMY'S abridgement of Baxter's life. What a scene is opened there! In spite of *all my prejudices* of education, I could not but see that the Non-conformists had been used without either justice or mercy; and that many of the Protestant bishops had no more religion nor humanity, than the Popish bishops.”



## CHAP. II.

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### BARTHOLOMEW WESLEY.

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EJECTED FROM CHARMOUTH, DORSET.—PRACTISES AS A PHYSICIAN.—AFFECTED BY THE DEATH OF HIS SON.—ANTHONY WOOD'S NOTICE OF HIM.—BISHOP BURNET'S CHARACTER OF ANTHONY WOOD.

This gentleman, the first of the Wesley family of whom we have any authentic account, was the great grandfather of the founder of Arminian Methodism, and ejected in 1662 from the living of *Charmouth*, in Dorsetshire, by the operation of the Act of Uniformity. DR. CALAMY states, that when Bartholomew Wesley was at the University, he applied to the study of *physic*, as well as *divinity*; and, after his ejection, he principally confined himself to the practice of medicine, by which he gained a livelihood; though he continued, as the times would permit, to preach occasionally.\* Thus, the medical knowledge which he had acquired from motives of charity, became afterwards the means of his support.

It appears from the history of the Non-conformists, that many of the ministers, when ejected, had recourse to the *practice of physick* for a subsistence. They were not allowed to act as preachers either in public or private; and though their learned education qualified

\* PALMER'S Non-conformists' Memorial.

them to be instructors of youth, yet this was also, on grievous penalties, proscribed. Some of them, indeed, had received previous qualifications at the University for the practice of physic, as in the case of Mr. Bartholomew Wesley; but others had no advantage of this kind, and therefore practised at great hazard, which caused one of them to say to the person by whom his ejection was put in force, "I perceive that this is likely to occasion the death of many." The commissioner, supposing these words to savour of contumacy and rebellion, questioned him severely on the subject. To whom he replied, "that being deprived by the act of every means of obtaining his bread in the manner he was best qualified, he had recourse to the practice of medicine, which he did not properly understand, and thereby the lives of some of his patients might be endangered." This was no doubt the case in many instances; for if the regular and well-educated practitioners be liable to mistakes, and nothing is more certain, what must be the case with the unskilful?\*

From DR. CALAMY'S account, it appears that Mr. Wesley's preaching was not very popular, owing to a *peculiar plainness of speech*. In what this consisted we are not informed; but we know that plainness of speech, when the sense is good, and the doctrine sound, would not prevent the popularity of any preacher in the present day. Mr. Bartholomew Wesley does not appear to have lived long after his ejection; but when he died, is uncertain. All we know of him is, that he was so much affected by the premature death of his

\* BAXTER, when he first settled at Kidderminster, gave advice in physic gratis, and was very successful.

excellent son John, who was also a minister, that this circumstance brought down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave about 1670.

There is a story told of Bartholomew Wesley by ANTHONY WOOD, in his "*Athenæ Oxoniensis*," to the following effect. Speaking of Mr. Samuel Wesley, Rector of Epworth, he says, "the said Samuel Wesley is grandson to —— Wesley, the *fanatical* minister, sometime of Charmouth, in Dorsetshire. In 1651, king CHARLES II. and LORD WILMOT had like to have been by him *betrayed*, when they continued *incognito*, in that county."\*

\* LORD CLARENDON'S account of Charles' arrival at Charmouth is as follows:—"It was a solemn fast-day observed in those times to inflame the people against the king, and there was a chapel in that village over against the inn where the king and his companion lodged, in which chapel a *weaver*, who had been a *soldier*, used to preach and utter all the villany imaginable against the government; and he was then preaching to his congregation, (when the king left the inn) and telling them that 'Charles Stuart was lurking somewhere in that county, and that they would merit from God if they could find him out.' The passengers who had lodged in the same inn that night, had, as soon as they were up, sent for a smith to examine the shoes of their horses, it being a hard frost. The smith, as soon as he had done what he was sent for, examined the feet of the *other two horses*, to find more work. When he had observed them, he told the host of the house 'that one of those horses had travelled far; and that he was sure that his four shoes had been made in four several counties;' which was very true. The smith going to the sermon, told this story to some of his neighbours, and so it came to the ears of the preacher when his sermon was done. Immediately the preacher sent for an officer and searched the inn, and inquired for those horses; and being informed that they were gone, he caused them to be followed, and inquiry to be made after the two *men* who rid the horses, and positively declared that one of them was Charles Stuart."

PEPYS' account of this escape, as taken from the King himself, is, "The horses were ordered to be got ready, and the King's, which carried double, (for he rode before Mrs. Conisby as a servant, by the name of *William Jackson*,) having a shoe loose, a smith was sent for, who looking over the shoes of the other horses, he said he knew that some of them had been shod near Worcester. When he had fastened the shoes, he went presently to consult *Westby*, [the similarity of this name with *Wesley* appears to have misled Wood] a rigid, foolish Presbyterian minister of Charmouth, who was then in a long-winded prayer; and before he had done, the King was gone on with Mrs. Conisby and Mr. Wyndham to Bridport."

This tale of the crabbed and bigotted ANTHONY WOOD, like many other of his slanders, appears, upon reference to the account given of the King's escape after the battle of Worcester, by LORD CLARENDON and others, to be inconsistent and absurd. We need not be surprised that the man who was capable of reviling the celebrated JOHN LOCKE, JOHN OWEN, and several other eminent men, should designate Mr. Bartholomew Wesley, the *fanatical* minister of Charmouth. BISHOP BURNET, who was contemporary with *Wood*, and well acquainted with the virulence of his spirit, gives him the following character. "That poor writer, Wood, in his *Athenæ Oxoniensis*, has thrown together such a tumultuary mixture of stuff and tattle, and was so visibly a tool of the church of Rome, that no man who has any regard for his own reputation, will take upon trust what is said by one who has no reputation to lose."

## CHAP. III.

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### JOHN WESLEY, VICAR OF WHITCHURCH.

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SENT TO OXFORD UNIVERSITY, WHERE HE OBTAINS THE CONFIDENCE OF DR. OWEN.—SETTLES AT WHITCHURCH, IN DORSETSHIRE, AND MARRIES.—HIS INTERVIEW WITH BISHOP IRONSIDE.—MR. WESLEY COMMITTED TO PRISON FOR NOT READING THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.—HIS TRIAL AND ANSWERS TO THE JUDGE.—WISHES TO VISIT SOUTH AMERICA AS A MISSIONARY.—HIS FURTHER SUFFERINGS IN THE CAUSE OF NON-CONFORMITY.—HIS DEATH AND CHARACTER.—HIS WIDOW.

JOHN WESLEY, A. M., son of Bartholomew, was religiously brought up, and early dedicated by his father to the work of the ministry. At a proper age he was entered of *New Inn Hall*, Oxford. He applied himself particularly to the study of the Oriental languages, in which he is said to have made great proficiency, and gained the esteem of DR. JOHN OWEN, then Vice Chancellor of the University, who showed him great kindness. That Mr. Wesley possessed the confidence and regard of this “prince of divines,” is no small honour.\*

\* “The name of OWEN” say the historians of the Dissenters, “has been raised to imperial dignity in the theological world. A young minister who wishes to attain eminence, if he has not the works of HOWE, and can procure them in no other way, should sell his *coat* and buy them; and if that will not suffice, let him sell his *bed* too, and lie on the floor; and if he spend his days in reading them, he will not complain that he lies hard at night.” But “if the theological student should part with his *coat* or his *bed* to procure the works of Howe, he that would not sell his *shirt* to procure those of JOHN OWEN, and especially his *Exposition*, of which every sentence is precious, shows too much regard for his body, and too little for his immortal soul.”

Mr. Wesley began to preach at the age of twenty-two, and in May 1658, settled at Whitchurch, a vicarage in Dorsetshire, the income of which was only £30 per annum. He was promised an augmentation of £100 a year; but the changes which then took place in the government prevented him from receiving this advance. Whilst at Whitchurch, he married the niece of DR. THOMAS FULLER, author of the *Worthies of England*, who was celebrated for his learning and *prodigious* memory, and also for the facility with which he clothed fine thoughts in beautiful language.\* By this lady he had two sons, MATTHEW and SAMUEL, whom we shall notice hereafter. DR. CALAMY says he had a *numerous* family, but the names of none but these two have come down to posterity. It appears that, like his father Bartholomew, he had serious scruples against the book of *Common Prayer*; and soon after the Restoration some of his neighbours gave him a great deal of trouble on this account.

They complained of him to DR. GILBERT IRNSIDE, then Bishop of Bristol, and laid many grievous things to his charge. Mr. Wesley, on being informed that the bishop desired to speak with him, waited on his Lordship,

\* DR. FULLER could repeat a sermon *verbatim* after once hearing it, and undertook, in passing to and from *Temple Bar* to the *Poultry*, to tell every sign as it stood in order on both sides of the way, and to repeat them either backwards or forwards; which he actually did. He also possessed a great deal of *wit*, which he could not suppress in his most serious compositions, but it was always made subservient to some good purpose. He had all the rich imagery of BISHOP HALL, with more familiarity, but less elegance. He was fond of *punning* on others, and sometimes was repaid in his own coin. Being in company with a gentleman whose name was *Sparrowhawk*, the doctor, who was very corpulent, said, "Pray Sir, what is the difference between an *owl* and a *sparrowhawk*?" The gentleman answered, "It is *fuller* in the head—*fuller* in the body—and *fuller* all over."

and has recorded in his *diary* the conversation which then took place.\* This dialogue displays the character of Mr. Wesley in a favourable point of view; and, considering his age, shows a mind elevated above the common level. It also reflects credit upon the bishop, considering the bigotry of the times.

As the conversation is of considerable length, we shall only give a summary of the first part of it. Mr. Wesley's defence of himself turns chiefly on two points; his allegiance to the king; and his right to preach the gospel. With respect to the first, he solemnly assures the bishop, that the things alleged against him were either invented, or mistaken; that, whatever his enemies might say, there were others who would give a different character of him; that he did not think the *Non-conformists* were his majesty's enemies; and that he had conscientiously taken the oath of allegiance, and would faithfully keep it.

With respect to the second point, the bishop informs Mr. Wesley, that if he preaches, it must be upon ordination, *according to the order of the church of England*. As to his abilities, Mr. Wesley offered to submit to any examination his Lordship might appoint; and would give him a confession of his faith, or take any other method that might be required. He then states the reasons which satisfied him, that he ought to preach. These were, 1st. That he was devoted to the service from his infancy. 2nd. That he was educated for it,

\* Mr. Wesley kept a diary or journal, with little intermission, till his death, and probably this influenced his grandson of the same name, who must have heard of it, to follow the practice. It is to be regretted that this manuscript is now lost, except the extracts preserved by Calamy.

at school and in the University. 3rd. That as a son of the prophets, after having taken his degrees, he preached in the country, being approved of by judicious, able christians, ministers and others. 4th. That it pleased God to seal his labours with success in the conversion of several souls. 5th. That the church seeing the presence of God with him, did, by fasting and prayer, on a day set apart for that purpose, seek an abundant blessing on his endeavours. At this part of the conversation, the bishop exclaimed, "A particular church, I suppose!" Yes, my lord, says Mr. Wesley, I am not ashamed to own myself a member of one. BISHOP. You have no warrant for your particular churches. WESLEY. We have a plain, full and sufficient rule for gospel worship in the New Testament, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles. BISHOP. We have not. WESLEY. The practice of the Apostles is a standing rule in those cases which were not extraordinary. BISHOP. Not their *practice*, but their *precepts*. WESLEY. Both precepts and practice. Our duty is not delivered to us in scripture only by precepts, but by precedents, by promises, by threatenings mixed, not common-place wise. May it please your Lordship, we believe that *cultus non institutus est indebitus*. BISHOP. It is false. WESLEY. The second commandment speaks the same; Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image. BISHOP. That is a form of your own invention. WESLEY. *Bishop Andrews* taking notice of *non facies tibi*, satisfied me, that we may not worship God but as commanded. BISHOP. You take discipline, church government, and circumstances



for worship. WESLEY. You account *ceremonies* parts of worship.

BISHOP. But what say you? Did you not wear a *sword* in the time of the *Committee of safety*,\* with *Demy* and the rest of them? WESLEY. My Lord, I have given you my answer therein: and I further say, that I have conscientiously taken the oath of allegiance, and faithfully kept it hitherto. I appeal to all that are around me. BISHOP. But nobody will trust you. You stood it out to the last gasp. WESLEY. I know not what you mean by the last gasp. When I saw the pleasure of Providence to turn the order of things, I did submit quietly thereunto. BISHOP. That was at last. WESLEY. Yet many such men are now trusted, and about the king. BISHOP. They are such as fought on the parliament side during the war, yet disowned those latter proceedings; but you abode even till *Haselrig's* coming to Portsmouth.† WESLEY. His Majesty has pardoned whatever you may be informed of concerning me of that nature. I am not here on *that* account. BISHOP. I expected you not. WESLEY. Your lordship sent your desire by two or three messengers. Had I been refractory, I need not have come; but I would give no just cause of offence. I still think that the Non-conformists were none of His Majesty's

\* "The committee of safety," mentioned by the bishop, was formed October 26th, 1659, by the great officers of the army. It consisted of twenty three persons, who were ordered "to endeavour some settlement of the government," after the death of Cromwell.

† It was in 1659 that SIR ARTHUR HASELRIG was sent to Portsmouth by the parliament, the tow nard garrison of which declared for them, against the orders of the committee of safety. This declaration "was one of the last public" acts against the restoration of the king, and might fitly be denominated the last gasp.

enemies. BISHOP. They were *traitors*. They began the war. *Knox* and *Buchanan* in Scotland, and those like them in England. WESLEY. I have read the protestation, of owning the king's supremacy. BISHOP. They did it in hypocrisy. WESLEY. You used to tax the poor *independents* for judging folks' hearts. Who doth it now? BISHOP. I did not, for they pretended one thing and acted another. Do not I know them better than you? WESLEY. I know them by their works. BISHOP. Well then, you justify your preaching, without ordination according to law? WESLEY. All these things laid together are satisfactory to me for my procedure therein. BISHOP. They are not enough. WESLEY. There has been more written in proof of the preaching of gifted persons, with *such* approbation, than has been answered by any one yet. BISHOP. I am glad I have heard you. You will stand to your principles, you say? WESLEY. I intend it, through the grace of God; and to be faithful to the king's majesty, however you may deal with me. BISHOP. I will not meddle with you. WESLEY. Farewell to you, Sir. BISHOP. Farewell, good Mr. Wesley.

In the beginning of 1662, however, Mr. Wesley was seized on the Lord's day, as he was coming out of church, carried to *Blandford*, and committed to prison. SIR GERRARD NAPPER, one of the most furious of his enemies, meeting with an accident by which he broke his collar bone, was so far softened in mind towards the Non-conformists, that he sent some persons to bail Mr. Wesley, and some other ministers, and told them if they would not, he would do it himself. Mr. Wesley was then set at liberty, but bound over to appear at

the next assizes. He went accordingly, and came off much better than he expected. On this occasion, the good man recorded in his diary the mercy of God to him in raising him up several friends, and in restraining the wrath of man, so that the judge, though very passionate, spoke not an angry word to him. The sum of the proceedings as it stands in his diary, is as follows:—"CLERK. Call Mr. Wesley, of Whitchurch. WESLEY. Here. JUDGE. Why will you not read the *Book of Common Prayer*. WESLEY. The book was never tendered to me. JUDGE. Must the book be tendered to you? WESLEY. So I conceive by the act. JUDGE. Are you ordained? WESLEY. I am ordained to preach the gospel. JUDGE. From whom? WESLEY, I have given an account thereof already to the bishop. JUDGE. What bishop? WESLEY. The Bishop of Bristol. JUDGE. I say by whom were you ordained? How long is it since? WESLEY. Four or five years ago. JUDGE. By whom? WESLEY. By those who were then empowered. JUDGE. I thought so. Have you a presentation to your place? WESLEY. I have. JUDGE. From whom? WESLEY. May it please your Lordship it is a legal presentation. JUDGE. By whom was it? WESLEY. By the trustees. JUDGE. Have you brought it? WESLEY. I have not. JUDGE. Why not? WESLEY. Because I did not expect I should be asked any such questions here. JUDGE. I wish you to read the Common Prayer at your peril. You will not say, "From all sedition and privy conspiracy; from all false doctrine, heresy and schism, good Lord, deliver us!" CLERK. Call Mr. MEECH, [who appeared.] JUDGE. Does Mr. Wesley read the Common Prayer yet? MEECH.

May it please your Lordship, he never did, nor he never will. JUDGE. Friend, how do you know that? He may bethink himself. MEECH. *He never did, he never will.\** SOLICITOR. We will, when we see the *new* book, either read it, or leave our place at Bartholomew-tide. JUDGE. Are you not bound to read the old book till then? Let us see the act.”

While the judge was reading to himself, another cause was called; and Mr. Wesley was bound over to the next assizes. He came joyfully home; and preached every Lord’s-day till August the 17th, when he delivered his farewell sermon to a weeping audience, from Acts xx, 32,—“*And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.*” On the 26th of October, the place was declared vacant by an apparitor, and orders were given to sequester the profits; but his people had given him what was due. On the 22nd of February, 1663, he quitted Whitchurch, and removed

\* In 1661 the King ordered the Convocation to review the Book of Common Prayer, and to make such additions or amendments as should appear to be necessary. By several of the prelates it was pretended that no alterations were required, but the majority professed to be of another judgment. At the close of a month the book was completely revised. Not less than *six hundred* alterations were introduced; and the reader, who has patience to examine them will, perhaps, admire the ingenuity which could discover so much to improve, and at the same time leave nearly every point objected to by the Non-conformists untouched. The general effect, indeed, was, that the prayer-book became more exceptionable than ever, and the terms of conformity more severe. DR. WORDSWORTH informs us, that “in the settlement of the Prayer Book under Queen Elizabeth, great care was taken to unite the whole nation in one religion, and therefore whatever was found in the liturgy, published by Edward VI. that might exasperate or offend the Catholics was taken out, which made the book so passable among the papists, that for ten years they generally repaired to the parish churches, without doubt or scruple.

with his family to MELCOMBE ; upon which the corporation there made an order against his settlement, imposing a fine of £20 upon his landlady, and 5s. a-week upon himself, to be levied by distress. These violent proceedings forced him to leave the town, and go to Bridgewater, Ilminster and Taunton, in which places he met with great kindness and friendship from all the three denominations of dissenters, and was almost every day employed in preaching : he also obtained some good friends, who were afterwards very kind to him and his family. At length a gentleman, who had a very good house at *Preston*, in Dorsetshire, permitted him to live in it, without paying any rent. Thither he removed his family in the beginning of May 1663. He records his coming to *Preston*, and his comfortable accommodation there, with great thankfulness.

It is worthy of remark, that this excellent man, like his grandson long after him, felt a strong desire to visit the continent of America. *Surinam*, a settlement in South America, was the first object in the contemplation of his missionary zeal. This purpose, however, was abandoned ; as was also another of going to *Maryland*. The advice of friends prevailed ; and probably the difficulty and expense of removing his family so far, were the chief impediments. Indeed, such a removal in his circumstances, must have been all but impossible. He therefore made up his mind to abide in the land of his nativity ; to be at the disposal of Divine Providence, relying on the promise, "*verily, thou shalt be fed.*"

Being after this prevented from frequent preaching, and not willing to be without public worship, Mr.

Wesley would gladly have attended the church service, but there were several things in the *liturgy* to which he could not give a conscientious assent. About this time he was not a little troubled respecting his own preaching; whether it should be carried on *openly* or in *private*. Some of the neighbouring ministers, particularly Messrs. *Bamfield, Ince,\* Hallet*, of Shaston, and *John Sacheverel,†* were for preaching publicly with open doors. But Mr. Wesley thought it was his duty to “*beware of men;*” and that he was bound in prudence to keep himself at liberty as long as he could. Accordingly, by preaching only in private, he was kept

\* Of this MR. INCE, the following remarkable fact is related:—“Not long after the year 1662, MR. GROVE, a gentleman of great fortune, in Dorset, when his wife was lying dangerously ill, sent for the parish minister to pray with her. When the message arrived, the clergyman was just going out with the *hounds*, and sent word that he would come when the hunt was over. On Mr Grove expressing much resentment at the minister’s conduct, one of the servants said, ‘Sir, our shepherd, if you will send for him can pray very well; we have often heard him at prayer in the fields.’ Upon this he was immediately sent for; and Mr. Grove asking him whether he ever did, or could pray, the shepherd, fixing his eyes upon him, and with peculiar seriousness in his countenance, replied, ‘God forbid, Sir, that I should live one day without prayer.’ Hereupon he was desired to pray with the sick lady; which he did so pertinently to the case, with such fluency and fervency of devotion, as greatly to astonish the husband, and all the family who were present. When they arose from their knees, the gentleman addressed Mr. Ince to this effect:—‘Your language and manner discover you to be a very different person from what your present appearance indicates. I entreat you to inform me who you are, and what were your views and situation in life before you came into my service.’ Whereupon Mr. Ince told him he was one of the ministers who had then been lately ejected, and that having nothing of his own left, he was content for a livelihood, to submit to the honest and peaceful employment of tending sheep. Upon hearing this, Mr. Grove said, ‘Then you shall be *my shepherd;*’ and immediately erected a meeting-house on his own estate, in which Mr. Ince preached, and gathered a congregation of Dissenters.”

† This gentleman (who had two brothers ministers, and who were also ejected by the Act of Uniformity) was grandfather of the notorious DR. HENRY SACHEVEREL, the high church bigot in the reign of Queen Anne.

longer out of the hands of his enemies, than the ministers before mentioned, all of whom were indicted at the next assizes "for a riotous and unlawful assembly, held at Shaston;" and were found guilty and fined forty marks each, and were bound to find security for their good behaviour: or in other words, that they would not speak any more in the name of Jesus. This impious injunction on faithful men was a general curse to the nation. "A torrent of iniquity," says DR. CLARKE, "deep, rapid and strong, deluged the whole land, and nearly swept away vital religion from it. The king (Charles II.) had no religion either in power or in form. Though a papist in his heart, he was the most worthless sovereign that ever sat on the British throne, and profligate beyond measure; without a single good quality to redeem his bad ones; and the church and state joined hand in hand with him in persecution and intolerance. Since those barbarous and iniquitous times, 'what hath God wrought?' There was then no open vision. Most of the faithful of the land were either silenced as to public preaching, or shut up in prison, and the rest were hidden in corners." Mr. Wesley, in a private manner, preached frequently to a few good people at *Preston*, and occasionally at *Weymouth* and other places contiguous. After some time, he had a call from a number of Christians at *Poole*, in Dorsetshire, to become their pastor. He consented, and continued with them while he lived, administering to them all the ordinances of God as opportunity afforded.

But notwithstanding all the prudent precaution with which he conducted these meetings, Mr. Wesley

was often disturbed, several times apprehended, and *four times imprisoned*; once at Poole for *six* months, and once at Dorchester for *three* months. The other confinements were shorter. DR. CALAMY adds, "he was in many straits and difficulties; but was wonderfully supported and comforted; and often very seasonably and surprisingly relieved and delivered. Yet the removal of several eminent christians into another world, who had been his intimate acquaintance and kind friends; the decay of serious religion among many professors; and the increasing rage of the enemies of real godliness, manifestly seized on and sunk his spirits."\* At length having filled up his part of what is behind of the afflictions of Christ in his flesh, and finished the work given him to do, he was taken out of this vale of tears to that world, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest," about the year 1670, aged thirty-five.

It is to be regretted that DR. CALAMY, who once had in his possession the diary of this excellent man, furnishes so very few dates and particulars respecting him. DR. WHITEHEAD, who gives an abstract of Calamy's account of him, concludes it with the following reflections. "1. Mr. Wesley appears to have made himself master of the controverted points in which he differed from the established church, and to have made up his opinions from a conviction of their truth. 2. He shews an ingenious mind, free from low cunning in the open avowal of his sentiments to the bishop. 3. He appears to have been remarkably conscientious in all his conduct, and a zealous promoter of genuine

\* PALMER'S Non-conformists' Memorial.



piety, both in himself and others 4. He discovered great firmness of mind, and an unshaken attachment to his principles, in the midst of the most unchristian persecution.”\*

MRS. WESLEY long survived her husband; but how long we cannot ascertain. In a letter written by SAMUEL WESLEY, JUN. in 1710, he speaks of having visited his grandmother Wesley, then a widow of almost forty years. It does not appear that this venerable widow had any help from her own family; and there is reason to believe she was entirely dependent on, and supported by, her sons *Matthew* and *Samuel*. How far the former may have contributed to her support, we know not: *his* disposition appears to have been mean and avaricious; but that the old lady was deeply indebted to the *latter*, we learn from one of his letters to ARCHBISHOP SHARP, dated December the 30th, 1700, in which he says,—“The next year my barn fell, which cost me £40 in rebuilding; and having an *aged mother*, who must have gone to prison if I had not assisted her she cost me upwards of £40. Ten pounds a-year I allow my mother to keep her from starving.” How doleful was the lot of this poor woman! persecuted with her husband during the whole of her married life, and abandoned to poverty during a long and dreary widowhood.

\* WHITEHEAD'S Life of Mr. John Wesley.

## CHAP. IV.

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### DR. SAMUEL ANNESLEY.

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HIS BIRTH AND RELATIONSHIP.—HIS EARLY PIETY.—SENT TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.—SETTLES AT CLIFFE, IN KENT.—PREACHES BEFORE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—PROMOTED TO ST. PAUL'S AND ST. GILES', CRIPPLEGATE.—EJECTED BY THE ACT OF UNIFORMITY.—BECOMES PASTOR OF A MEETING HOUSE IN LITTLE ST. HELEN'S.—HAS THE CHIEF MANAGEMENT OF THE MORNING LECTURE.—DANIEL DE FOE AND JOHN DUNTON ATTEND HIS MINISTRY.—THEIR ACCOUNT OF DR. ANNESLEY.—HIS TEMPERANCE.—HIS DEATH.—HIS CHARACTER BY DR. WILLIAMS, BAXTER, AND CALAMY.

As the Annesley and Wesley families were so intimately connected by marriage, a biographical notice of the *former* seems essential to a work of this nature. We shall therefore give what information we can collect respecting Dr. Annesley, and his children.

SAMUEL ANNESLEY, LL. D. maternal grandfather of the founder of Arminian Methodism, was born at *Kenilworth*, near Warwick, in the year 1620, and was descended from a noble family; his father and the then EARL of ANGLESEA being brother's children.\* Dr.

\* The family of *Annesley* is amongst the most ancient and respectable in the kingdom. Dr. Annesley was brother's son to the first Earl of Anglesea, who was made Lord Privy Seal in the reign of Charles II. BISHOP BURNET, with whom he was no favourite, allows that the Earl was a man of great parts, deep knowledge in the law, and perfectly acquainted with the constitution. FRANCIS ANNESLEY ESQ., who sat in six Parliaments, and in 1805 member for Reading, was a descendant of Dr. Annesley. From some of Mrs. Susanna Wesley's letters, it appears she occasionally sealed with the Annesley arms.

Annesley was the only child of his parents, and had a considerable paternal estate. His father dying when he was but four years of age, his education devolved upon his mother, who brought him up in the fear of the Lord. His grandmother, who was a very excellent woman, dying before he was born, requested that the child, if a boy, should be called *Samuel*; "for," said she, "I can say I have asked him of the Lord." He was piously disposed from his childhood, and often declared that he never knew the time when he was not converted.

To qualify himself for a preacher of the gospel, he began, when only five or six years of age, seriously to read the Bible; and so ardent was he in this study, that he bound himself to read *twenty chapters every day*, a practice which he continued to the end of his life. This made him a good *textuary*; and consequently an able divine. Though a child when he formed the resolution to be a minister of the gospel, it is said he never varied from his purpose; nor was he discouraged by a singular dream he had, in which he thought he was a minister, and was sent for by the Bishop of London to be burnt as a martyr.

In 1635, being fifteen years of age, he was admitted a student in *Queen's College*, Oxford, where, at the usual times, he took his degrees in arts. Whilst at the University, he was very remarkable for temperance and industry. He usually drank nothing but water, and though he is said to have been but of slow parts, yet he supplied this defect in nature by prodigious application. There is some dispute with respect to his *ordination*; that is to say, whether he received it from a

bishop, or according to the presbyterian method : ANTHONY WOOD asserts the former, and DR. CALAMY the latter.

In 1664 he became chaplain to the EARL of WARWICK, the admiral of the parliament's fleet; but not liking a sea-faring life, he left the navy; and, by the interest which he possessed with persons then in power, obtained the valuable living of *Cliffe*, in Kent. This was a very good establishment; for besides a revenue of £400 per annum, it possessed a peculiar jurisdiction for holding courts, in which every thing relating to wills, marriages, contracts, &c. were decided. At the commencement of his labours he met with considerable difficulties, the people being rude and ignorant. So high did they carry their opposition, as frequently to assault him with spits, forks and stones; often threatening his life. But he was fortified with courage, and declared that "let them use him as they would, he was resolved to continue with them, till God had fitted them by his ministry, to entertain a better who should succeed him; but solemnly declared, that when they became so prepared, he would leave the place." In a few years his ministry met with surprising success, and the people were greatly reformed: he therefore kept his word, and left them, though much against their wish, lest any seeming inconsistency on his part might prove a stumbling-block to the young converts.

In July 1648, Mr. Annesley was called to London to preach the fast-sermon before the House of Commons, which, by their order, was printed. But, though greatly approved by the parliament, it gave much offence to some other persons, as reflecting upon the

king, then a prisoner in the Isle of Wight. This is the ground of Wood's bitterness against him; and it cannot be denied that the author went all the lengths of the Presbyterian party. It was about this time he was favoured by the University of Oxford with having the title of Doctor of Laws conferred upon him, at the instance of PHILIP, EARL of PEMBROKE. On the 25th of August in the same year, he again went to sea with his patron, the Earl of Warwick, who was employed in giving chase to that part of the English navy which went over to the prince, afterwards Charles II. After continuing at sea little more than three months, he returned to London.

In 1652 Providence directed his removal to London, by the unanimous choice of the inhabitants of St. John's, Friday Street. In 1657 he was nominated by CROMWELL lecturer of St. Paul's; and in the following year, the protector *Richard* presented him to the living of St. Giles', Cripplegate. On the restoration, he was confirmed in this vicarage by the king. But it did not screen him from the oppressive operation of "the Act of Uniformity," by which he was ejected in 1662. It is said that the EARL of ANGLESEA, who was his relation, took some pains to persuade him to conform, and even offered him considerable preferment in the church in case he complied. But as Dr. Annesley acted from a principle of *conscience*, he declined the offer, and continued to preach privately during that and the following reign.

Upon the indulgences in 1672, the doctor licensed a meeting-house in *Little St. Helen's*, now St. Helen's Place, Bishopgate Street, where he raised a flourishing

society; of which he continued pastor until his death.\* The celebrated DANIEL DE FOE, author of "*Robinson Crusoe*," was a constant hearer of Dr. Annesley. At this place De Foe's parents attended, and there can be no doubt that they introduced their son Daniel to the same religious connexion. Under the guidance of so able an instructor, the mind of De Foe was formed to an early love of religion; and his attachment to the cause of Non-conformity was probably heightened by oppressions to which its professors were then exposed. Although we have no direct evidence that De Foe was a participator in those sufferings, yet it is not improbable that his parents were amongst the number of those who "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods," that they might maintain the peace of their consciences, and have a title to a better inheritance. Of Dr. Annesley's worth, both as a minister and as a christian, De Foe long entertained an affectionate remembrance; and, at the request of John Dunton, he drew up his character at length, in the form of an Elegy, which was published by Dunton, and may be found in the collection

\* It was at this meeting-house that the first *public* ordination among the Dissenters took place after the passing of the Act of Uniformity. Hitherto, the ordinations had been carried on in private; no person being present but those immediately concerned. MR. CALAMY, however, wished to be publicly ordained, and consulted several aged ministers in London respecting the propriety of it. He found considerable difficulty in effecting his wishes, through the timidity of some of the elder ministers. The great MR. HOWE absolutely refused taking a part, through fear of offending government; and DR. BATES urged some other reasons to excuse himself. At length the matter was accomplished, and Mr. Calamy was publicly ordained with six other young men, June 22nd, 1694. The following ministers were prevailed upon to engage in the services: viz.—Dr. Annesley, Vincent Alsop, Daniel Williams, Thomas Kentish, Matthew Sylvester, and Richard Stretton. The service was conducted with peculiar solemnity, and lasted from *ten o'clock* in the morning till *six* in the evening.—*Calamy's Account of his own Life.*

of De Foe's writings. In the following lines he identifies himself with the doctor's congregation :—

“ His native candour, his familiar style,  
Which did so oft his hearers' hours beguile,  
Charmed us with godliness; and while he spake  
We lov'd the doctrine for the preacher's sake;  
While he informed us what those doctrines meant  
By dint of *practice*, more than argument.”

JOHN DUNTON, the ingenious, but eccentric bookseller, also attended on Dr. Annesley's ministry. He married one of the doctor's daughters; of whom, and her husband, we shall say more hereafter. Dunton, in his “*Life and Errors*,” describes Dr. Annesley as “a man of wonderful piety and humility, and the great support of dissenting ministers. He left a living of £700 *per annum* (Cripplegate) for the sake of a good conscience; and devoted the whole of his time and estate to religion, and acts of charity. He would never be rich whilst any man was poor.\*” Dunton mentions, that when he was in America, and visited Missionary ELIOT, the great apostle of the Indians, on informing him that he was the doctor's son-in-law, who was then living, Mr. Eliot broke forth with rapture—“And is my brother Annesley yet alive? Is he yet converting souls?”

\* DUNTON, in one of his poems, thus alludes to the friendly intercourse which will subsist between the pious of every denomination in heaven, though they may not have “seen eye to eye” on earth.

“ Here *Doolittle*, with *Comber* friendly twines,  
Here *Scot* shall fly to clasp the pious *Vines*.  
Here *Mead* and *Patrick* in embraces meet,  
And *Alsop* joins in praise with *Stillingfleet*.  
*Horneck*, and *Annesley*, and millions more,  
Alike are happy, and alike adore.”

Blessed be God for this information before I die." He presented Dunton with twelve Indian bibles, and desired him to give one of them to Dr. Annesley.

After the division in *Pinner's Hall* Lecture, in 1694, and the establishment of a new one at *Salter's Hall*, Dr. Annesley was one of the ministers chosen to fill up the number at the latter, in conjunction with DR. BATES and MR. HOWE. After the death of MR. CASE, he undertook the chief management of the MORNING LECTURE.\*

Doctor Annesley possessed a very strong constitution, and laboured earnestly in the work of the ministry for not less than fifty-five years. MR. JOHN WESLEY, in his journal, Monday, February 6th, 1769, says, "I spent an hour with a venerable woman, nearly ninety years of age, who retains her health, her senses, her understanding, and even her memory, to a good degree. In the last century she belonged to my grandfather Annesley's congregation, at whose house her

\* This Morning Lecture, or Exercise, originated in the following manner. Most of the citizens in London having some friend or relation in the army of the EARL of ESSEX, so many bills were sent up to the pulpit every Lord's-day for presentation, that the ministers had not time to notice them in prayer, or even to read them. It was therefore agreed to set apart an hour every morning at seven o'clock; half of it to be spent in prayer for the welfare of the public, as well as particular cases; and the other half to be spent in exhortations to the people. MR. CASE began it in his church near Milk-street; from which it was removed to other churches in rotation, a month at each. A number of the most eminent ministers conducted this service in turn, and it was attended by great crowds of people. After the war was over, it became what was called a *Casuistical Lecture*, and continued till the Restoration. The sermons delivered at these Lectures were afterwards collected and published in 6 Vols. 4to, which contain a rich mine of practical divinity. A Sermon in the Exercises, on the question "Wherein lies that exact righteousness which is required between man and man?" was preached by MR. TILLOTSON, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who was then a Non-conformist!—*Neal's History of the Puritans*, Vol. II. p. 506.



father and she used to dine every Thursday ; and whom she remembers to have seen frequently in his study at the top of the house, with his window open, and without any fire even in winter." For many years he scarcely drank any thing but water; and even to his last sickness his sight continued so strong, that he could read the smallest print without spectacles.

At length, however, he was attacked by a painful disorder; which, after seventeen weeks of intolerable torture, terminated in his death. Just before his departure his joy was so great, that in an ecstasy he cried out, "I cannot contain it! What manner of love is this to a poor worm? I cannot express a thousandth part of what praise is due to thee. It is but little I can give thee; but, Lord, help me to give thee my all, and rejoice that others can praise thee better. *I shall be satisfied with thy likeness.* Satisfied! Satisfied! O my dear Jesus I come." He was perfectly resigned to the conduct of Providence during the whole of his illness, and departed triumphantly to his eternal rest, December 31st, 1696, in the 77th year of his age. DR. DANIEL WILLIAMS preached his funeral sermon, and afterwards published it, with an account of his life and character.

Dr. Annesley was a divine of considerable eminence and extensive usefulness. Of a pious, prudent, and liberal spirit; and a warm, pathetic, as well as constant preacher. Before he was silenced, he often preached three times a-day; and afterwards twice every Lord's-day. His sermons were instructive and affecting, and his manner of delivery was impressive. The last time he entered the pulpit, being dissuaded from

preaching on account of his illness, he said, *I must work while it is day*. He was very eminent as a textuary, and had great skill in resolving cases of conscience. Possessing a considerable paternal estate, he was enabled to do much good; not only for the education and subsistence of several ministers; but by devoting a tenth part of his income to charitable purposes. His care and labour extended wherever he could be useful. When any place wanted a minister, he used his endeavours to procure one for it; when any minister was oppressed by poverty, he immediately exerted himself for his relief. "O! how many places," says DR. WILLIAMS, "had sat in darkness! how many ministers had been starved, if Dr. Annesley had died thirty years since!" The poor looked upon him as their common father, and he expended much in distributing bibles, catechisms, and other useful books. His extensive beneficence was accompanied with many other amiable qualities, which rendered his character truly estimable. The celebrated RICHARD BAXTER, who knew not how to flatter or fear any man, passes this eulogium upon him. "Dr. Annesley is a most sincere, godly, humble man, totally devoted to God." Under every affliction, before he would speak of it, or use any means to redress it, he spread it before God in prayer; which enabled him, though a most affectionate husband, to bear the news of his wife's death with such composure as calmly to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Though his Non-conformity created him *many troubles*, it produced no *inward uncasiness*. His goods

were destrained for keeping a conventicle, and DR. CALAMY remarks, that a justice of the peace died as he was signing a warrant to apprehend him. He was a man of great uprightness, never regulating his religious profession by his *secular* interests. He was turned out of his lecture at St. Paul's, because he would not comply with some things which he deemed extravagant and wrong: he thought conformity in him would be a sin, and he chose to endure many privations rather than injure his conscience. He was acknowledged by all parties to be an Israelite indeed, and yet he suffered much for Non-conformity; but such was then the spirit of the times, that an angel from heaven would have been persecuted, if he had appeared as a dissenter. In his sufferings God often interposed remarkably for him. His integrity made him a stranger to all tricks, or little artifices, to serve his temporal interest; and his charitable and unsuspecting temper, sometimes exposed him to imposition.

As to Dr. Annesley's personal appearance, CALAMY says "his figure was fine; his countenance dignified, highly expressive, and amiable. His constitution, naturally strong and robust, was capable of any kind of fatigue. He was seldom indisposed; and could endure the coldest weather without hat, gloves, or fire. He had a large soul, and a flaming zeal, and his usefulness was very extensive. During the last thirty years of his life, he had great peace of mind from the assurance of God's covenant love. For several years, indeed, he walked in darkness, and was disconsolate, which is no unusual thing with such as are converted in their childhood, whose change being not so remarkable

as that of many others, is therefore the more liable to be questioned, but in his last illness he was full of comfort." The only safe rule of judging of *professed* conversion is its *fruits*; the work of grace being better known in its effects than in its causes. The mode may vary from circumstances, of which we are not the judges, nor can we be, until more is known of the mysterious operations of the human mind, and of that intercourse which Almighty God in his goodness condescends to hold with it.

The following is a chronological list of DR. ANNESLEY'S works :—

1. A Fast Sermon before the House of Commons, 1648.
2. Communion with God; two Sermons at St. Paul's, 1654.
3. A Sermon at St. Laurence Jewry, to gentlemen, natives of Wilts., 1654.
4. On the Covenant of Grace; and on being universally and exactly conscientious; two Sermons in the Morning Exercise at Cripplegate.
5. A Sermon at the Funeral of the *Rev. William Whitaker*, 1673.
6. How we may attain to love God with all our Hearts, and Souls, and Minds; a Sermon in the Supplement to the Morning Exercise, 1674.
7. A Sermon on Heb. viii. 6, in the Morning Exercise Methodized, 1676.
8. Of Indulgences; a Sermon in the Morning Exercise against Popery, 1675.
9. How the adherent Vanity of every Condition is most effectually abated by serious Godliness; a Sermon in the continuation of the Morning Exercises, 1683.
10. How we may give Christ a satisfactory Account why we attend upon the ministry of the Word; a Sermon in the Casuistical Morning Exercise, 1690.
11. A Sermon on the death of the *Rev. Thomas Brand*; with an account of his life, 1692.

Dr. Annesley was the editor of four volumes of the Morning Exercises above mentioned, and wrote a preface to each of them. He wrote a preface to *Mr. Richard Alliene's* "Instructions about Heart Work;" and joined with Dr. Owen in a preface to *Mr. Elisha Cole's* "Practical Treatise on God's Sovereignty."

## CHAP. IV.

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### DR. ANNESLEY'S CHILDREN.

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SAMUEL ANNESLEY, JUN.—GOES TO THE EAST INDIES.—ACQUIRES A LARGE FORTUNE, BUT IS SUDDENLY CUT OFF.—MRS. WESLEY'S LETTER TO HIM.—HIS WIDOW'S BEQUEST TO THE WESLEY FAMILY. MISS ELIZABETH ANNESLEY—MARRIES JOHN DUNTON, THE CELEBRATED BOOKSELLER.—THEIR STRONG ATTACHMENT TO EACH OTHER.—HER DEATH AND CHARACTER. MISS JUDITH ANNESLEY—HER PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND PIETY. MISS ANNE ANNESLEY—HER CHARACTER BY DUNTON. MISS SUSANNA ANNESLEY.

The Annesley Family, like that of the Wesley, was both numerous and highly intellectual. Dr. Annesley had not less than *twenty-five* children. When Dr. MANTON, baptizing one of them, was asked what number of children Dr. Annesley had, answered, "I believe it is *two dozen, or a quarter of a hundred.*" The reckoning by *dozens* was a singular circumstance; an *honour* which is conferred on few. But of this interesting family there now appears to be no record, except of SAMUEL, ELIZABETH, JUDITH, ANNE, and SUSANNA.

SAMUEL ANNESLEY, JUNIOR, entered into the service of the East India Company, where he accumulated a considerable fortune. Having exposed the mismanagement and peculations of certain persons in the Company's service abroad, they became his mortal enemies. This determined him to return home, and he wrote to his brother-in-law, the rector of Epworth,

to purchase for him an estate of £200 or £300 *per annum*, somewhere between London and Oxford. But Mr. Annesley soon after this disappeared, and no further account was ever heard of him.

There certainly appears great mystery in this case. Mr. John Wesley used to say to his nephews, "you are heirs to a large property in India if you can find it out, for my uncle Samuel Annesley is said to have been very prosperous." The late DR. ADAM CLARKE had in his possession an original letter of this gentleman to his brother-in-law, the rector of Epworth, from which it appears that Mr. Annesley wished to employ the rector to transact some business for him with the East India Company, and Mr. Wesley seems to have undertaken the office; but owing to his natural easiness, and too great confidence in men, the business was neglected; at which Mr. Annesley was greatly offended, transferred the commission into another hand; and wrote a severe letter to his sister Mrs. Wesley, in which he blamed the conduct of her husband. She replied to this letter in a proper and spirited manner, and as it shows her good sense, and faithful attachment to her husband, we shall give it entire, from MOORE'S Life of Mr. Wesley. Perhaps a more genuine picture of sanctified affliction was never presented to the world.

TO MR. ANNESLEY.

SIR,

The unhappy differences between you and Mr. Wesley have prevented my writing for some years, not knowing whether a letter from me would be acceptable, and being unwilling to be troublesome. But feeling

life ebb apace, and having a desire to be at peace with all men, especially you, before I die, I have ventured to send one letter more, hoping you will give yourself the trouble to read it without prejudice.

I am, I believe, got on the right side of fifty, infirm and weak; yet, old as I am, since I have taken my husband "for better, for worse," I'll make my residence with him. "*Where he lives will I live, and where he dies will I die, and there will I be buried.* God do so unto me, and more also, if aught but death part him and me." Confinement is nothing to one that, by sickness, is compelled to spend great part of her time in a chamber; and I sometimes think, that, if it were not on account of Mr. Wesley, and the children, it would be perfectly indifferent to my soul, whether she ascended to the Supreme origin of being, from a jail, or a palace, for God is everywhere. No walls, or locks, or bars, nor deepest shade, nor closest solitude excludes his presence; and in what place soever he vouchsafes to manifest himself, that place is heaven! and that man whose heart is penetrated with Divine love, and enjoys the manifestations of God's blissful presence, is happy, let his outward condition be what it will. He is rich, "as having nothing, yet possessing all things." This world, this present state of things is but for a time. What is now future will be present, as what is already past once was; and then, as MR. PASCAL observes, a little earth thrown on our cold head will for ever determine our hopes and our condition; nor will it signify much who personated the prince or the beggar, since with respect to the exterior, all must stand on the same level after death.

Upon the best observation I could ever make, I am induced to believe, that it is much easier to be contented without riches, than with them. It is so natural for a rich man to make his gold his god; it is so very difficult not to trust in, not to depend on it, for support and happiness, that I do not know one rich man in the world with whom I would exchange conditions.

You say, "*I hope you have recovered your loss by fire long since!*" No, and it is to be doubted we never shall. Mr. Wesley rebuilt his house in less than one year; but nearly thirteen years are elapsed since it was burned, yet it is not half furnished, nor his wife and children half clothed to this day. It is true, that, by the benefactions of his friends, together with what Mr. Wesley had himself, he paid the first; but the latter is not paid yet, or, what is much the same, money which was borrowed for clothes and furniture, is yet unpaid. You go on, "*my brother's living of £300 a-year, as they tell me.*"—They, who? I wish those who say so were compelled to make it so. It may as truly be said, that his living is ten thousand a-year, as three hundred. I have, Sir, formerly laid before you the true state of our affairs. I have told you that the living was always let for £160 a-year. That taxes, poor assessments, sub-rents, tenths, procurations, &c. took up nearly £30 of that sum; so that there needs no great skill in arithmetic to compute what remains.

What we shall, or shall not need hereafter, God only knows; but at present there hardly ever was more unprosperous events in one family than are now in ours. I am rarely in health. Mr. Wesley declines apace. My dear *Emily*, who in my present exigences



would exceedingly comfort me, is compelled to go to service in Lincoln, where she is a teacher in a boarding school. My second daughter, *Sukey*, a pretty woman, and worthy a better fate, when, by your last unkind letters, she perceived that all her hopes in you were frustrated, rashly threw herself away upon a man, (if a man he may be called, who is little inferior to the apostate angels in wickedness,) that is not only her plague, but a constant affliction to the family. O Sir! O brother! happy, thrice happy are you! happy is my sister that buried your children in infancy! secure from temptation, secure from guilt, secure from want or shame, or loss of friends! They are safe, beyond the reach of pain or sense of misery: being gone hence, nothing can touch them further. Believe me, Sir, it is better to mourn ten children dead, than one living. I have buried many;—but here I must pause awhile.

The other children, though neither wanting industry, nor capacity for business, we cannot put to any, by reason we have neither money, nor friends to assist us in doing it. Nor is there a gentleman's family near us in which we can place them, unless as common servants, and that, *even yourself* would not think them fit for, if you saw them; so that they must stay at home while they have a home, and how long will that be?—Innumerable are other uneasinesses, too tedious to mention, insomuch, that what with my own indisposition, my master's infirmities, the absence of my eldest, the ruin of my second daughter, and the inconceivable distress of all the rest, I have enough to turn a stronger head than mine. And were it not that God supports, and by His omnipotent goodness, often totally suspends

all sense of worldly things, I could not sustain the weight many days, perhaps hours. But even in this low ebb of fortune, I am not without some lucid intervals. Un-speakable are the blessings of privacy and leisure!

The late ARCHBISHOP of YORK once said to me, (when my master was in Lincoln castle,) among other things, "*tell me, Mrs. Wesley, whether you ever really wanted bread!*"—"My Lord," said I, "I will freely own to your Grace, that, strictly speaking, we never did want bread. But then, I have had so much care to get it before it was eat, and to pay for it after, as has often made it very unpleasant to me; and I think to have bread on such terms, is the next degree of wretchedness to having none at all." "You are certainly in the right," replied his Lordship, and seemed for a while very thoughtful. Next morning he made me a handsome present; nor did he ever repent having done so: on the contrary, I have reason to believe it afforded him some comfortable reflections before his exit.

You proceed, "*when I come home, (ah! would to God that might ever be!) if any of your daughters want me, as I think they will not, I shall do as God enables me!*" I must answer this with a sigh from the bottom of my heart. Sir, you know the proverb, "*while the grass grows, the steed starves.*" You go on, "*another hinderance is, my brother, I think, is too zealous for the party he fancies in the right; and has unluckily to do with the opposite faction!*" Whether those you employ, are factious or not, I shall not determine; but very sure I am Mr. Wesley is not so. "*He is apt to rest upon deceitful promises.*"—Would to heaven that neither he, nor I, nor any of our

children had ever trusted to deceitful promises. But it is a right-hand error, and I hope God will forgive us all.—You say, ‘*he wants Mr. Eaton’s thrift.*’—This I can readily believe.—‘*He is not fit for worldly business.*’—This I likewise assent to; and must own I was mistaken when I did think him fit for it: my own experience hath since convinced me that he is one of those whom our Saviour saith, is not *so wise in their generation as the children of this world*. And, did I not know that Almighty Wisdom hath views and ends in fixing the bounds of our habitation, which are out of our ken, I should think it a thousand pities that a man of his brightness, and rare endowments of learning, and useful knowledge in relation to the church of God, should be confined to an obscure corner of the country, where his talents are buried; and he is determined to a way of life for which he is not so well qualified as I could wish. It is with pleasure that I behold in my eldest son an aversion to accepting a small country cure; since, blessed be God! he has a fair reputation for learning and piety, preaches well, and is capable of doing more good where he is.

I shall not detain you any longer, not so much as to apologize for the length of this letter. I should be glad if my service could be made acceptable to my sister; to whom, with yourself, the children tend their humblest duty. We all join in wishing you a happy new year, and many of them.

I am,

Your obliged, and most obedient servant and sister,

SUSANNA WESLEY.”

Epworth, Jan. 20, 1722.

From the foregoing letter, we find that Mr. Samuel Annesley was alive at Surat in 1722, seven years after the noises had ceased in the Parsonage House at Epworth, which Mr. Wesley had supposed portended his death. As to these noises we shall speak hereafter. In 1724 it was reported that Mr. Annesley was coming home in one of the Company's ships. Mrs. Wesley, hearing the news, went from Epworth to London to meet him. The ship arrived, but her brother came not!

It has been asserted, that the fortune acquired by Mr. Annesley in India was lost, and he himself murdered. Of the manner of his death we have no account, but his widow certainly enjoyed a considerable part, if not the whole of his fortune; for at her death she bequeathed £1000 to Mrs. Wesley, the interest to be paid her during her life, and the principal sum to be divided among her children. *Miss Kezzy Wesley*, in a letter dated July 1734, informs her brother John of this bequest; and adds, "my father has not been very easy ever since he heard of it, because he cannot dispose of it."

MISS ELIZABETH ANNESLEY, married JOHN DUNTON, the eminent bookseller: (for a brief account of whom see APPENDIX B.) She appears to have been a most excellent woman, and worthy to be the sister of Mrs. Susanna Wesley. What led to her union with Dunton, he details with great simplicity in his "*Life and Errors*."

"One Lord's-day," says he, "(and I am very sensible of the sin,) I was strolling about, just as my fancy led me; and stepping into DR. ANNESLEY'S meeting-

house, where, instead of engaging my attention to what the Doctor said, I suffered both my mind and my eyes to run at random, (and it is very rare but satan throws in a temptation where the sinner is open for it,) I soon saw a young lady that almost charmed me dead; but, on making my inquiries, I found, to my my sorrow, that she was pre-engaged. However, to keep up the humour I was in, my friends advised me to make an experiment upon her elder sister, (they both being the daughters of Dr. Annesley) and the hint they gave, made a deeper impression upon me than all the recommendations they had before given me. I disposed matters so as to carry on the design with all possible dispatch. But I steered by another compass than I had done in all my former amours; and resolved, as Dr. Annesley was a man of so much sincerity and religious prudence, to mention the matter *first of all to him*; which I did: and after he had obtained all reasonable satisfaction, the Doctor told me, ‘I had his free consent, if I could prevail upon his daughter for her’s; which was more than Mr. Cockerill (deceased) could ever obtain, after a long courtship.’ At length I was so fortunate as to gain her affections.

“The mutual satisfactions we then enjoyed in an intimate friendship, (which we designed should shortly lose itself in a nearer union) was soon after this a little interrupted; for fair *Iris* (the familiar name by which he called his wife,) was obliged to attend her father to Tunbridge, where I frequently wrote to her.” These letters Dunton gives at length, but they are too much in the *rapturous* style for a grave narrative. We shall insert Miss Annesley’s judicious and sober reply.

*Tunbridge, July 9th, 1682.*

DEAR SIR,

I have received your letters, but being obliged to take a short journey from Tunbridge with my father, I had no opportunity to make you any answer. You seem impatient at my silence, but it is only a matter of course; though were your impatience represented with *less of fancy*, I should be disposed to believe you sooner. But all courtships must at one time, or other, have a little *knight-errantry* in them, otherwise the lover is reckoned to be something *dull*; however, you have said enough that way to secure you from any such imputation, and I would therefore have you to express yourself in no warmer terms than a primitive simplicity may admit. One that loves till he loses his reason will make but an odd figure for a husband. You will say, perhaps, I am preaching up passive obedience, but we shall agree upon that point hereafter. At present please to deny yourself a little *luxuriance* in your letters, lest my father should find them, and be offended with them. I suppose we may return for London July 21st. My sisters, Judith and Sarah, send you their service.

I am, your's, &c.

IRIS.

Dunton gives this character of his fair Iris before her marriage. "Iris is tall, of a good aspect, her hair of a light colour, dark eyes, her eye-brows dark and even, her mouth little and sufficiently sweet, her mein something melancholy, but elegant and agreeable, her neck long and graceful, white hands, a well shaped body,

her complexion very fair; but to hasten to that which I think most deserves commendation, I mean her *piety*, which, considering her youth, can scarcely be paralleled. Her wit is solid; she has enough of that quick wit so much in fashion, to render her conversation very desirable. She is severely modest, and has all kinds of virtues. She never yet, I dare venture to say, gave any one an ill word when absent; and never, when present, commends them. Her temper is good to a miracle: she is an agreeable acquaintance, a trusty friend; and to conclude, she is pleasant, witty, and virtuous, and is mistress of all the graces that can be desired to make a complete woman."

"August 3rd, 1682, being the day fixed upon for our marriage, (Dr. Annesley having previously preached a preparatory Sermon) and all things being ready, we were well attended to the church, where we found, that DR. LEWIS, being indisposed, had sent his curate to officiate. DR. ANNESLEY was present, and gave me his daughter in marriage, which I took as a peculiar favour, it being more than some of his sons-in-law could obtain.

"When the public ceremony was over, we returned to my father-in-law's, where the entertainment was plentiful enough, and yet *gravely* suited to the occasion, and circumstance; and there we were honoured with the company of the REV. MR. SILVESTER,\* a man whose learning, worth, and piety are but too little known.

"Some days after this were *fooled* away in unnecessary visits, treats, and expense, both of time and money, which I own has not been the least *error* of my

\* The early Biographer of BAXTER.

life; and into this mistake, the natural friendship and familiarity of my temper has often led me. When we had staid a little at my father-in-law's, I carried my dear Iris home to the large house I had taken in Princes Street. We now came, as they say, to stand upon our own legs, and to barter for subsistence amongst the rest of mankind; and my dear Iris gave an early specimen of her prudence and diligence that way; and thereupon she commenced bookseller and cash-keeper: and managed all my money affairs, and left me entirely to my own *rambling* and *scribbling* humours.

“We took several journies together into the country about this time, and made visits to our relations; but look which way we would, the world was always smiling on us. The piety and good humour of Iris made our lives as it were one continued courtship.”

It appears from the following letters that Dunton, a few years after his marriage, proceeded on an expedition to America, with a large cargo of books. We introduce the letters to show the strong affection which subsisted between Mr. and Mrs. Dunton.

*Boston, March 25th, 1686.*

MY DEAR,

I am at last got safe ashore, after an uncomfortable voyage, that had nothing in it but misfortune and hardship. Half of my venture of books was cast away in the Downs; however, do not suffer that to make you melancholy, in regard the other half is now safe with me at Boston. I was very often upon the edge in my passage over hither, besides all the hazards of our ship, &c. It would be endless to tell



over the extremities I was in; which lay all double upon my hands, because you, my dear, were not there to tend me, and to give a resurrection to my spirits with one kind look, and with some soft word or other, which you know would signify so much to me.

Dear Iris, I am now and then tormented with a thousand fears. The ocean that lies betwixt us seems louring and unkind. Had I wings, I would rather steer myself a passage through the air, than commit myself a second time to the dangers of the sea. My thoughts, now that I am at Boston, are, however, all running upon Iris; and be assured that with all imaginable dispatch I will resign myself to God and Providence, and the conduct of my guardian angel, to bring me home again in safety. Our pleasures and satisfactions will be fresh and new when I am restored to you, as it were from another world; and methinks upon the prospect of that very advantage, I could undertake another New England voyage. After all, my dear, our complete and our final happiness is not the growth of this world; it is more exalted, and far above the nature of our best enjoyments. I would not have you be in the least solicitous about me. I have met with many kindnesses from the inhabitants of Boston. You will take care to read over the letters that relate to business. I am as much yours as affection can make me,

JOHN DUNTON.

To this letter Iris returned the following answer:

*London, May 14, 1686.*

MOST ENDEARED HEART,

I received your most welcome letter of March 25, which acquainted me with your tedious and

sick voyage. I was very much overjoyed for your safe arrival at Boston, though much troubled for your illness on the way to it. Those mercies are the sweetest we enjoy after waiting and praying for them. I pray God to help us both to improve them for his glory. I think I have sympathized with you very much; for I do not remember I have ever had so much illness in my whole life as I have had this winter.

When I first received your letter, my dear, I was resolved upon coming over to you, if my friends approved of it; but upon discourse with them, they concluded I could not bear the voyage; and, I who have had so large an experience of your growing and lasting affections, could not but believe that you had rather have a living wife in England than a dead one in the sea. \* \* \* \*

Pray God direct you what to do, and in the mean time take care of your health, and want for nothing. I do assure you, my dear, yourself alone is all the riches I desire; and if ever I am so happy as to enjoy your company again, I will travel to the farthest part of the world, rather than part with you any more; nothing but cruel death shall ever make the separation. I had rather have your company with bread and water, than enjoy, without you, the riches of both the Indies. I have read your private letter, and shall do that which will be both for your comfort and honour. I take it as the highest demonstration of your love, that you entrust me with your secret affairs. Assure yourself I do as earnestly desire the welfare of your soul and body as I do my own; therefore let nothing trouble you, for were you in London, you could not take

more care of your business than I shall do. I cannot express how much I long to see you. Oh, this cruel ocean that lies between us! But, I bless God, I am as well at present as I can be when separated from you. I must conclude, begging of God to keep you from the sins and temptations which every place, and every condition do expose us to. So, wishing you a speedy, and a safe voyage back again to England, I remain yours beyond expression.

IRIS."

We shall conclude our notice of this excellent woman by extracting her character, as published by her husband. "Her Bible," says he, "was the great pleasure of her life; and she was so well acquainted with it, that she could easily refer you to the chapter, where you might meet with any passage you would wish to find, Her mind was always full of charity towards those who might differ from her in matters of opinion. She loved the image of Christ wherever it was found. She was no ordinary proficient in the knowledge of practical divinity, which her reflections sufficiently testify; especially upon the Grace of God, the Will of Man, Original Sin, and the effect it has upon the faculties of the soul. 'I will,' says she, 'obey God's revealed will, and adore his secret will, and rest upon his promises, and lay all down at the feet of Christ, still minding my present duty. The belief of God's fore-knowledge, or decreeing whatsoever shall come to pass, should not hinder me from my duty, but rather provoke me to be more diligent. I adore the sovereignty of divine grace, that has made me willing to accept

of Christ. I find a secret influence of his spirit that makes me serious and watchful in my duty. Whatever others pretend to of the freedom of the will, I am sure mine is averse to every thing that is good, and that I can do no spiritual action without assistance.' She kept a diary for nearly twenty years, and made a great many reflections on the state of her own soul. But she was so far from vain glory, or affectation of being talked of after death, that she desired that all her papers might be burnt. That part of the diary out of which MR. ROGERS extracted several things, he published in her Funeral Sermon, entitled '*The Character of a Good Woman,*' was with great difficulty obtained from her in her last sickness; but she said 'it was her duty to deny me nothing.'

"Iris was a great lover of solitude, for it gave her an opportunity to converse with God and her own heart; but this did not keep her from the duties of public worship. Sabbaths, sermons, and sacraments, were the best refreshments she met with in her way to glory.

"Her conjugal affection was altogether as remarkable as any other part of her character. Who should love best was the only contest we ever had. Her happiness seemed to be wrapped up in mine, our interest and inclinations were every way the same. When our affairs were a little perplexed, she never discovered the least uneasiness; she would make use of means, and leave the issue to Providence. Whenever I was indisposed, then indeed she was much concerned, and would rather impair her own health than I should want looking after, or than another should take care of

me. She had such a stock of good nature, that *I never went home and found her out of humour*. But Heaven had a greater interest in her than I could claim: she was indeed the better half of me; but then my property in her was not absolute. And," continues Dunton, "that the reader may see our love was mutual, and continued so till death, I will insert the *last* two letters that passed between us, before she died.

" *Chesham, April 10, 1697.*

" MY DEAREST HEART,

" I shall ever rejoice in the entireness of *thy* affection,\* which neither losses in trade, nor thy long sickness could ever abate; but, alas! the dearest friends must part, and thy languishing state makes it necessary for me to impart a few things relating to my own and thy decease. My dear, we came together with this design, to help and prepare one another for death; but now thy life is in danger, methinks I feel already the torments to which a heart is exposed that loses what it loves; yet, my dear, you may take this comfort even in death itself, that you can die but half whilst I am preserved; and to make death the easier to thee, think with thyself I shall not be long after thee: but oh that we might expire at the same time! for, shouldst thou go before me, *I shall pine like the constant turtle, and in thy death shall shake hands with the whole sex*. If we look back into ancient times, we find there was hardly a person among the primitive

\* The familiar style of address is occasionally adopted in this letter, which we follow.

christians that sought comfort in a *second* marriage, (second marriages then were counted little better than adultery;) and in our days, though they have got a better name, they are a sort of '*who bids most?*' and therefore if I should survive thee, I doubt whether I should ever be brought to draw again in the conjugal yoke,\* except (Phœnix-like,) from thy ashes another Iris should arise; and then I cannot say what I might do; for I love to look upon thy image, though but in a friend or picture; and shall ever receive thy kindred with honourable mention of thy name. But I need not enlarge; for the many tears I have shed for thy long sickness have shown how much I shall grieve when you die in earnest. What a melancholy thing will the world appear when Iris is dead! However it is my desire that we may bed together in the same grave; and that my ingenious friend MR. THOMAS DIXON preach my funeral sermon upon this text, '*They shall lie down alike in the dust, and the worms shall cover them.*' I desire to be buried with Iris for this reason, that as our souls shall know each other when they leave the body, so our bodies may rise together after the long night of death. Dr. BROWN applauds 'those ingenious tempers that desire to sleep in the arms of their fathers, and strive to go the nearest way to corruption.' It was the request of your worthy father to lie by his wife, and the COUNTESS OF ANGLESEY, desired on her death-bed to be buried as she expressed, 'upon the coffin of that good man Dr. Annesley.' As

\* DUNTON, however, soon changed his opinion, and married a second wife *within* twelve months. This *second* marriage did not prove happy.

it is good to enjoy the company of the godly while they are living, so we read it has been advantageous to be buried with them after death. The old Prophet's bones escaped a burning by being buried with the other prophets; and the man who was tumbled into the grave of *Elisha* was revived by virtue of his bones. So that you see, my dear, should you die first, I shall, instead of seeking a second wife, make court to your dead body, and, as it were marry again in the grave. I once desired to be buried with my father Dunton, in Aston Chancel; but love to a parent, though never so tender, is lost in that to a wife; and now if I can mingle my ashes with thine, it is all I desire. I would, if possible, imitate the generous *HOTA*, who followed her husband to the grave, laid him in a stately tomb, and then for nine days together, she would neither eat nor drink, whereof she died, and was buried in the same grave with her beloved husband.

“He first deceas'd, she for a few days tried  
To live without him; lik'd it not, and died.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“I have kinder things to add, but have not time to write them half, so must reserve the rest till we meet again. I shall return to London in three days, for this cruel absence has half killed me. I beg thy answer to this letter, for I will keep it by me as a dear memorial. I cannot enlarge, for you have my heart, and all things else in the power of,

Your's for ever,

JOHN DUNTON.”

“ I received, my dearest, thy obliging letter, and thankfully own that though God has exercised me with a long and languishing sickness, and my grave lies in view, yet he hath dealt tenderly with me, so that I find by experience no compassions are like those of a God. It is true I have scarcely power to answer thy letter, but seeing thou desirest a few lines to keep as a memorial of our constant love, I will attempt something, though by reason of my present weakness, I can write nothing worth thy reading.

“ First, then, as to thy character of me, Love blinds you, for I do not deserve it; but am pleased to find you enjoy, by the help of a strong fancy, that happiness which I cannot, though I would bestow. But opinion is the rate of things; and if you think yourself happy, you are so. As to myself, I have met with more and greater comforts in a married state than ever I did expect. But how can it be otherwise, when inclination, interest, and all that can be desired, concur to make up the harmony? From our marriage till now, thy life has been one continued act of courtship, and sufficiently upbraids that indifference which is found among married people. Thy concern for my present sickness, though of long continuance, has been so remarkably tender, that, were it but known to the world, it would once more bring into fashion men’s loving their wives. Thy will alone is a noble pattern for others to love by, and is such an original picture, as will never be equalled. But, my dear, had your will been less favourable to me, I should perform all you desire, but more especially with respect to your death and funeral. As to your desire of *sleeping* with me in



the same grave, I like it well; and as we design to be *ground bedfellows* till the last trump shall awake us both, so I hope we shall be happy hereafter in the enjoyment of the beatific vision, and in the knowledge of one another; for I agree with you that 'we shall know our friends in heaven.' Wise and learned men of all ages, and several scriptures, plainly show it; though I verily believe, were there none but God and one saint in heaven, that saint would be perfectly happy so as to desire no more. But, whilst on earth, we may lawfully please ourselves with hopes of meeting hereafter, and lying in the same grave, where we shall be happy together, if a senseless happiness can be so called. But pray, my dear, be not afraid of my dying first; for I have such a kindness for thee, that I dread the thoughts of surviving thee, more than I do those of death. Couldst thou think I would marry again, when it has been one great comfort under all my languishments to think I should die first, and that I shall live in him, who ever since the happy union of our souls, has been more dear to me than life itself. I shall only add my hearty prayer, that God would bless thee both in soul and body; and that at length thy spirit may be conveyed by angels into Abraham's bosom, where I hope thou wilt find thy tender and dutiful

IRIS."

"Having given this short account of her conjugal affection, and those other graces in which she excelled, I shall next proceed to a relation of her sickness, death, and funeral. In her last sickness, which lasted about seven months, she never uttered a repining word: and when God was pleased to call her home, she was willing

to remove. Through the whole of her sickness, she said 'there was no doubt upon her spirits as to her future happiness.' When her life began to burn a little dim, she expressed herself thus to one that stood by: 'heaven will make amends for all; it is but a little while before I shall be happy. I have good ground to hope, that when I die, through Christ, I shall be blessed, for I dedicated myself to God in *my youth*.'

"When I saw her life just going, and my sorrows overcame me, she said with an obliging sweetness, 'do not be so concerned about parting, for I hope we shall both meet where we shall never part; however, it is a solemn thing to die, whatever we may think of it—O! this eternity! There is no time for preparing for heaven, *like the time of youth*. Though death be ever so near, I can look back with joy on some of the *early years that I sweetly spent in my father's house*; and how comfortably I lived there. Oh! what a mercy it is to be dedicated to God betimes!' When her soul was just fluttering on the wing, she said, 'Lord pardon my sins, and perfect me in holiness; make me more holy, and fit for that state, where holiness shall be perfected. Accept of praises for the mercies I have received; fit me for whatsoever thou wilt do with me, for Christ's sake.' A little while after this she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, May 28, 1697.

Of MISS JUDITH ANNESLEY there is a portrait in the family of Mr. Charles Wesley, probably painted by *Sir Peter Lely*, where she is represented as a very beautiful woman. A gentleman of considerable fortune paid his addresses to her, and the attachment

was mutual; but when she perceived he was addicted to drinking much wine, she utterly refused to marry him, and died single. DUNTON, her brother-in-law, gives the following character of her in his "*Life and Errors.*" "She is a virgin of eminent piety," says he, "Good books, (above all the book of books,) are her sweetest entertainment; and she finds more comfort there, than others do in their wardrobes. In a word, she keeps a constant watch over the frame of her soul, and course of her actions, by daily and strict examination of both."

Of MISS ANNE ANNESLEY, DUNTON, who greatly admired her, gives the following character:— "She is a wit for certain; and, however time may have dealt by her, when I first beheld her, I thought art never feigned, nor nature formed, a finer woman."

MISS SUSANNA ANNESLEY, afterwards Susanna Wesley, was the youngest daughter of Dr. Annesley. We shall endeavour to do justice to the character of this excellent woman, after we have noticed that of her husband.

## CHAP. V.

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### MATTHEW WESLEY.

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STUDIES MEDICINE.—VISITS HIS BROTHER AT EPWORTH.—MRS. WESLEY'S ACCOUNT OF THAT VISIT.—MATTHEW'S MEAN-SPIRITED LETTER TO HIS BROTHER.—THE RECTOR'S REPLY.—MRS. WRIGHT'S VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF HER UNCLE.

It will be remembered that John Wesley, vicar of Whitchurch, is said by CALAMY, to have had a *numerous* family. But the names of *Matthew* and *Samuel* only have come down to us; and it is probable that the rest of the children died in infancy.

MATTHEW WESLEY, following the example of his grandfather Bartholomew, studied physic, and settled in London, after having travelled over the greatest part of Europe for improvement. He is reported to have been eminent in his profession, and to have made a large fortune by his medical practice. It is not probable that his father could give him an University education; but as the vicar taught a school for the support of his family, for which he appears to have been eminently qualified, no doubt his sons, particularly Matthew, who was the eldest, had the rudiments of a classical education. It is also probable he would obtain additional instruction in some of the Dissenting academies. In the year 1731, Matthew visited his brother Samuel at Epworth. This visit is described by MRS. WESLEY in

a letter to her son *John*, then at Oxford; and as it contains some curious particulars, we shall insert it. The letter (without intending it) depicts the supercilious conduct, and deportment of a *rich old bachelor* amongst his expectant relations.

“ *Epworth, July 12, 1731.*

“ My brother Wesley had designed to have surprised us, and had travelled under a feigned name from London to Gainsborough, but there sending his man out for a guide, he told one that keeps our market his master’s name, and that he was going to see his brother, who was the minister of Epworth. The man he informed met with *Molly* about an hour before my brother arrived. She, full of news, hastened home and told us her uncle Wesley was coming to see us. ’Twas odd to observe how all the town took the alarm, and were upon the gaze, as if some great prince had been about to make his entry. He rode directly to *John Dawson’s*, (who keeps the inn,) but we had soon notice of his arrival, and sent John Brown with an invitation to our house. He expressed some displeasure at his servant for letting us know of his coming, for he intended to have sent for Mr. Wesley to dine with him at Dawson’s, and then come to visit us in the afternoon. However, he soon followed John home, where we were all ready to receive him with great satisfaction.

“ His behaviour amongst us was civil and obliging. He spake little to the children the first day, being employed, as he afterwards told them, in observing their carriage, and seeing how he liked them; afterwards he was very free, and expressed great kindness

to them all. He was strangely *scandalized* at the poverty of our furniture; and much more at the meanness of the childrens habit. He always talked more freely with your *sisters* of our circumstances than to me; and told them he wondered what his brother had done with his income, for 'twas visible he had not spent it in furnishing his house, or clothing his family.

“We had a little talk together sometimes, but it was not often we could hold a private conference, and he was very shy of speaking any thing relating to the children before your father, or indeed of any other matter. I informed him, as far as I handsomely could, of our losses, &c., for I was afraid that he should think I was about to beg of him: but the girls, (with whom he had many private discourses,) I believe, told him every thing they could think on. He was particularly pleased with *Patty*; and one morning before Mr. Wesley came down, he asked me if I was willing to let *Patty* go and stay a year or two with him in London? ‘Sister,’ says he, ‘I have endeavoured already to make one of your children easy while she lives, and if you please to trust *Patty* with me, I will endeavour to make her so too.’ Whatever others may think, I thought this a generous offer; and the more so, because he had done so much for *Sukey* and *Hetty*. I expressed my gratitude as well as I could; and would have had him speak to your father, but he would not himself, he left that to me; nor did he ever mention it to Mr. Wesley till the evening before he left us.

“He always behaved himself very decently at family prayers, and in your father’s absence, said grace for us before and after meat. Nor did he ever

interrupt our privacy ; but went into his own chamber when we went into ours.

“ He staid from Thursday to the Wednesday after ; then he left us to go to *Scarborough* ; from whence he returned the Saturday sennight after, intending to stay with us a few days : but finding your sisters had gone the day before to *Lincoln*, he would leave us on Sunday morning, for he said he must see the girls before they set forward for *London*. He overtook them at *Lincoln* ; and had *Mrs. Taylor, Emily* and *Kezzy*, with the rest, to supper with him at the *Angel*. On Monday they breakfasted with him ; then they parted expecting to see him no more till they came to *London* : but on Wednesday he sent his man to invite them to supper at night. On Thursday he invited them to dinner, at night to supper, and on Friday morning to breakfast ; when he took his leave of them and rode for *London*. They got into town on Saturday about noon, and that evening *Patty* writ me an account of her journey.

“ Before Mr. Wesley went to *Scarborough*, I informed him of what I knew of *Mr. Morgan's* case. When he came back, he told me he had tried the Spa at *Scarborough*, and could assure me, that it far excelled all the other Spas in *Europe*, for he had been at them all, both in *Germany* and elsewhere ; that at *Scarborough* there were two springs, as he was informed, close together, which flowed into one basin, the one a *chalybeate*, the other a *purgative* water, and he did not believe there was the like in any other part of the world. Say she, ‘ if that gentleman you told me of could by any means be got thither, though his age is the most

dangerous time in life for his distemper, yet I am of opinion those waters would cure him. I thought good to tell you this, that you might, if you please, inform Mr. Morgan of it.

“Dear Jackey, I can’t stay now to talk about *Hetty* and *Patty*; but this—I hope better of both than some others do. I pray God to bless you. Adieu!  
S. W.”

There does not appear to have been much intimacy between Matthew and his brother Samuel. Though Matthew was no zealot in religious matters, yet it is to be supposed that his brother leaving the Dissenters, and running into High Church and Tory principles, would not be agreeable to him, nor to his mother and aunts, who were then living, and continued to adhere to the Dissenters; hence a distance was naturally occasioned between the brothers. Matthew was also a *careful economist*, and being a *bachelor*, knew little of the troubles of a family, and could ill judge of domestic expenses on a large scale.

Probably it was just after this visit that he wrote a severe letter to his brother Samuel, accusing him of bad economy, and of not making provision for his large family; and indirectly blaming him for having become a *married man*. This severe letter Samuel answered in a *serio-jocose* style, and amply vindicated the whole of his conduct against what he calls ‘the imputation of his ill husbandry.’ Of Matthew’s letter only an extract remains in the hand-writing of his brother. We shall give it here, and also Mr. Samuel Wesley’s defence. Matthew’s letter, which is without date, begins thus:—



“The same record which assures us an infidel cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven, also asserts in the consequence, that a *worse* than an infidel can never do it. It likewise describes the character of such an one,—‘*he who provides not for his own, especially those of his own house!*’ You have a numerous offspring, you have long had a plentiful estate; great and generous benefactors, and have made no provision for those of your own house, who can have nothing in view at your exit but distress. This I think is a black account; let the cause be folly or vanity, or ungovernable appetites. I hope providence has restored you again to give you time to settle this balance, which shocks me to think of. To this end I must advise you to be frequent in your perusal of BISHOP BEVERIDGE *on Repentance*, and DR. TILLOTSON *on Restitution*; for it is not saying Lord, Lord! that will bring us to the kingdom of heaven, but doing justice to our fellow creatures; and not a poetical imagination that we do so. A serious consideration of these things, and suitable actions, I doubt not, will qualify you to meet me where sorrow shall be no more, which is the highest hope and expectation of yours, &c.”

This language is much too severe. “Had Samuel Wesley imitated the conduct of his brother Matthew,” says DR. CLARKE, “John and Charles Wesley had probably never been born;—and who can say that the great light which they were the instruments, in the hand of God, of pouring out upon the land, and spreading amongst the nations of the earth, had ever been diffused by any other means? Men should be aware how they arraign the dispensations and ordinances of

Divine Providence. ‘*It is not good for man to be alone,*’ therefore God instituted *marriage*. He who marries does well : and, it is only in the case of a general persecution of the church, that he who does *not* marry, does better. Matthew Wesley is extinct ! Samuel, his brother, still lives in his natural and spiritual progeny. God has crowned him with honour ; and it is with difficulty that even the name of his brother has been rescued from oblivion.”

We shall now insert Samuel’s reply to Matthew’s peevish letter. It is supposed to be written and communicated by a *third* person, who, having seen the letter of Matthew, read it to his brother Samuel, “that he might know what the left-handed part of the world said of him.” The letter is headed “*John o’Styles’ Apology against the imputation of his ill Husbandry.*” The pretended narrator goes on thus,—

“When I read this to my friend *John o’Styles*, I was a little surprised that he did not fall into flouncing and bouncing, as I have too often seen him do on far less provocation ; which I ascribed to a fit of sickness which he had lately, and which I hope may have brought him to something of a better mind. He stood calm and composed for a minute or two ; and then desired he might peruse the letter, adding, that if the matter therein contained were true, and not aggravated or misrepresented, he was obliged in conscience to acknowledge it, and ask pardon, at least of his family, if he could make them no other satisfaction. And if it were not true, he owed that justice to himself and his family, to clear himself, if possible, of so vile an imputation. After he had read it over, he said, he did not think it

necessary to enter into a detail of the history of his whole life, from sixteen to upwards of seventy, in order to the vindication of his conduct in all the particulars of it; but the method he chose, which he hoped would be satisfactory to all unprejudiced persons, would be to make general observations, on those general accusations which have been brought forward against him; and then to add some balance of his income and expences ever since he entered on the stage of life.

“He observes, that almost all his indictment consists of *generals*, wherein fraud almost always lurks, and it is next to impossible to free itself entirely from it.

“The sum of the libel may be reduced to the following assertions:—1. That John o’Styles is worse than an infidel, and therefore can never go to heaven. 2. He aims at proving this, because he provides not for his own house: as notorious instances of which he adds in the *third* place, that he had a numerous offspring; and has had a long time a plentiful estate, and great and generous benefactors, but yet has made no provision for those of his own house; which he thinks, in the last place, a black account, let the cause be folly or vanity.

“*Answer.*—If God has blessed him with a numerous offspring, he has no reason to be ashamed of them, nor they of him, unless perhaps one of them; and if he had but that single one, it might have proved no honour or support to his name and family. Neither does his conscience accuse him that he has made no provision for those of his own house; which general accusation includes them all. But has he none, nay not above one, two or three, to whom he has (and some

of them at very considerable expences) given the best education which England could afford; by God's blessing on which they live honourably and comfortably in the world; some of whom have already been a considerable help to the others, as well as to himself; and he has no reason to doubt the same of the rest, as soon as God shall enable them to do it; and there are many gentlemen's families in England, who by the same method provide for their younger children. And he hardly thinks that there are many of greater estates, but would be glad to change the best of theirs, or even all their stock, for almost the worst of his. Neither is he ashamed of claiming some merit in his having been so happy in breeding them up in *his own principles and practice*; not only the priests of his family, but all the rest, to a steady opposition and confederacy against all such as are avowed and declared enemies to God, and *his clergy*; and who deny or disbelieve any articles of natural or revealed religion; as well as to such as are open or secret friends to the Great Rebellion; or any such principles as do but *squint* towards the same practices; so that he hopes, they are all *staunch high church*, and for *inviolable passive obedience*; from which if any of them should be so *wicked* as to degenerate, he can't tell whether he could prevail with himself to give them *his blessing*; though at the same time he almost equally abhors all servile submission to the greatest, and most overgrown tool of state, whose avowed design is to aggrandize his prince at the expense of the liberties and properties of his free-born subjects. Thus much for John o'Styles *ecclesiastical and political* creed; and, as he hopes for those of his family. And

as his adversary adds, that ‘at his exit they could have nothing in view but distress; and that it is a black account, let the cause be folly or vanity,’ John o’Styles answered:—he has not the least doubt of God’s provision for his family after his decease, if they continue in the way of righteousness, as well as for himself while living. As for his folly, he owns that he can hardly demur to the charge; for he fairly acknowledges he never was, nor never will be, like the children of this world, who are accounted wise in their generation, courting this world and regarding nothing else; not but that he has all his life laboured truly both with his hands, head, and heart, to provide things honest in the sight of all men; to get his own living, and that of those who are dependant on him.

“As for his vanity, he challenges an instance to be given of any extravagance in any single branch of his expences, through the whole course of his life, either in dress, diet, horses, recreation or diversion, either in himself or family.

“As for the plentiful estate, and great and generous benefactors, which he likewise mentions:—as to the latter of them, the person accused answered, that he could never acknowledge, as he ought, the goodness of God, and of his generous benefactors on that occasion; but hopes he may add, that he had never tasted so much of their kindness, if they had not believed him to be an *honest man*. Thus much he said in general, but added as to the particular instances, he should only add a *blank balance*, and leave it to any after his death, if they should think it worth while to cast it up according to common equity, and then they would be more

proper judges whether he deserved those imputations, which are now thrown upon him.

“*Imprimis.* When he first walked to Oxford, he had in cash £2 5s.

He lived there till he took his bachelor’s degree, without any preferment, or assistance except *one crown*.

By God’s blessing on his own industry, he brought to London £10 15s.

When he came to London, he got deacon’s orders, and a cure, for which he had £28 for one year.

In which year for his board, ordination and habit, he was indebted £30, which he afterwards paid.

Then he went to sea, where he had for one year £70, not paid till two years after his return.

He then got a curacy of £30 *per annum*, for two years, and by his own industry he made it £60 *per annum*.

He married, and had a son ; and he and his wife and child boarded for some years, in or near London, without running into debt.

“ He then had a living given him in the country [*South Ormsby*] let for £50 *per annum*, where he had five children more ; in which time, and while he lived in London, he wrote a book [*The Life of Christ*] which he dedicated to Queen Mary, who gave him a living in the country, [*Epworth*] valued at £200 *per annum*, where he remained for nearly forty years, and wherein his numerous offspring amounted with the former, to nineteen children.

“ Half of his parsonage house was first burnt, which he rebuilt : sometime after, the whole was burnt to the ground, which he rebuilt from the foundations, and it

cost him above £400, besides the furniture, none of which was saved ; and he was forced to renew it.

“Some years after, he got a little living [*Wroote*] adjoining to his former ; the profits of which very little more than defrayed the expenses of serving it, and sometimes hardly so much, his whole tithe having been in a manner swept away by inundations, for which the parishioners had a brief ; though he thought it not decent for himself to be joined with them in it.

“Many years he has been employed in composing a large book, [*Dissertations on Job,*] whereby he hopes that he may be of some benefit to the world, and in a degree amend his own fortunes. By sticking so close to this work, he has broke a pretty strong constitution, and fallen into the palsy and gout. Besides he has had sickness in his family, for the most of the years since he was married.

“His greater living seldom cleared more than five score pounds *per annum*, out of which he allowed £20 a-year to a person [*Mr. Whitelamb*] who married one of his daughters. Could we on the whole fix the balance, it would easily appear whether he has been an ill husband, or careless and idle, and taken no care of his family.

“Let all this be balanced, and then a guess may easily be made of his sorry arrangement. He can struggle with the *world*, but not with *Providence* ; nor can he resist *sickness, fires, and inundations.*”

“This letter is a complete refutation of the charges made against *John o’Styles*, by a narrow-minded and selfish bachelor ; but at the same time it shows that *John’s* church and state politics were sufficiently *elevated*.

That Mr. Matthew Wesley continued with the Dissenters till his death, is highly probable. But as he appears to have taken no part in the political and polemical disputes which then divided the public, he was thought by several to be indifferent to all forms of religion. "Had this been the case," says MISS WESLEY, (daughter of Charles Wesley) "I should hardly have supposed that such good parents as my grandfather and grandmother, would have entrusted him with their darling daughter *Martha*. He had *Hetty* before. *Martha* often told me she never had any reason to believe it, as he approved of her habit of going regularly to morning prayers *at Church*, and was exemplary moral in his words and actions, esteeming religion, but never talking of its mysteries." *Martha* however complains in a letter which she wrote to her brother John in 1730, that her uncle Matthew was not "*decidedly pious*" though strictly moral. This letter is not to *Martha's* credit, after the kindness and indulgence which she acknowledges he had manifested to her. Besides, it was written at a time when her brothers John and Charles considered that *she* was far from being *enlightened*. This disposition to pronounce on the spiritual state of individuals is not uncommon in the present day. Nothing, however, is more uncharitable.

We have the most minute information respecting Matthew Wesley from some lines to his memory, written by his niece MRS. WRIGHT. We fear, however, they are too laudatory. Matthew Wesley *might* be a good and excellent man in *his way*, but he certainly appears, from all that we can gather respecting him, to have been



avaricious and narrow-minded. He died in the year 1737. We shall insert the verses, which are honourable to his niece, and written in the purest spirit of poetry and feeling. CLIO is her assumed poetic name ; VARO that of *her uncle*.

How can the Muse attempt to sing,  
 Forsaken by her guardian power?  
 Ah me ! that she survives to sing  
 Her friend and patron now no more ?  
 Yet private grief she might suppress,  
 Since CLIO bears no selfish mind ;  
 But oh ! she mourns to wild excess  
 The friend and patron of mankind.

Alas ! the sovereign healing art,  
 Which rescu'd thousands from the grave,  
 Unaided left the gentlest heart,  
 Nor could its skilful master save.  
 Who shall the helpless sex sustain,  
 Now VARO's lenient hand is gone,  
 Which knew so well to soften pain,  
 And ward all dangers but his own ?

His darling Muse, his CLIO dear,  
 Whom first his favour rais'd to fame,  
 His gentle voice vouchsaf'd to cheer ;  
 His art upheld her tender frame.  
 Pale envy durst not show her teeth ;  
 Above contempt she gaily shone  
 Chief favourite, till the hand of death  
 Endanger'd BOTH by striking ONE.

Perceiving well, devoid of fear,  
 His latest fatal conflict nigh,  
 Reclin'd on her he held most dear,  
 Whose breast received his parting sigh ;  
 With ev'ry art and grace adorn'd,  
 By man admir'd, by heaven approv'd,  
 Good VARO died—applauded, mourn'd,  
 And honour'd by the Muse he lov'd.

## CHAP. VII.

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### SAMUEL WESLEY, RECTOR OF EPWORTH.

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EDUCATED IN A DISSENTING ACADEMY.—GOES TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.—HIS REASONS FOR LEAVING THE DISSENTERS.—WRITES AGAINST THEIR ACADEMIES.—MARRIES DR. ANNESLEY'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.—SOLICITED TO FAVOUR POPYERY BY THE FRIENDS OF JAMES II.—WRITES IN FAVOUR OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.—PRESENTED TO THE RECTORY OF EPWORTH.—MRS. WESLEY AND HER HUSBAND DIFFER AS TO THE TITLE OF WILLIAM III.—THE RECTOR PROPOSED FOR AN IRISH BISHOPRIC.—ARCHBISHOP SHARP A KIND FRIEND TO HIM.—HIS LETTERS TO THE ARCHBISHOP.—THE PARSONAGE HOUSE DESTROYED BY FIRE.—MRS. WESLEY'S ACCOUNT OF THAT CALAMITY.—STRANGE PHENOMENA IN THE PARSONAGE HOUSE AFTER IT WAS REBUILT. DR. PRIESTLEY'S OPINION OF THESE DISTURBANCES.—MR. WESLEY'S DISSERTATIONS ON THE BOOK OF JOB—THIS BOOK PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN BY HIS SON JOHN.—HIS DEATH, AS DETAILED BY HIS SON CHARLES.—HIS CHARACTER.—ANECDOTES RESPECTING HIM.—HIS WORKS.

We now proceed to notice the other son of the vicar of Whitchurch. SAMUEL, father of the late Mr. John Wesley, was born at Whitchurch, about the year 1662. He was educated in the free school at Dorchester, and afterwards became a pupil in Mr. MORTON'S academy,\* being designed for the ministry among the *Dissenters*; but his father dying whilst he was young, he forsook them, and went into High Church principles, and political toryism. When he meditated his retreat

\* It appears from DUNTON'S account, that Mr. Wesley was also at MR. EDWARD VEAL'S Dissenting academy, a man whom he describes to be "an universal scholar, and of great piety and usefulness."

into the Episcopal church, he lived with his mother and aunt, both strongly attached to the principles of dissent; and well knowing that they would feel indignant at the disclosure of his apostacy, he got up early one morning, and without acquainting any one with his purpose, set out on foot to Oxford, and entered himself at *Exeter College*. When he began his studies at the university, he had but two pounds sixteen shillings, and no prospect of any further supply. From that time till he graduated, a single crown was all the assistance he received from his friends. It was by composing Elegies, Epitaphs, and Epithalamiums for his friend JOHN DUNTON, who traded in these articles, and kept a stock of them *ready made*, that Mr. Wesley supported himself at Oxford, and had accumulated the sum of £10 15s. when he went to London to be ordained. He took his Bachelor's degree in 1688. Having served in a cure one year, and as chaplain during another, on board a king's ship, he settled upon a curacy in the metropolis, and married.

The reason why Mr. Samuel Wesley left the Dissenters has been variously stated. His son *John* says, "some severe invectives were then written against the Dissenters, and my father being deemed a young man of considerable talents, was pitched upon to answer them. This set him on a course of reading, which soon produced an effect very different from what had been intended. Instead of writing the wished for answer, he saw reason to change his opinions; and actually formed a resolution to renounce the Dissenters, and attach himself to the established church." His own account is as follows, "After my return to London from the university I

contracted an acquaintance with a gentleman of the church of England, who knowing my former way of life, did often importune me to give him an account, in writing, of the Dissenters' methods of education in their private academies, concerning which he had heard from me several passages in former conversations; though, for some time, I did not satisfy him therein. but it was the following occurrence which altered my inclination. I happened to be with some of my former acquaintance at a house in Leadenhall Street, or thereabouts, in the year 1693: all of them were Dissenters except one, and their discourse was so *profane* that I could not endure it, but went to the other side of the room with a doctor of physic, who had been my fellow pupil at Mr. Morton's, and to whom I owe it in justice to declare that he also disliked the conversation.

“A little after this, we went to supper, when they all fell a railing at *monarchy*, and blaspheming the memory of King Charles *the Martyr*,\* discoursing of the

\* LORD CLARENDON, recording the trial and condemnation of Charles I. calls him “the most innocent person in the world,” and designates “the execution” as the most execrable murder that was ever committed since that of our blessed Saviour. The present LORD DOVER remarks on this passage, that “thousands and tens of thousands of men, more innocent than the tyrannical Charles, have been put to death without their execution being likened to that of the Saviour of mankind.” The University of Oxford had hanging in the *Bodleian* library two portraits, one of Christ, and the other of Charles I. exactly similar in every respect, with an account of their *sufferings* at the bottom of each.”

DR. YOUNG, when describing “the last day,” has ventured in a grossly flattering dedication to Queen Anne, to allude to her royal grandsire standing amidst spotless saints, and laureled martyrs, before the awful seat of judgment, in the following manner:—

“His lifted hands his lofty neck surround  
To hide the scarlet of a circling wound;  
The Almighty Judge bends forward from his throne,  
*Those scurs to mark, and then regards his own.*”

CALVES'-HEAD CLUB, and producing, or repeating some verses on that subject. I remember one of the company told us of a design they had at their next meeting, to have a *cold pie* served on the table with either a live *cat* or *hare*:—I have forgot whether, *enclosed*; and they would contrive to put one of the company, who loved monarchy, and knew nothing of the matter, to cut it up, whereupon; and on leaping out of the cat or hare, they were all to set up a shout, and cry, *Hallo, old puss!* to the honour of the good cause, and to show their affection to a commonwealth.

“By this as well as several other discourses which I heard among them, so turned my stomach, and gave me such a just indignation against these *villainous* principles and practices, that I returned to my lodgings, and resolved to draw up what the gentleman desired.”

This is severe enough when charged upon the Dissenters *as a body*, but it does not equal the virulence and coarseness of language in some pamphlets which, about this time, Mr. Wesley wrote against the Dissenters and their academies. He did not, however,

R. M. BEVERLEY, ESQ., in his second Letter to the Archbishop of York, has the following remarks on this subject. “Charles I,” says he, “is so intimately bound up with the church of England, that all things connected with him should be narrowly inspected. He is a blessed *Martyr* in the Prayer-book, and a solemn service is dedicated to his memory on the 30th of January. This service is so transcendently blasphemous that I cannot but bring it before your Grace. The sentences appointed for that service are,—‘He heard the blasphemy of the multitude, and fear was on every side while they conspired together against him, to take away his life,—they took counsel together, saying, God hath forsaken him, persecute him and take him, for there is none to deliver him,’ &c. The second lesson for the morning service, is the crucifixion of our Saviour,—‘*When the morning was come all the chief Priests and Elders of the people took counsel against JESUS, to put him to death,*’ &c. The Gospel appointed for the day is Matt. xxi. ‘Last of all he sent unto them his Son, saying, they will reverence my Son —they said among themselves, this is the *heir*, come let us kill him,’ &c.”

escape with impunity. DE FOE, who was his fellow pupil at MR. MORTON'S academy, thus does honour to the memory of his tutor, and chastises the conduct of his ungrateful pupil:—"Mr. Wesley, author of two pamphlets calculated to blacken our education in the academies of the dissenters, ingeniously confesses himself guilty of many crimes in his youth, and is the readier to confess them, as he would lay them at the door of the dissenters, amongst whom he was educated, though I humbly conceive it no more proof of the immorality of the dissenters in their schools that he was a little rakish himself, than the hanging five students of Cambridge in a short time for robbing on the highway, should prove that *padding* is a science taught at the university. He takes a great deal of pains to prove, that in those academies were, or are taught anti-monarchical principles." This De Foe rebuts by saying, that he had still by him the manuscript of those political exercises which were then performed in the academy, the inspection of which were open to any one. The schools of the Dissenters, he says, "are not so private but that they may be known, and they are not so much ashamed of their performance, but that any churchman may be admitted to hear and see what they teach."

DUNTON, in his life, thus alludes to his brother-in-law at this period, "I must add my old friend, Samuel Wesley. He was educated upon charity in a private academy, if we may take his own word for it, in his late pamphlet, which was designedly written to expose and overthrow those academies. One would have thought that either gratitude, or his own reputation in the world,

and among his relations and his best friends, might have kept him silent; though when a man is resolved to do himself a mischief, who can prevent it." Of MR. MORTON, who was tutor of the academy in which Mr. Wesley was educated, DUNTON, who knew him well, thus speaks:—"His conversation showed him a gentleman. He was the very soul of philosophy; the several manuscripts which he wrote for the use of his private academy, sufficiently showed this. He was a repository of all arts and sciences, and of the graces. His discourses were not stale nor studied, but always new, and occasionally, they were high, but not soaring; practical, but not low. His memory was as vast as his knowledge; yet, (so great was his humility) he knew it the least of any man. Mr. Morton being thus accomplished, (as all will own but *Sam. Wesley*, who has fouled his nest\* in hopes of a bishopric) he certainly must be as fit to bring up young men to the ministry, as any in England."

MR. WILSON, in his "*Life and Times of De Foe*," says, "amongst those who assisted to injure the Dissenters at this time, (1703) was the well known rector of Epworth, *Samuel Wesley*, who had been born and educated amongst them. Having penned some thoughts, intermixed with many gross reflections that deeply affected their character, he transmitted them to a particular friend, who had applied to him for information upon the subject. After slumbering nearly ten years in manuscript, from whence it would have been well for the reputation of the writer if they had never emerged, they were committed to press; and as his biographers say, without his consent or knowledge.

\* See his Satire on Dissenting Academies.

“The time selected for the publication showed the malicious intention of the person; for the Dissenters were then under the frown of the civil powers, and in daily expectation of some fresh act for the curtailment of their liberties. With regard to Mr. Wesley, no excuse can be made for his conduct. If, when he quitted the dissenters, he had been satisfied with his own conformity, and abstained from any ungenerous reflections upon his former benefactors, no one would have had any right to question his motives, or to impeach his conduct. But, unhappily, he appears always to have been deficient in judgment; and the indiscretion of his friend in thus bringing him before the public, laid him open to the heavy charges of baseness and ingratitude.

“The dissenters, being excluded from the public schools, had no other alternative than to institute seminaries of their own, or to rear their children in ignorance. As it was not reasonable that they should so far accommodate themselves to the prejudices of churchmen as to submit to the latter, the other expedient was the only course left them. It might have been expected by any reasonable person, that the ample endowments of the established church, and the total exclusion of dissenters from the least participation in them, would have been sufficient to satisfy the most craving mouths, and to quiet the monopolists. But the demands of bigotry are not easily answered, and the more plentiful the food, the more voracious the appetite. To a mind cast in the mould of SACHEVEREL, who was in the foremost of their accusers, it is no wonder that they should appear ‘an insupportable grievance;’ for in the crucible of party, the most inno-



cent plants are converted by an easy process into the most deadly poison." It is to be regretted that the respectable name of *Wesley* should be dishonoured by an association with this church malignant ; but the sons of the prophets too often degenerate from the virtues of their parents ; and *the apostates from Non-conformity have generally been amongst its bitterest opponents.*

DR. CLARKE says, that though " Mr. Wesley was ill used by several of the dissenters ; he appears too often to attribute the unchristian and cruel treatment he received from them as the work of the *whole body* ; as if dissenting principles must necessarily produce such wicked effects. Besides, he was an unqualified admirer of Charles I., considered him *in the fullest sense a martyr*, and was often intolerant to those who differed from him in this opinion." The Doctor properly adds, that " neither the name, nor peculiar creed of churchmen nor dissenter, is essential to salvation. He alone deserves the title of Christian who wishes well to the human race, and labours to promote, according to his power and influence, the best interests of mankind. No man, professing godliness, should forget to imitate Him who *maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain on the just, and on the unjust.*"

As to the CALVES'-HEAD-CLUB to which Mr. Wesley alludes, we shall give a history of it at the end of this volume, the subject meriting a more detailed account than would be suitable in this place. We shall, however, insert the following lines as a specimen of what was *said* to have been sung at these meetings. We by no means justify the sentiments they contain, though

the composition, as a song, may not be without some merit.

“’Twas an action great and daring,  
Nature smiled at what they did :  
When our fathers nothing fearing,  
Made the haughty tyrant bleed.

“ Priests and we this day observing,  
Only differ in one thing ;  
They are canting, whining, starving,  
We in raptures drink and sing.

“ Advance the *emblem*\* of the action,  
Fill the *calf-skin* full of wine ;  
Drinking ne’er was counted faction,  
Men and gods adore the vine.”

In the APPENDIX we shall endeavour to show that whatever may have been asserted to the contrary, the Dissenters, as a religious community, are exonerated from any participation in the *orgies* of the 30th January. In all societies there will be *individuals* of various tastes and opinions, but it would be absurd to make whole bodies responsible for the faults of a few. When we see tyrants canonized by *authority* as martyrs, or read the decisions of councils or convocations, we have a right to consider them as the acts of *the body* they represent, and treat them accordingly ; but not so the acts of private persons.

We have seen, that after our young collegian left Oxford, he went to London. There he married the youngest daughter of DR. ANNESLEY ; of this lady honourable mention will be made hereafter. Young Wesley’s introduction into this respectable family was

\* The Axe.

probably owing to his acquaintance with DUNTON, for whom he wrote much both in prose and verse. Mr. Wesley is said to have written *two hundred couplets a-day*, certainly too much to be well finished. Soon after his marriage he was presented with the living of *South Ormsby* in Lincolnshire, worth about £50 per annum. This is supposed to be the place of which MR. JOHN WESLEY gives the following account:—  
 “My father’s first preferment in the Church was a small parish given him by the MARQUIS of NORMANBY, afterwards Duke of Buckingham. This nobleman had a house in the parish, where a woman who lived with him usually resided. This lady *would* be intimate with my mother, whether she would or not. To such an intercourse my father would not submit. Coming in one day, and finding this intrusive visitant sitting with my mother, he went up to her, and handed her out. The Marquis resented the affront so outrageously, as to make it necessary for my father to resign the living.”

His brother-in-law, DUNTON, being an adventurous publisher, Mr. Wesley employed him to print his first work,—the title is as follows:—“MAGGOTS, or *Poems on subjects never before handled.*” To this work, which was written at the age of nineteen, Mr. Wesley did not put his name. But there was prefixed to it the portrait of a man writing at a table, *on his forehead a maggot*, and underneath these lines:—

“In’s own defence the author writes,  
 Because when this foul maggot *bites*  
 He ne’er can rest in quiet:  
 Which makes him make so sad a face,  
 He’d beg your Worship, or your Grace,  
 Unsight, unseen, *to buy it.*”

Dunton and Wesley appear to have been connected in several book speculations, but they afterwards quarrelled. On this occasion Dunton thus writes:—"I could be very *magotty* on the character of this conforming dissenter; but except he further provoke me, I bid him farewell till we meet in heaven; and there I hope we shall renew our friendship, for, human frailties excepted, I believe Sam. Wesley to be a pious man."

Dunton further says that "he wrote very much for him both in prose and verse, though he would not name over the titles, for he was then as unwilling to see his name at the bottom of them, as Mr. Wesley would be to subscribe his own."

About this time Mr. Wesley was strongly solicited by the friends of James II. to support the measures of the court in favour of popery, with promises of preferment if he would comply. But he absolutely refused to read the king's *declaration*, and though surrounded with courtiers, soldiers, and informers, he preached boldly against it from Daniel iii. 17, 18,—*If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.* His son Samuel describes this circumstance in the following lines:—

“When zealous JAMES, unhappy sought the way  
To establish Rome by arbitrary sway;  
In vain were bribes shower'd by the guilty crown,  
He sought no favour, as he fear'd no frown.  
Secure in faith, exempt from worldly views,  
He dar'd the *declaration* to refuse:

Then from the sacred pulpit boldly show'd  
 The dauntless *Hebrews*, true to Israel's God ;  
 Who spake regardless of their king's commands,  
 'The God we serve can save us from thy hands ;  
 If not, O monarch, know we choose to die,  
 Thy gods alike, and threatenings, we defy ;  
 No power on earth our faith has e'er controll'd,  
 We scorn to worship idols, though of gold.'  
 Resistless truth damp'd all the audience round,  
 The base informer sickened at the sound ;  
 Attentive courtiers conscious stood amaz'd,  
 And soldiers silent trembled when they gaz'd.  
 No smallest murmur of distaste arose,  
 Abash'd, and vanquish'd, seem'd the church's foes.  
 So when like zeal their bosoms did inspire,  
 The *Jewish* martyrs walk'd unhurt in fire."

When the Revolution of 1688 took place, Mr. Wesley cordially approved of it, and was the first who wrote in its defence. This work he dedicated to QUEEN MARY, who, in consequence, gave him the living of *Epworth*, in Lincolnshire, about the year 1693, and in 1723 he was also presented to that of *Wroote* in the same county. The late Mr. John Wesley has, however, been heard to say, that at first his father was attached to the interests of JAMES, but when he heard him threaten the Master and Fellows of Magdalen College, (lifting up his lean arm,) "If you refuse to obey me, you shall feel the weight of a king's right hand ;" he pronounced him a *tyrant*, and resolved from that time to give him no kind of support.

Mrs. Wesley differed from her husband in opinion concerning the *Revolution*, but as she understood the duty and the wisdom of obedience, she did not express her dissent ; and he discovered it only a year before

King William died, by observing that she did not say *Amen* to the prayers for him. Instead of imitating her forbearance, *he* questioned her upon the subject: and when she told him that she did not believe the Prince of Orange was king, he vowed never to cohabit with her till she did. Mr. John Wesley thus related this anecdote to DR. ADAM CLARKE:—" 'Sukey,' (for that was the familiar name he called his wife Susanna,) 'Sukey,' said my father to my mother one day after family prayer, 'why did you not say Amen this morning to the prayer for the king?' 'Because' said she, 'I do not believe the Prince of Orange to be king.' 'If that be the case,' said he, 'you and I must part; for if we must have two kings, we must have two beds.' My mother was inflexible. My father went immediately to his study; and after spending some time with himself, set out for London, where he remained without visiting his own house the remainder of the year. On the 8th of March the following year, 1702, King William died, and as both my father and mother were agreed as to Queen Anne's title, the cause of their misunderstanding ceased; he returned to Epworth, and conjugal harmony was restored." John was the first child after this separation.

In the beginning of the year 1691, JOHN DUNTON projected a paper which was first entitled "*The Athenian Gazette, or Casuistical Mercury; resolving all the nice and curious questions proposed by the ingenious:*" but which, in a short time, was altered to the "*Athenian Mercury.*" The conductors of this Work were designated the "*Athenian Society,*" and consisted of but three members—JOHN DUNTON,

RICHARD SAULT,\* and SAMUEL WESLEY, who were also the proprietors, and divided the profits amongst them.

Mr. Wesley held the living of Epworth upwards of forty years. His abilities would have done him credit in a more conspicuous situation; and had *Queen Mary* lived longer, it is probable that he would not have spent so great a part of his life in such an obscure corner of the kingdom. Talents found their way into public less readily in that age, than at present.

“About this time,” says MR. MOORE, “the rector of Epworth was in London, when, as the late Mr. John Wesley informed me, his father happened to go into a coffee-house for some refreshment. There were several gentlemen in a box at the other end of the room; one of whom, an officer of the Guards, swore dreadfully. The rector saw that he could not speak to him without much difficulty; he therefore desired the waiter to

\* “In mentioning the name of RICHARD SAULT,” says DR. CLARKE, “I am led to notice a work which then made a great deal of noise in the world, and since that time, both noise and mischief. I mean a pamphlet entitled ‘*the second Spira, or a narrative of the death of the Hon. Fr. N—t, son of the late—*—,’ published by John Dunton; and re-published by MR. WESLEY in the *Arminian Magazine* for 1783. When I first saw this account I believed it to be, what I ever thought the *first Francis Spira* to be, a forgery, and one of a most dangerous tendency, calculated only to drive weak persons into despair. That my judgment concerning the *Second Spira* was not wrong, I learn from JOHN DUNTON, who in his *Life and Errors* gives the history of this work. He tells us that he received the account from *Mr. Richard Sault*, who told him that ‘the materials out of which he had formed the copy were obtained from a Divine of the church of England:’ and he pretends to confirm the truth of it by ‘a letter and preface from the same gentleman.’ When this matter was sifted to the bottom, it was found the story could be traced to no authentic source; and that it was wholly the contrivance of Mr. Sault; who being a man often afflicted with morbid melancholy, and its insupportable companion, despair of God’s mercy, wrote it as a picture of his own mind. When the original memoirs came to be examined, which Mr. Sault pretended to have received as above, they were found to be in his own hand-writing, but disguised. I wish this fact to be known to all religious people, and particularly to the *Methodists*.”

bring him a glass of water. When it was brought, he said aloud, ‘carry it to yon gentleman in the red coat, and desire him to wash his mouth after his oaths.’ The officer rose up in a fury; but the gentlemen in the box laid hold of him, one of them crying out, ‘nay, Colonel, you gave the first offence. You see the gentleman is a *clergyman*. You know it is an affront to swear in his presence.’ The officer was thus restrained, and Mr. Wesley departed.

“Some years after, being again in London, and walking in St. James’s Park, a gentleman joined him, who, after some conversation, enquired if he recollected having seen him before. Mr. Wesley replied in the negative. The gentleman then recalled to his remembrance the scene at the coffee-house, and added, ‘since that time, Sir, I thank God, I have feared an oath; and as I have a perfect recollection of you, I rejoiced at seeing you, and could not refrain from expressing my gratitude to God and you.’ ‘*A word spoken in season how good is it!*’”

From the year 1693 to 1700, Mr. Wesley met with various misfortunes and trials. For a time he possessed the friendship of the Marquis of Normanby, afterwards *Duke of Buckingham*, who made him his chaplain, and recommended him for an *Irish bishopric*. This appears from a letter in Birch’s Life of TILLOTSON, dated August 31st, 1694. The Archbishop writing to the then Bishop of Salisbury says, “My Lord Marquis of Normanby having made Mr. Wesley his chaplain, sent *Colonel Fitzgerald* to propose him for a bishopric in Ireland, wherewith I acquainted her Majesty, who, according to her true judgment, did by no means think fit.”



In the reign of QUEEN ANNE Mr. Wesley's prospects again appeared to brighten. A *poem* which he published upon the battle of Blenheim pleased the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH, and the author was rewarded with the chaplainship of a regiment.\* Of this, however, the Dissenters, with whom he was then engaged in controversy, were powerful enough to deprive him. No enmity is so envenomed as that of religious faction.

In the midst of all his troubles Mr. Wesley had a true and kind friend in DR. JOHN SHARP, Archbishop of York, who acted the part of a most beneficent patron.

\* His larger *Poems* were rather injurious than advantageous to his literary reputation; and, instead of raising him in public estimation as a poet, they exposed him to the derision of the wits, and the censure of the critics. It is said that MR. POPE had but a contemptible opinion of Mr. Wesley's poetical talents, and that in an early edition of the DUNCIAD Mr. Wesley was honoured with a niche in the temple of the "Mighty Mother." He was, however, placed by the side of a respectable companion, DR. WATTS, thus,—

"Now all the suffering brotherhood retire,  
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire;  
A gothic library of Greece and Rome  
Well purg'd; and worthy *Wesley, Watts, and Brome.*"

It is a fact, that in no edition published by Mr. Pope did these names ever occur. In one *surreptitious* edition they were printed thus, W—l—y, W—s; but in the genuine editions of that work the line stood thus, as it does at present,—

"Well purg'd; and worthy *Withers, Quarles, and Blome.*"

DR. WATTS made a serious, but gentle remonstrance to the introduction of his name. "I never offended MR. POPE," said the amiable Doctor, "but have always expressed my admiration of his superior genius. I only wished to see that genius employed more in the cause of religion, and always thought it capable of doing it great credit among the gay, or the more witty part of mankind, who have generally despised it, because it hath not always been so fortunate as to meet with advocates of such exalted abilities as Mr. Pope possesses, and who were capable of turning the finest exertions of wit and genius in its favour." This remonstrance had its effect; and Dr. Watts was no longer to sit in the seat of the Dunces. The removal of Mr. Wesley's name was probably owing to the interposition of his son Samuel, with whom Mr. Pope corresponded, and for whom he always expressed a very particular regard.

To him Mr. Wesley told out his sorrows. We shall give extracts from his correspondence with the Archbishop between the years 1700 to 1707, which fill up a considerable space in his history, and afford a number of curious particulars. We shall see the difficulties with which this good man had to struggle, and the cause of his frequent embarrassments.

“ MY LORD,

“ I have lived on the thoughts of your Grace’s generous offer ever since I was at *Bishopthorpe*; and the hope I have of seeing some end, or at least mitigation of my troubles, makes me pass through them with much more ease than I should otherwise have done. I can now make a shift to be dunned with some patience. I must own I was ashamed, when at Bishopthorpe, to confess I was £300 in debt, when I have a living of which I have made £200 *per annum*, though I could hardly let it now for eight score. I doubt not but one reason of my being sunk so far, is, my not understanding *worldly affairs*, and my aversion to law, which my people have always known but too well. But I think I can give a tolerable account of my circumstances, and satisfy any equitable judge, that a better husband than myself might have been in debt, though perhaps not so deeply, had he been in the same circumstances, and met with the same misfortunes.

“ ’Twill be no great wonder, that when I had but £50 *per annum*, for six or seven years together, nothing to begin the world with, one child at least *per annum*, and my wife sick for half that time, that I had run £150 behind hand. When I had the rectory

of Epworth given me, my LORD of SARUM was so generous as to pass his word to his goldsmith for £100 which I borrowed. It cost me very little less than £50 of this in my journey to London, and getting into my living, for the *Broad Seal*, &c.; and with the other £50 I stopped the mouths of my most importunate creditors.

When I removed to Epworth I was forced to borrow £50 more for setting up a little husbandry, when I took the tithes into my own hands, and buying some part of what was necessary towards furnishing my house, which was larger, as well as my family, than what I had on the other side of the county. The next year my barn fell; which cost me £40 in rebuilding; (thanks to your Grace for part of it) and having an aged mother, who must have gone to prison if I had not assisted her; she cost me upwards of £40 more, which obliged me to take up another £50.\* I have had but three children born since I came hither, about three years since: but another coming, and my wife incapable of any business in my family, as she has been for almost a quarter of a year; yet we have but one maid servant, to retrench all possible expences.

“My first fruits came to about £28, my tenths near £3 *per annum*. I pay a yearly pension of £3 out of my rectory to John of Jerusalem. My taxes came

\* In his family exigences Mr. Wesley was frequently obliged to borrow money: but such was his character for probity, honour, and punctuality, that he could command it wheresoever it was to be had. There was a man of considerable property in Epworth, who was in the habit of lending out money at 35 and £40 per cent. Mr. Wesley was obliged sometimes to borrow from this usurer: and although he was devoured by *auri sacra fames*, yet such was his esteem for an upright character, that in no case did he ever take from Mr. Wesley more than 5 *per cent.* for the use of his money.

to upwards of £20 a-year, but they are now retrenched to about half. My collection to the poor comes to £5 *per annum*: besides which they have lately bestowed an apprentice upon me, which I suppose I must teach to beat *rime*. Ten pounds a-year I allow my mother to keep her from starving.

“Fifty pounds interest and principal I have paid my LORD of SARUM’s goldsmith: all which keeps me necessitous, especially since interest-money begins to pinch me; and I am always called on for money before I make it, and must buy every thing at the worst hand; whereas, could I be so happy as to get on the right side of my income, I should not fear, by God’s help, to live honestly in the world, and leave a little to my children. I think, as ’tis, I could perhaps work it out in time, in half a dozen or half a score years, *if my heart should hold so long*; but as for that, God’s will be done! Humbly asking pardon for this tedious trouble, I am,

Your Grace’s most obliged and humble servant,

SAMUEL WESLEY.”

*Epworth, December 30, 1700.*

The preceding letter made a strong impression on the mind of the benevolent Archbishop; who willing to serve him in every possible way, not only spoke to several of the nobility, but actually proposed to apply to the House of Lords, to obtain for him *a brief for losses by child-bearing*. The COUNTESS of NORTHAMPTON, to whom the Archbishop mentioned Mr. Wesley’s case, sent him £20. For these, and other favours received from, and through, the Archbishop, he expresses himself in a very feeling and energetic letter.

*Epworth, May 14th, 1701.*

“MY LORD,

“In the first place I do, as I am bound, heartily thank God for raising me so great and generous a benefactor as your Grace, when I so little expected or deserved it. I return my poor thanks to your Lordship for the pains and trouble you have been at on my account. I most humbly thank your Grace that you did not close with the motion which you mentioned in your first letter; for I had rather choose to remain all my life in my present circumstances, than consent that your Lordship should do any such thing: nor indeed should I be willing on my own account to trouble the House of Lords in the method proposed; for I believe mine would be the first instance of a brief for losses *by child-bearing*, that ever came before that honourable house.

“When I received your Grace’s first letter, I thanked God upon my knees for it; and have done the same I believe twenty times since, as often as I have read it; and more than once for the other, which I received but yesterday. Certainly never did an Archbishop write in such a manner to an *Isle-poet*; but it is peculiar to your Grace to oblige so as none besides can do it. I know you will be angry, but I can’t help it: truth will out, though in a plain and rough dress; and I should sin against God, if I now neglected to make all the poor acknowledgments I am able.”

After mentioning several matters of a private nature, he states the great kindness of the COUNTESS of NORTHAMPTON; and says he must divide what she had given him, “half to my poor mother, with whom I am

now above a year behind hand; the other ten pounds for my own family. My mother will wait on your Grace for her ten pounds: she knows not the particulars of my circumstances, which I keep from her as much as I can, that they may not trouble her."

The following letter, written about four days after, is both singular and characteristic:—

*Epworth, May 18th, 1701.*

"MY LORD,

"This comes as a rider to my last by the same post, to bring such news as I presume will not be unwelcome to a person who has so particular a concern for me. Last night my wife brought me a *few* children. There are but *two yet*, a boy and a girl. We have had *four* in *two* years and a day, three of which are living. Never came any thing more like a gift from heaven than what the COUNTESS of NORTHAMPTON sent by your Lordship's charitable offices. Wednesday evening my wife and I clubbed, and joined stocks, which came but to *six shillings* to send for coals. Thursday morning I received the ten pounds; and at night my wife was delivered. Glory be to God for his unspeakable goodness!

I am, &c.

S. WESLEY."

About this time Mr. Wesley appears to have had his mind seriously impressed with the miserable state of the *heathen*; and with a strong desire to go to them, and proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. He had mentioned his desire in a general way to ARCH-

BISHOP SHARP, and given him some hints concerning proposals which he had made, probably to "*the Society for the Propagation of Christianity in Foreign parts,*" and to some members of the administration. The Archbishop desired an account of the whole scheme; and he sent him it. Mr. Wesley's plan, however, was not adopted, as far as he himself was personally concerned: but perhaps some of the subsequent operations of the Society for promoting Christian knowledge in the East, were not altogether unindebted to the hints thrown out in this paper.

Mr. Wesley, not having got on the right side of his income, was still grievously troubled with his old creditors, some of whom appear to have been implacable and unmerciful; he was obliged in consequence to take a journey to London, to endeavour to raise some money amongst his friends. In a letter to the Archbishop, dated August 7, 1702, he mentions several sums which he received from eminent persons. With the sums then received, he made up about £60, and came home very joyful, thanked God, paid as many debts as he could, quieted the rest of his creditors, took the management of his tithes into his own hands, and had £10 10s. left.

In the same letter, a very grievous and distressing occurrence is thus related. After mentioning the joy he felt on being enabled to discharge so many small debts, in consequence of which he was permitted to take his own harvest, he adds:—

“But he that's born to be a poet, must, I am afraid, live and die so; [that is, *poor*] for, on the last day of July 1702, a fire broke out in my house, by some

sparks which took hold of the *thatch* this dry time, and consumed about two-thirds of it before it could be quenched. I was at the lower end of the town visiting a sick person. As I was returning, they brought me the news: I got one of R. COGAN's horses, rode up, and heard by the way that my wife, children, and books, were saved; for which God be praised, as well as for what he has taken. They were all together in my study, and the fire under them. When it broke out, my wife got two of the children in her arms and ran through the smoke and fire; but one of them was left in the hurry till the other cried for her; and the neighbours ran in and got her out through the fire, as they did my books, and most of my goods;—this very paper amongst the rest, which I afterwards found, as I was looking over what was saved.

“I find 'tis some happiness to have been miserable, for my mind has been so blunted with former misfortunes, that this scarcely made any impression upon me. I shall go on, by God's assistance, to take my tithe, and when that's in, to rebuild my house; having, at last, crowded my family into what's left, and not missing many of my goods.

“I humbly ask your Grace's pardon for this long, melancholy story, and subscribe myself

Your ever obliged,

S. WESLEY.”

The parsonage house at Epworth was thus nearly consumed by this fire; but in a few years it was *totally* burnt down, and rebuilt at Mr. Wesley's own expence. This house remains to the present day; in all respects greatly superior to the preceding.



The Archbishop again came forward with his purse and his influence, which produced the following letter from Mr. Wesley, drawn up in the spirit of gratitude :—

*Epworth, March 20th, 1703.*

“ MY LORD,

“ I have heard that all great men have the art of forgetfulness, but never found it in such perfection as in your Lordship ; only it is in a different way from others ; for most forget their promises, but you, those benefits you have conferred. I am pretty confident you neither reflect on, nor imagine, how much you have done for me ; nor what sums I have received by your Lordship’s bounty. Will you permit me to show you an account of some of them.

	£.	s.	d.
From the Marchioness of Normanby .....	20	0	0
The Lady Northampton (I think) .....	20	0	0
Duke and Duchess of Buckingham ... ..	26	17	6
The Queen.....	43	0	0
The Bishop of Sarum .....	40	0	0
The Archbishop of York .....	10	0	0
Besides lent to (almost) a desperate debtor	25	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£184	17	6
	<hr/>		

“ A frightful sum, if one saw it altogether : but it is beyond thanks, and I must never hope to perform that as I ought, till another world ; where, if I get first into the harbour, I hope none shall go before me in welcoming your Lordship into everlasting habitations ; where you will be no more tired with my follies, nor

concerned at my misfortunes. If it be not too bold a request, I beg your Grace will not forget me, though it be but in your prayer '*for all sorts and conditions of men :*' among whom, as none has been more obliged to you, so I am sure none ought to have a deeper sense of it, than your most dutiful servant,

S. WESLEY."

In May 1705, there was a contested election for the county of Lincoln. SIR JOHN THORALD, and a person called the Champion DYMOKE, were opposed by COLONEL WHICHCOTT and MR. BERTIE. Mr. Wesley, supposing there was a design to overthrow "the church," and that Whichcott and Bertie were favourable to the measure, he espoused the cause of the opposite party, which happened to be unpopular and unsuccessful. He was thus exposed to great insult and danger; not only by the mob, but by some leading men of the successful faction. This appears evident from two letters written by him to ARCHBISHOP SHARP, from which we extract the following particulars :

"I went to Lincoln on Tuesday night, May 29th, and the election began on Wednesday the 30th. A great part of the night our Isle people kept shouting, drumming, and firing off pistols and guns, under the window where my wife lay; who had been brought to bed not three weeks. I had put the child to a nurse over against my own house : this noise kept the nurse waking till one or two in the morning. Then they left off; and the nurse being heavy to sleep, overlaid the child. She awaked, and finding it dead, ran over with it to my house, almost distracted, and calling my ser-

vants, threw it into their arms. They, as wise as she, ran up with it to my wife, and, before she was well awake, threw it, cold and dead, into her arms. She composed herself as well as she could, and that day got it buried.

“A clergyman met me in the castle-yard, and told me to withdraw, for the Isle people intended me mischief. Another told me he had heard nearly twenty of them say, if they got me into the castle-yard, they would *squeeze my guts out!* I went by Gainsborough, and God preserved me. When they knew I had got home, they sent the guns, drum, mob, &c. as usual, to *compliment* me till after midnight. One of them passing by on Friday evening, and seeing my children in the yard, cried out, ‘Oh ye devils! we will come and turn you all out of doors a begging shortly.’ God convert them, and forgive them! All this, thank God, does not in the least sink my *wife’s* spirits. For my own I feel them troubled and disordered; but after all, I am going on with my reply to PALMER;\* which, whether I am in prison, or out of it, I hope to get finished by next session of parliament.

S. WESLEY.”

*Epworth, June, 7, 1705.*

“It appears,” says DR. CLARKE, “that Mr. Wesley was to blame for the part he took in this election; as on his own showing, he acted imprudently, and laid himself open to those who waited for his halting; and who seemed to think they did God service, by doing him a mischief.” They knew him to be a high church-

\* Mr. Wesley here alludes to his second attack on the Dissenters.

man, and consequently an enemy to liberty. He was under pecuniary obligations to some principal men among the Dissenters; and he was often given to understand, by no obscure intimations, that he must either immediately discharge those obligations, or else expect to be shortly lodged in Lincoln castle. These were not vain threats, as appears from the following letter written to the Archbishop of York:—

*Lincoln Castle, June 25th, 1705.*

“MY LORD,

“I am now at rest, for I have come to the haven where I have long expected to be. On Friday last, after I had been christening a child at Epworth, I was arrested in the church yard by one who had been my servant, at the suit of a relation of Mr. Whichcott’s, according to promise, when they were in the Isle before the election. The sum was not £30. One of my biggest concerns was leaving my poor lambs in the midst of so many wolves. But the great Shepherd is able to provide for them, and to preserve them. My *wife* bears it with that courage which becomes her. I don’t despair of doing some good here, and it may be I shall do more in this *new parish*, than in my old one; for I have leave to read prayers every morning and afternoon in this prison, and, to preach once a Sunday, which I choose to do in the afternoon, when there is no service at the Minster. I am getting acquainted with my brother *jail-birds* as fast as I can, and shall write to London, next post, to “the Society for promoting Christian knowledge,” who I hope will send me some books to distribute amongst them. I

should not write these things from a jail, if I thought your Grace would believe me less for being here, where, if I should lay my bones, I'd bless God, and pray for your Grace.

S. WESLEY."

This letter had a proper effect on the Archbishop, who wrote to Mr. Wesley, stating his sympathy, and what he had heard against him; especially as to his great obligation to *Colonel Whichcott, &c.*, to which Mr. Wesley immediately replied, giving a satisfactory *exposé* of all his affairs,—his debts—and how they were contracted; at the same time showing that the reports which had reached the ears of his Grace were entirely false.

It is much to be regretted that party spirit in *politics* is so frequently outrageous. It seems sometimes to know no friend, feels no obligation, is unacquainted with the dictates of honesty, charity and mercy. All the charities of life are outraged and trampled under foot by it; common honesty is not heard, and lies and defamation go abroad by wholesale. Even at this day, when the morals of the nation are so greatly improved, these evils remain in great vigour. What then must they have been more than a hundred years ago?\*

Mr. Wesley and his family had already suffered much on account of his political sentiments. The

\* The Rector's son *John* states in his *History of England* that his father wrote the famous speech for DR. SACHEVEREL. It has, however, been usually ascribed to BISHOP ATTERBURY, and with much greater probability. That it was not written by Sacheverel is evident, for BISHOP BURNET says, "the style was more correct, and far different from his own."

party opposed to him was not satisfied with loading him with obloquies and casting him into prison, but proceeded even to the *stabbing of his cows* in the night, and thereby drying up the sources from whence his family derived the necessaries of life.

As it was evident that many of his sufferings were occasioned by the malice of those who hated both his ecclesiastical and state politics, the *clergy* lent him prompt and effectual assistance; so that in a short time more than half his debts were paid, and the rest in a train of being liquidated. These things he mentions with the highest gratitude in the following letter to the ARCHBISHOP of YORK:—

*Lincoln Castle, Sept. 17th, 1705.*

“MY LORD,

“I am so full of God’s mercies, that neither my eyes nor heart can hold them. When I came hither my stock was but little above ten shillings, and my wife’s at home scarcely so much. She soon sent me her *rings*, because she had nothing else to relieve me with; but I returned them, and God soon provided for me. The most of those who have been my benefactors keep themselves concealed. But they are all known to Him who first put it into their hearts to show me so much kindness; and I beg your Grace to assist me to praise God for it, and to pray for his blessing upon them.

“This day I received a letter from MR. HOAR, that he has paid £95 which he has received from me. He adds that ‘a very great man has just sent him £30 more:’ he mentions not his name, though surely it must be my patron. I find I walk a deal higher, and

hope I shall sleep better now these sums are paid, which will make almost half of my debts. I am a bad beggar, and worse at returning formal thanks: but I can pray heartily for my benefactors, and I hope I shall do it while I live; and so long beg to be esteemed

Your Grace's thankful servant,

SAM. WESLEY."

It appears that MR. WESLEY did not remain in Lincoln Castle more than three months, and after his liberation he seems to have got on in life more pleasantly, though in 1709 a severe calamity happened by the burning down of the Rectory, which threatened him and his whole family with destruction. All who have written respecting this calamity, except Mr. John Wesley, have supposed it was occasioned by accident; he, however, attributes it to the wickedness of some of the rector's parishioners, who could not bear the plain dealing of so faithful and resolute a pastor.

The following anecdote related to MR. MOORE by MR. JOHN WESLEY will perhaps throw light upon this circumstance. "Many of my father's parishioners gave him much trouble about the *tithes*. At one time they would only pay them *in kind*. Going into a field upon one of those occasions, where the tithe-corn was laid out, my father found a farmer very deliberately at work with a pair of shears, cutting off the ears of corn and putting them into a bag, which he had brought with him for that purpose. He said nothing at the time, but took the man by the arm and walked with him into the town. When they got into the market-place, my father seized the bag, and turning it inside out, before all the

people, told them what the farmer had been doing. He then left him with his pilfered spoils to the judgment of his neighbours, and walked quietly home." A letter written by Mrs. Wesley to a MR. HOOLE gives the fullest account of this destructive fire: we extract it from MOORE'S Life of Mr. John Wesley.

*August 24, 1709.*

" SIR,

" My master is much concerned that he was so unhappy as to miss of seeing you at Epworth; and he is not a little troubled that the great hurry of business, about building his house, will not afford him leisure to write. He has, therefore, ordered me to satisfy your desire as well as I can, which I shall do by a simple relation of matters of fact, though I cannot at this distance of time recollect every calamitous circumstance that attended our strange reverse of fortune. On Wednesday night, February 9th, between the hours of eleven and twelve, our house took fire; from what cause God only knows. It was discovered by some sparks falling from the roof upon a bed, where one of the children (*Hetty*) lay, and burning her feet. She immediately ran to our chamber and called us; but I believe no one heard her; for Mr. Wesley was alarmed by a cry of FIRE in the street, upon which he rose, little imagining that his own house was on fire; but, on opening his door, he found it was full of smoke, and that the roof was already burnt through. He immediately came to my room, (as I was very ill, he lay in a separate room,) and bid me and my two eldest daughters rise quickly, and shift for our lives, the house being all



on fire. Then he ran and burst open the nursery door, and called to the maid to bring out the children. The two little ones lay in the bed with her; the three others in another bed. She snatched up the youngest and bid the rest follow, which they did, except *Jacky*. When we were got into the hall and saw ourselves surrounded by flames, and that the roof was on the point of falling, we concluded ourselves inevitably lost, as Mr. Wesley, in his fright, had forgot the keys of the doors above stairs. But he ventured up stairs once more and recovered them, a minute before the staircase took fire. When we opened the street door the north-east wind drove the flames in with such violence that none could stand against them. Mr. Wesley only had such presence of mind as to think of the garden door, out of which he helped some of the children; the rest got through the windows: I was not in a condition to climb up to the windows, nor could I get to the garden door. I endeavoured three times to force my passage through the street door, but was as often beat back by the fury of the flames. In this distress I besought our blessed Saviour to preserve me, if it were his will, from that death, and then *waded* through the fire, naked as I was, which did me no further harm than a little scorching of my hands and face.

“While Mr. Wesley was carrying the children into the garden, he heard the child in the nursery cry out miserably for help, which extremely affected him; but his affliction was much increased, when he had several times attempted the stairs then on fire, and found they would not bear his weight. Finding it was impossible to get near him, he gave him up for lost,

and kneeling down, he commended his soul to God, and left him, as he thought, perishing in the flames. But the boy seeing none come to his help, and being frightened, the chamber and bed being on fire, he climbed up to the casement, where he was soon perceived by the men in the yard, who immediately got up and pulled him out, just in the article of time that the house fell in and beat the chamber to the ground. Thus by the infinite mercy of Almighty God, our lives were all preserved, by little less than a miracle; for there passed but a few minutes between the first alarm of fire, and the falling of the house."

MR. JOHN WESLEY'S account of what happened to himself varies a little from this relation given by his mother. "I believe" says he, "it was just at that time (when they thought they heard me cry) I waked; for I did not cry as they imagined, unless it was afterwards. I remember all the circumstances as distinctly as though it were but yesterday. Seeing the room was very light, I called to the maid to take me up. But none answering, I put my head out of the curtains, and saw streaks of fire on the top of the room. I got up and ran to the door, but could get no further, all the floor beyond it being in a blaze. I then climbed up a chest that stood near the window: one in the yard saw me, and proposed running to fetch a ladder. Another answered, 'there will not be time; but I have thought of an expedient. Here I will fix myself against the wall; lift a light man, and set him on my shoulders.' They did so, and he took me out of the window. Just then the roof fell; but it fell inward, or we had all been crushed at once. When they brought me into the

house where my father was, he cried out, 'come neighbours, let us kneel down! let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my eight children: let the house go, I am rich enough!'

"The next day, as he was walking in the garden and surveying the ruins of the house, he picked up part of a leaf of his *Polyglott Bible*, on which just these words were legible. *Vade; vende omnia quæ habes, et attolle crucem et sequere me.* Go; sell all that thou hast; and take up thy cross and follow me."

MR. JOHN WESLEY remembered this providential deliverance through life with the deepest gratitude. In reference to it, he had a house in *flames* engraved as an emblem *under* one of his portraits, with these words for the motto, "is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?" The peculiar danger and wonderful escape of *John*, excited a great deal of attention and inquiry at the time, especially amongst the friends and relations of the family. His brother *Samuel* being then at Westminster, writes to his mother on this occasion in the following words, complaining that they did not inform him of the particulars. "As I have not yet heard a word from the country since the first letter you sent me after the fire, I am quite ashamed to go to any of my relations. They ask me whether my father means to leave Epworth? whether he is building his house? whether he has lost all his books and papers? if nothing was saved? whether was the lost child a boy or a girl? what was its name? &c.; to all which I am forced to answer, I cannot tell; I do not know; I have not heard. I have asked my father some of these questions, but am still an *ignoramus*."

The greatest loss, at least to posterity, in consequence of this fire, was the destruction of all the *family papers*:—The whole of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley's writings, and correspondence, besides many papers and documents relative to the *Annesley Family*, and particularly to DR. ANNESLEY himself, were totally consumed. Mrs. Wesley was his most beloved child, and he entrusted to her many invaluable manuscripts. After this fire, the family was scattered to different parts, the children being divided amongst neighbours, relatives, and friends, till the house was rebuilt. MATTHEW WESLEY, the uncle, took *Susanna* and *Mehetabel*, with whom their mother corresponded, in order to confirm them in those divine truths they had already received. Having lost by the fire, the fruits of her former labours, on the evidences of revealed religion, Mrs. Wesley began her work *de novo*, and in a long, but excellent letter to her daughter *Susanna*, (which from its length resembles a treatise,) went over the most important articles of the Christian faith, taking for her ground-work 'the apostle's creed.' This invaluable paper displays considerable knowledge of divinity, and contains many fine passages and just definitions.

About the end of the year 1715, and the beginning of 1716, there were some *noises* heard in the parsonage house at Epworth, so unaccountable, that every person by whom they were heard, believed them to be supernatural. At the latter end of the year 1715, the maid-servant was terrified, by hearing at the dining-room door, several dismal *groans*, as of a person at the point of death. The family gave little heed to her story, and endeavoured to laugh her out of her fears;

but a few nights afterwards they began to hear strange *knockings*, usually three or four at a time, in different parts of the house; every person heard these noises, except Mr. Wesley himself, and as according to vulgar opinion, such sounds are not heard by the individual to whom they forebode evil, they refrained from telling him, lest he should suppose it betokened his own death, as they all indeed apprehended.

At length, however, these disturbances became so great and frequent, that few or none of the family durst be left alone; and Mrs. Wesley thought it better to inform her husband; for it was not possible that the matter could long be concealed from him; and moreover, as she said, she "was minded he should speak to it." These noises were now various, as well as strange: loud rumblings above stairs or below; a clatter among bottles, as if they had all at once been dashed to pieces; footsteps as of a man going up and down stairs at all hours of the night; sounds like that of dancing in an empty room; *gobling like a turkey-cock*, but most frequently a knocking about the beds at night, and in different parts of the house. Mrs. Wesley would at first have persuaded the children and servants, that it was occasioned by *rats* within doors, and mischievous persons without, and her husband had recourse to the same ready solution: or some of his daughters, he supposed sat up late and made a noise; and a hint, that their *lovers* might have something to do with the mystery, made the young ladies heartily hope their father might soon be convinced that there was more in the matter than he was disposed to believe.

In this they were not disappointed, for the next

evening, a little after midnight, *he* was awakened by nine loud and distinct knocks, which seemed to be in the next room, with a pause at every third stroke. He arose, and went to see whether he could discern the cause, but could perceive nothing; still he thought it might be some person out of doors, and relied upon a stout mastiff to rid them of this nuisance. But the dog, which upon the first disturbance had barked violently, was ever afterwards cowed by it, and seeming more terrified than any of the children, came whining to his master and mistress, as if to seek protection in a human presence. And when the man-servant, Robin Brown, took the mastiff at night into his room, to be at once a guard and a companion, so soon as the latch began to jar as usual, the dog crept *into bed*, and barked and howled so as to alarm the house.

The fears of the family for Mr. Wesley's life being removed as soon as he had *heard* the mysterious noises, they began to apprehend that one of the sons had met with a violent death, and more particularly *Samuel*, the eldest. The father, therefore, one night after several deep groans had been heard, adjured it to speak if it had power, and tell him why it troubled the house; and upon this three distinct knockings were heard. He then questioned it, if it were Samuel his son, bidding it, if it were, and could not speak, to knock again: but to his great comfort there was no farther knocking that night; and when they heard that Samuel, and the two boys were safe and well, the visitations of the goblin became rather a matter of curiosity and *amusement*, than of alarm. *Emilia* gave it the name of old *Jeffrey*, and by this name he was known as a harmless,

though by no means an agreeable, inmate of the parsonage. Jeffrey was not a malicious goblin, but he was easily offended.

Before Mrs. Wesley was satisfied that there was something supernatural in the noises, she recollected that one of her neighbours had frightened the *rats* from his dwelling by *blowing a horn*. The horn therefore was borrowed, and blown *stoutly* about the house *for half a day*, greatly against the judgment of one of her daughters, who maintained, that if it were any thing supernatural, it would certainly be very angry, and more troublesome. Her opinion was verified by the event: Jeffrey had never till then begun his operations during *the day*; but from that time he came by day, as well as by night, and was louder than before. And he never entered Mr. Wesley's study, till the owner one day rebuked him sharply, calling him *a deaf and dumb devil*, and bade him cease to disturb the innocent children, and come to him in his study, if he had any thing to say.

This was a sort of defiance, and Jeffrey took him at his word. No other person in the family ever *felt* the goblin but Mr. Wesley, who was thrice pushed by it with considerable force. So he relates, and his evidence is clear and distinct. He says also, that once or twice when he spoke to it, he heard two or three feeble *squacks*, a little louder than the chirping of a bird, but not like the noise of rats. What is said of an actual appearance is not so well confirmed. Mrs. Wesley thought she saw something run from under the bed, and said it most resembled a *badger*, but she could not well say of what shape; and the man saw something like a

*white rabbit*, which came from behind the oven with its ears flat upon the neck, and its little scut standing straight up. A shadow may possibly explain the first of these appearances; the other may be imputed to that proneness, which ignorant persons so commonly evince, to exaggerate in all uncommon cases.

These circumstances, therefore, though apparently silly in themselves, in no degree invalidate the other parts of the story, which rest upon the concurrent testimony of many intelligent witnesses. The door was once violently pushed against *Emilia*, when there was no person on the outside; the latches were frequently lifted up; the windows clattered always before Jeffrey entered a room, and whatever iron or brass was there, was rung and jarred exceedingly. It was observed also that the wind commonly rose after any of his noises, and increased with it, and whistled loudly around the house. Mr. Wesley's *trencher*, (for it was before our potteries had pushed their ware into every village throughout the kingdom,) *danced* one day upon the table to his no small amazement; and the handle of Robin's hand mill, at another time was turned round with great swiftness: unluckily Robert had just done grinding: nothing vexed him, he said, "but that the mill was empty; if there had been corn in it, Jeffrey might have *ground his heart out* before he would have disturbed him."

It was plainly a *Jacobite* goblin, and seldom suffered Mr. Wesley to pray for the King, and the Prince of Wales, without disturbing the family prayers. Mr. Wesley was sore upon this subject, and became angry, and therefore repeated the prayer. But when Samuel



was informed of this, his remark was, "as to the devil being an enemy to king George, were I the King, I would rather *old Nick* should be my enemy than my friend." The children were the only persons who were distressed by these visitations: the manner in which they were affected is remarkable: when the noises began, they appeared to be frightened in their sleep, a sweat came over them, and they panted and trembled till the disturbance was so loud as to awake them. Before the noises ceased, the family had become quite accustomed to them, and were tired of hearing, or speaking on the subject. "Send me some news," said one of the sisters to her brother Samuel, "for we are secluded from the sight, or hearing of any thing, except *Jeffrey*."

There is a letter in existence from *Emilia* to her brother *John*, dated 1750, from which, says DR. CLARKE, it appears "that *Jeffrey* continued his operations at least thirty-four years after he *retired* from Epworth." We shall give an extract from the letter referred to. "Dear Brother, I want most sadly to see you, and talk hours with you, as in times past. One reason is *that wonderful thing* called by us *Jeffrey*! You won't laugh at me for being superstitious, if I tell you how certainly *that something* calls on me against any extraordinary new affliction; but so little is known of the invisible world, that I, at least, am not able to judge whether it be a *friendly* or an *evil* spirit."

DR. CLARKE also states that, "the story of the disturbances at the Parsonage-house is not *unique*: I myself and others of my particular acquaintances, were *eye and ear-witnesses* of transactions of a similar

kind, which could never be traced to any source of trick or imposture; and appeared to be the forerunners of two very *tragic* events in the disturbed family, after which no noise or disturbance ever took place. In the *History of my own Life*, I have related this matter in sufficient detail." We may therefore expect that the Doctor's Auto-biography, recently announced, will be an amusing work.

Any one who, in this age, relates such a story, and treats it as not utterly incredible and absurd, must expect to be ridiculed; but the testimony upon which it rests is far too strong to be set aside because of the strangeness of the relation. The letters which passed at the time between Samuel Wesley, and the family at Epworth, the journal which Mr. Wesley kept of these remarkable transactions, and the evidence concerning them, which John afterwards collected, fell into the hands of DR. PRIESTLEY, and were published by him as being, he says, "perhaps the best authenticated, and best told story of the kind that is any where extant." He also observes in favour of the story, "that all the parties seem to have been sufficiently void of fear, and also free from credulity, except the general belief that such things were *supernatural*." But he argues, that when no good end was to be answered, we may safely conclude that no *miracle* was wrought; and he supposes as the most probable solution, that it was a trick of the servants, assisted by some of the neighbours, for the sake of amusing themselves, and puzzling the family.

In reply to this, it may safely be asserted, that many of the circumstances cannot be explained by any such supposition, nor by any *Legerdemain*, nor by

and *Ventriloquism*, nor by any secrets of *Acoustics*. The former argument would be valid, if the term miracle were applicable to the case; but by miracle Dr. PRIESTLEY evidently intends a manifestation of Divine power, and in the present instance no such manifestation is supposed, any more than in the appearance of a departed spirit. Such things may be *preternatural*, and yet not *miraculous*; they may be not in the ordinary course of nature, and yet imply no alteration of its laws. And with regard to the good end which they may be supposed to answer, it would be end sufficient, if sometimes one of those unhappy persons, who, looking through the dim glass of infidelity, sees nothing beyond this life, and the narrow sphere of mortal existence, should from the well-established truth of one such story, (trifling and objectless as it might otherwise appear) be led to a conclusion that, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his philosophy.\*

It appears that the rector of Epworth was occasionally at *Leeds*. THORESBY, in his Diary, says "I was visited to-day by the *noted poet* Mr. Wesley, then at ALDERMAN ROOKE'S." From several letters in Thoresby's published correspondence, it also appears that the rector's great friend and patron, ARCHBISHOP SHARP, strove hard to prevail upon Thoresby to leave the Dissenters, (with whom he was connected, and by whom he seems to have been too much caressed,) and attach himself to the church. Thoresby at length became a churchman, and it is not improbable but that

\* See SOUTHEY'S Life of Wesley; and the APPENDIX to this volume.

the zealous rector's representations of the Dissenters might have had some influence in this secession.

From the year 1716 to 1731, we know little of the personal history of the Rector of Epworth. We may presume, however, that he devoted his time between the duties of his parish, and in preparing for publication his elaborate work on the book of Job. In the year 1731 we find that Mr. Wesley met with an accident which was likely to prove fatal to him. His son *John*, then at Oxford, having heard some account of it, wrote to his mother for particulars, and she sent him the following letter:—

*Epworth, July 12, 1731.*

“DEAR JACKY,

“——— The particulars of your father's fall are as follow:—On Friday the 4th of June, I, your sister Martha, and our maid, were going with him in our waggon to see the ground we hire of *Mrs. Knight* at Low Millwood: he sat in a chair at one end of the waggon, I in another at the other end, Matty between us, and the maid behind me. Just before we reached the close, going down a small hill, the horses took into a gallop;—out flies your father and his chair: the maid seeing the horses run, hung all her weight on my chair, which prevented me from keeping him company. She cried out to William to stop the horses, for that her master was killed. The fellow leaped out of the seat and stayed the horses, then ran to Mr. Wesley, but ere he got to him, two neighbours, who were providentially met together, raised his head, upon which he had pitched, and held him backward: by this means he began to respire, for 'tis certain, by the blackness of his face,

that he had never drawn breath from the time of his fall till they helped him up. By this time I was got to him, asked him how he did, and persuaded him to drink a little ale, for we had brought a bottle with us; he looked *prodigiously* wild, but began to speak, and told me he ailed nothing. I informed him of his fall; he said he knew nothing of any fall, he was as well as ever he was in his life. We bound up his head, which was very much bruised, and helped him into the waggon again, and set him at the bottom of it, while I supported his head between my hands, and the man led the horses softly home. I presently sent for MR. HARPER, who took a great quantity of blood from him; and then he began to feel pain in several parts, particularly in his side and shoulder. He had a very ill night; but on Saturday morning Mr. Harper came again to him, dressed his head, and gave him something which much abated the pain in his side. We repeated the dose at bed time, and on Whit-Sunday he preached twice, and gave the sacrament, which was too much for him to do. On Monday he was ill, slept almost all day: on Tuesday the gout came, but with two or three nights taking *Bateman* it went off again, and he has since been better than he expected. We thought at first the waggon had gone over him, but it went only over his *gown* sleeve, and the nails took a little skin off his knuckles, but did him no farther hurt."

From EVERETT'S "*Sketches of Wesleyan Methodism, in Sheffield and its Vicinity,*" it appears that Mr. John Wesley, *prior to his leaving college*, "was on a visit at Wentworth House, near Sheffield, in 1733, with his *father*, who was then engaged in some literary work,

[Dissertations on the Book of Job] and found it necessary to consult the library of the MARQUIS of ROCKINGHAM. Their stay being prolonged over the Sabbath-day, Mr. John Wesley occupied the pulpit in Wentworth church, to the no small gratification of the parishioners. What tended to excite more than usual attention was, that the preacher was a stranger, the son of a venerable clergyman, and had his father as a hearer. MR. BIRKS, a very old man, lately living at Sheffield, was then about eight years of age, and went to church with his father in company with a neighbour, of the name of MR. JOHN DUKE. The latter, on their return from public worship, passed an encomium on the preacher, and noticed, as Mr. Birks distinctly recollected, an appropriate quotation in the course of the sermon from the works of ARCHBISHOP USHER."

Mr. Wesley had been long engaged in a work that had for its object the elucidation of *the book of Job*; proposals for the printing of which were published in 1729. The latest human desires of this good man were, that he might complete his work on Job, pay his debts, and see his eldest son once more. The first of these desires was nearly accomplished. His Dissertations on Job is by far his most elaborate work, being the labour of many years. He collated all the copies that he could meet with of the original, and the Greek and other versions and editions. All his early labours on this work were unfortunately destroyed by the burning down of the Parsonage House, in 1709; but in the decline of life he resumed the task, though oppressed with the gout and palsy. Amongst other assistances in this work, he particularly acknowledges that of his

three sons, and his friend *Maurice Johnson*. The book was printed at MR. BOWYER'S press. How much is it to be wished that the productions of all our great typographers had been recorded with equal diligence! The *Dissertationes in Librum Jobi* has a curious emblematical Portrait of the author. It represents Job in a chair of state, dressed in a robe bordered with fur, sitting beneath a gateway, on the arch of which is written JOB PATRIARCHA. He bears a sceptre in his hand; and in the back-ground are seen two of the Pyramids of Egypt. His position exactly corresponds with the idea given us by the Scriptures in the book of Job, chap. xxix. v. 7. *When I went out to the gate through the city, when I prepared my seat in the street!* according to the custom of those times of great men sitting at the gate of the city to decide causes.

It is a curious fact, that Mr. Wesley, wishing to to have a true representation of the *war horse* described by Job, and hearing that LORD OXFORD had one of the finest Arabian horses in the world, wrote to his Lordship for permission to have his likeness taken for the work. That this request was granted there is little room to doubt; and we may therefore safely conclude that the *horse* represented in Mr. Wesley's Dissertations on the book of Job, page 338, which was engraved by COLE, is intended for what is called "*Lord Oxford's Bloody Arab;*" but the portrait is neither well drawn nor well engraved; and this is the more to be regretted, as the model was so perfect in its kind. The original letter, containing the request, we insert: it is conceived with great delicacy of sentiment, and is elegantly expressed:—

“MY LORD,

“Your Lordship’s accumulated favours on my eldest son of Westminster, are so far from discouraging me from asking one for myself, that they rather excite me to do it, especially when your Lordship has been always so great a patron of learning and all useful undertakings. I hope I may have some pretence to the latter, how little soever I may have to the former; and have taken some pains in my *Dissertations on Job* to illustrate the description, though it is impossible to add any thing to it. For this reason I would, if it were possible, procure a draft of the finest Arab horse in the world; and having had an account from several, that your Lordship’s Bloody Arab answers the character, I have an ambition to have him drawn by the best artist we can find, and place him as the greatest ornament of my work. If your Lordship has a picture of him, I would beg that my engraver may take a draft from it; or if not, that my son may have the liberty to get one drawn from the life; either of which will make him, if possible, as well as myself, yet more

Your Lordship’s most devoted humble servant,  
SAMUEL WESLEY.”

In the following letter to GENERAL OGLETHORPE, the Rector mentions the progress he had made in his intended publication on the book of Job; and also the obligations he was under to the General for kindnesses shown to himself and sons.\* This letter is not in DR. CLARKE’S publication, having been recently discovered.

\* It appears from a list of subscriptions annexed to Mr. Wesley’s *Dissertations on Job*, that GENERAL OGLETHORPE took *seven* copies of the work on large paper, which would amount to at least twenty pounds.



*Epworth, July 6, 1734.*

“HONOURED SIR,

“May I be admitted, while such crowds of our Nobility and Gentry are pouring in their congratulations, to press with my poor mite of thanks into the presence of one who so well deserves the title of universal benefactor of mankind. It is not only your valuable favours on many accounts to my son, late of Westminster, and myself, when I was not a little pressed in the world, nor your more extensive and generous charity to the poor prisoners; it is not this only that so much demands my warmest acknowledgments, as your disinterested and immoveable attachment to your country, and your raising a new country, or rather a little world of your own, in the midst of almost wild woods and uncultivated deserts, where men may live free and happy, if they are not hindered by their own stupidity and folly, in spite of the unkindness of their brother mortals. I owe you, Sir, besides this, some account of my little affairs since the beginning of your expedition. Notwithstanding my own and my son’s violent illness, which held me half a year, and him above twelve months, I have made a shift to get more than three parts in four of my *Dissertations on Job* printed off, and both the printing, paper and maps, hitherto paid for. My son John, at Oxford, now his elder brother is gone to Tiverton, takes care of the remainder of the impression in London; and I have an ingenious artist here with me in my house at Epworth, who is gravings, and working off the remaining maps and figures for me, so that I hope if the printer does not hinder me, I shall have the whole ready by next spring; and, by God’s

leave, be in London myself to deliver the books perfect. I print five hundred copies, as in my proposals; whereof I have about three hundred already subscribed for; and among my subscribers, fifteen or sixteen English bishops, with some of Ireland.

“I have not yet done with my own impertinent nostrums. I thank God, I find I creep up hill more than I did formerly, being eased of the weight of four daughters out of seven, as I hope I shall of the fifth in a little time.

“If you will please herewith to accept the tender of my most sincere respect and gratitude, you will thereby confer one further obligation on, honoured Sir,

“Your most obedient and most humble servant,  
SAMUEL WESLEY.”

To JAMES OGLETHORPE, ESQ.

Mr. Wesley's Dissertations on the book of Job was dedicated to QUEEN CAROLINE. He had the honour of dedicating, by permission, different works to three British queens in succession. His “History of the Life of Christ,” to QUEEN MARY; his “History of the Old and New Testament,” to QUEEN ANNE; and his last Work to QUEEN CAROLINE.

When Mr. Wesley proposed to dedicate his Work on Job to Queen Caroline, he wrote to his sons Samuel and John respecting the mode of proceeding; but on inquiry it was found that many obstacles were in the way to the Royal presence, occasioned as it appears by some offence given by *Samuel* in his *Satires* on the ministry and their friends. How these obstacles were at last removed we are not informed.

MR. JOHN WESLEY, however, presented the Dissertations on the Book of Job, on *Sunday*, October 12, 1735. He told the late DR. ADAM CLARKE that when he “was introduced into the Royal presence, the Queen was *romping* with her maids of honour. But she suspended her play, heard and received him graciously, took the book from his hand, which he presented to her kneeling on one knee, looked at the outside, said ‘*it is very prettily bound,*’ and then laid it down in the window without opening a leaf. He rose up, bowed, walked backward, and withdrew. The Queen bowed, smiled, and spoke several kind words, and immediately resumed her sport.”

The infirmities of the Rector were greatly increased by his labour on this work, from which his advanced age gave no hope of recovery. He acted on the maxim, “rather wear out, than rust out;” and he sunk, worn out with labours and infirmities, April 25, 1735, in the 72nd year of his age.

His two sons, John and Charles, were present at his death; and the latter gives an account of his closing scene in the following letter to his brother Samuel.

*Epworth, April 30, 1735.*

“DEAR BROTHER,

“After all your desire of seeing my father alive, you are now assured, that you must see his face no more, till raised in incorruption. You have reason to envy us, who could attend him in the last stage of his illness. The few words he uttered, I have saved. Some of them were, ‘nothing too much to suffer for heaven. The weaker I am in body, the

stronger and more sensible support I feel from God. There is but a step between me and death. To-morrow I would see you all with me round this table, that we may once more drink of the cup of blessing, before we drink of it new in the kingdom of God. With desire have I desired to eat this Passover with you before I die.'

"The morning he was to communicate, he was so exceedingly weak and full of pain, that he could not without the utmost difficulty receive the elements, often repeating, 'thou shakest me; thou shakest me.' But immediately after receiving them, there followed the most visible alteration. He appeared full of faith and peace, which extended even to his body; for he was so much better, that we almost hoped he would have recovered. The fear of death he had entirely conquered; and at last gave up his latest human desires, of *finishing his book on Job*, paying his debts, and seeing *you*. He often laid his hand upon my head, and said, 'be steady, the Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom; you shall see it, though I shall not.' To my sister *Emily* he said, 'do not be concerned at my death; *God will then begin to manifest himself to my family.*' When we were met about him, his usual expression was, 'now let me hear you talk about heaven.' On my asking him, whether he did not find himself worse, he replied, 'O my *Charles*, I feel a great deal. God chastens me with strong pain: but I *praise* Him for it; I *thank* Him for it; I *love* Him for it.' On the 25th his voice failed, and nature seemed entirely spent, when, on my brother's asking, "whether he was not near heaven?" he answered distinctly, and with the most of

hope and triumph that could be expressed in sounds, 'Yes, I am.'

"His passage was so smooth and insensible, that notwithstanding the stopping of his pulse, and ceasing of all sign of life and motion, we continued over him a good while, in doubt whether the soul was departed or not. My mother, who, for several days before he died, hardly ever went into his chamber, but she was carried out again in a fit, was far less shocked at the news than we expected; and told us, that 'now she was heard, in his having so easy a death, and her being strengthened to bear it.' Though you have lost your chief reason for coming, yet, there are others which make your presence more necessary than ever. My mother would be exceedingly glad to see you as soon as can be. We have computed the debts, and find they amount to above £100, exclusive of *Cousin Richardson's*. MRS. KNIGHT, our landlady, seized all the live stock, valued at above £40, for £15 my father owed her, on Monday last, *the day he was buried*.\*

"And my brother (John) this afternoon gives a note for the money, in order to get the stock at liberty to sell; and for his security the effects will be made over to him, and he will be paid as they can be sold. My father was buried frugally, yet decently, in the *church yard*, as he desired.

"Your advice in this juncture will be absolutely necessary. If you take London in your way, my mother desires you would remember that she is *now* a clergy-

✂ \* This inhuman woman, who appears to have been a *widow*, deserves to be held in lasting infamy.

"And time her *black*er name shall *blurre* with *blackest* ink."

man's *widow*. Let the society give her what they please, she must be still in some degree *burdensome* to you, as she calls it. How I envy you that glorious burden! You must put me in some way of getting a little money, that I may do something in this shipwreck of the family, though it be no more than furnishing a plank.

CHARLES WESLEY."

We have now detailed the death of *three ministers* of the gospel; *two* of them *Non-conformists*, the other a *high Churchman*. As we see them approach the confines of eternity, the scene becomes interesting. Dropping all party distinctions, we view them becoming "one in Christ Jesus." Animated with the same spirit, they look up to God as their common father, through the same mediator: they praise him for the same mercies, and look forward, with equal confidence, to his kingdom and glory. They gave satisfactory evidence, that they were united to Christ, belonged to the same family, and were heirs of the same heavenly inheritance, notwithstanding the external difference in their mode of worship. These considerations should teach us to be careful, not to exalt the outward distinctions of party into the rank of *fundamental truths*. So long as we lay the same foundation, we ought to cultivate fellowship with each other as *brethren*, although the different manner in which we place the materials may give a varied appearance to the building.

"From some of the family papers," says DR. ADAM CLARKE, "I learn that the rector of Epworth was of *short stature*; spare, but athletic made; and in some measure resembling, in his face, his son John; and it is

probable that the picture engraved by VERTUE, and prefixed to his 'Dissertations on Job,' is a good resemblance of him. His religious conduct was strictly correct: his piety towards God ardent, and his love of his fellow-creatures strong. Though of high church principles and politics, he could separate the man from the opinions he held; and when he found him in distress, treated him as a brother. He was a *rigid disciplinarian* in his church. He considered his parishioners as a flock, over which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer, and for which he must give an account. He visited them 'from house to house;' he sifted their creed, and suffered none to be corrupt in opinion, or practice, without instruction or reproof." No strangers could settle in his parish but he presently knew it, and made himself acquainted with them. We have a proof of this from a letter he wrote to the BISHOP of LINCOLN when once absent from home a short time. "After my return to Epworth," says he, "and looking a little among my people, I found there were two strangers come hither, both of whom I discovered to be *Papists*, though they came to church. I have hopes of making one or both of them good members of the church of England."

His *family* he kept in the strictest order; but he appears to have been sometimes too *authoritative* in his deportment. There was frequently a harshness of temper in him, which approached to rashness; and an austerity of manner occasionally, at which every gentle and domestic feeling recoils. On one occasion we have seen, that a vow, precipitately made, under the influence of party feeling, deprived his wife, children, and parish

for above a year, of their head and pastor. To extenuate, in some degree, this severity of disposition, we must state that the rector experienced many *irritating trials* from his very straitened circumstances, which, notwithstanding the most rigid economy, he often found inadequate to the demands of his numerous family.

To this we may add the persecution he received from the party he had forsaken; but yet he owed to *them*, under Providence, a blessing that more than compensated for all his vexations. That boon was his most excellent and admirable wife. Under such a *mother* there would have been just cause for disappointment, had the Wesleys been otherwise than pious, intellectual, and useful members of society. "All the branches of this truly eminent family appear to have possessed great mental energy. Their condensed and vigorous spirit was formed and matured beneath the chilling atmosphere of penury and persecution, whose blasts, whistling around the parent stock, shook it indeed, but only caused it to strike root deeper into the sustaining soil."

As a *controversial* writer, the rector possessed considerable dexterity in managing an argument, but he sometimes betrays an *acrimony* of spirit against his opponents, too common among polemic divines, and was occasionally very coarse in his invectives. His undue warmth against the Dissenters, in early life, has already been noticed; nor can it be concealed that both he, and several of the family, were remarkable for such *high notions of prerogative and authority*, both in church and state, as seem incompatible with the constitution of this country. The Rector had a great share



of vivacity. In his private conversation he was very entertaining and instructive. He possessed a large fund of anecdote, and a profusion of witty and wise sayings, which he knew well how to apply for instruction and correction.

We insert the following Poem, both for its intrinsic merit, and as creditable to Mr. Wesley's *poetical* talents. It has, however, been disputed, whether the Rector or his daughter, MRS. WRIGHT, was the author of it. Many years ago, the Critical Reviewers inserted some sarcasms against the *poetry* of the *Methodists*. MR. JOHN WESLEY replied, and sent this poem to them as a *specimen*. The reviewers so far did honour to the Poem as to insert it at large in their next number. Mr. John Wesley always declared that it was written by his father.

### EUPOLIS' HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

#### THE (SUPPOSED) OCCASION.

*Part of a (new) Dialogue between PLATO and EUPOLIS;\*  
the rest not extant.*

EUPOLIS.—But, Sir, is it not a little hard that you should banish all our fraternity from your new commonwealth? As for my own part, every body knows that I am but one of the *minorum gentium*. But what hurt has father HOMER done, that you should dismiss

\* EUPOLIS was a comic *poet* of Athens, who flourished 435 years before the Christian era, and severely lashed the vices and immoralities of his age. It is said that he had composed seventeen dramatical pieces at the age of 17. He had a dog so attached to him, that at his death he refused all aliments, and starved on his tomb. Some suppose that ALCIBIADES put Eupolis to death, because he had ridiculed him in a comedy; but SUIDAS maintains that he perished in a sea-fight between the *Athenians* and *Lacedemonians* in the Hellespont, and on that account his countrymen pitying his fate, decreed that no *poet* should ever after go to war.

him among the rest, though he has received the veneration of all ages : and SALAMIS was adjudged to us by the *Spartans*, on the authority of two of his verses? And you know it was in our own times that many of our citizens saved their lives, and met with civil treatment in *Sicily*, after our unfortunate expedition and defeat under NICIAS, by repeating some verses of EURIPIDES.

PLATO.—Much may be done to save one's life. I doubt not I should have done the same, though only to have regained my liberty when DIONYSIUS *sold* me for a slave.\* But those are only occasional accidents, and exempt cases, which are nothing to the first settling of a state, when it is in one's own power to mould it as one pleases. As for Homer, to be plain, the better poet, the more danger ; and I agree in this with ——, that the blind old gentleman certainly lies with the best grace in the world. But a lie, handsomely told, debauches the taste and morals of a people, and fires them into imitation. Besides, his tales of the gods are intolerable, and derogate to the highest degree from the dignity of the Divine Nature.

EUPOLIS.—Not to enter at present into the merits of that case, do you really think, Sir, that these faults are *inseparable* from *poetry* ; and that the praises of the ONE SUPREME may not be sung without any intermixture of them ; allowing us only the common benefit

\* PLATO, at an interview he had with DIONYSIUS, *the tyrant*, spoke to him on the happiness of virtue, and the miseries of oppression. The tyrant dismissed him from his presence with great displeasure, and formed a design against his life. With this intention, he prevailed upon *Pollis*, a delegate from Sparta, who was returning to Greece, to get Plato on board his ship, and either take away his life on the passage, or sell him as a *slave*. *Pollis* chose the latter.

of metaphor, and other figures, for which you do not blame even in the orators ?

PLATO.—An ill habit is hard to break : and I must own I hardly ever saw any thing of that nature ; and should be glad to see you or any other attempt, and *succeed* in it : on which condition I would willingly exempt *you* from the fate of your brother poets.

EUPOLIS.—I am far from pretending to be a standard : how I shall succeed in it I do not know, but with your leave I will attempt it.

PLATO.—You know the *Academy* will be always pleased to see you, and doubly so on this occasion.

### THE HYMN.

AUTHOR of BEING! SOURCE of LIGHT!

With unfading beauties bright.

*Fulness, goodness*, rolling round

Thy own fair orb, without a bound.

Whether *Thee Thy* suppliants call

TRUTH, or GOOD, or ONE, or ALL,

EI, or JAO, Thee we hail,

Essence that can never fail ;

Grecian or Barbaric name,

Thy stedfast being still the same.

*Thee*, when morning greets the skies

With rosy cheeks and humid eyes ;

*Thee*, when sweet-declining day

Sinks in purple waves away ;

*Thee* will I sing, O Parent Jove !

And teach the world to praise and love !

Yonder azure vault on high,

Yonder blue, low, liquid sky ;

Earth on its firm basis placed,  
 And with circling waves embraced,  
 All-creating power confess,  
 All their mighty Maker bless.

Thou shak'st all nature with Thy nod ;  
 Sea, earth, and air, confess the God.  
 Yet does Thy powerful hand sustain  
 Both earth and heaven ; both firm and main.

Scarce can our daring thought arise  
 To Thy pavilion in the skies :  
 Nor can PLATO'S self declare,  
 The bliss, the joy, the rapture there.  
 This we know ; or if we dream,  
 'Tis at least a pleasing theme ;  
 Barren above Thou dost not reign,  
 But circled with a glorious train ;  
 The sons of God, the sons of light,  
 Ever joying in Thy sight :  
 (For Thee their silver harps are strung,)  
 Ever beauteous, ever young :  
 Angelic forms their voices raise,  
 And thro' heaven's arch resound Thy praise !

The feather'd souls that swim the air,  
 And bathe in liquid ether there ;  
 The lark, precentor of their choir,  
 Leading them higher still and higher,  
 Listen and learn the angelic notes,  
 Repeating in their warbling throats :  
 And e'er to soft repose they go,  
 Teach them to their lords below.  
 On the green turf their mossy nest,  
 The ev'ning anthem swells their breast :

Thus like Thy golden chain on high  
Thy praise unites the earth and sky.

Sole from sole Thou mak'st the sun  
On his burning axles run :  
The stars like dust around him fly,  
And strew the area of the sky :  
He drives so swift his race above,  
Mortals can't perceive him move :  
So smooth his course, oblique or straight,  
*Olympus* shakes not with his weight,  
As the queen of solemn night,  
Fills at his vase her orb of light,  
Imparted lustre : Thus we see  
The solar virtue shines by Thee !  
*Phœbus* borrows from thy beams  
His radiant locks and golden streams,  
Whence *Thy* warmth and light disperse,  
To cheer the grateful Universe.  
*Eiresiône!*\* we'll no more  
For its fancied aid implore ;  
Since bright *oil*, and *wool*, and *wine*,  
And life sustaining *bread* are Thine ;  
Wine that sprightly mirth supplies,  
Noble wine for sacrifice !

Thy herbage, O great PAN, sustains  
The flocks that grace our *Attic* plains.  
The *olive* with fresh verdure crown'd  
Rises pregnant from the ground,

\* This word signifies a kind of *garland*, composed of a branch of olive, wrapped about with wool, and loaded with all kinds of fruits of the earth, as a token of peace and plenty. The poet says he will no more worship the *imaginary* Power, supposed to be the giver of these things ; but the great PAN, the Creator, from whom they all proceed.

Our native plant, our wealth, our pride,  
 To more than half the world denied.  
 At Jove's command it shoots and springs,  
 And a thousand blessings brings.

*Minerva* only is Thy mind,  
 Wisdom and bounty to mankind.  
 The fragrant thyme, the blooming rose,  
 Herb, and flow'r, and shrub that grows  
 On Thessalian Tempe's plain,  
 Or where the rich *Sabeans* reign,  
 That treat the taste, or smell, or sight,  
 For food, for medicine, or delight;  
 Planted by Thy *guardian* care,  
 Spring, and smile, and flourish there.  
*Alcinoan* gardens in their pride,  
 With blushing fruit from Thee supplied.

O ye Nurses of soft dreams!  
 Reedy brooks and winding streams  
 By our tuneful race admir'd,  
 Whence we think ourselves inspired:  
 Or murm'ring o'er the pebbles sheen,  
 Or sliding thro' the meadows green;  
 Or where thro' matted sedge ye creep,  
 Travelling to your parent deep,  
 Sound his praise by whom ye rose,  
 That Sea which neither ebbs nor flows.

Oh! ye immortal woods and groves,  
 Which the enraptur'd student loves:  
 Beneath whose venerable shade,  
 For learned thought, and converse made:  
 Or in the fam'd *Lycean* walks,  
 Or where my heavenly Master talks:

Where *Hecadem*, old hero lies,  
 Whose shrine is shaded from the skies;  
 And thro' the gloom of silent night  
 Project from far your trembling light.  
 You, whose roots descend as low,  
 As high in air your branches grow,  
 Your leafy arms to heaven extend,  
 Bend your heads ' in homage bend!  
 Cedars and pines that wave above,  
 And the oak beloved of Jove.

Omen, monster, prodigy!  
 Or nothing are, or Jove from thee!  
 Whether various Nature's play,  
 Or she renvers'd thy will obey;  
 And to rebel man declare,  
 Famine, plague, or wasteful war.  
 Atheists laugh, and dare despise,  
 The threatening vengeance of the skies:  
 Whilst the pious on his guard,  
 Undismay'd is still prepared:  
 Life or death his mind's at rest,  
 Since what *you send* must needs be best.

What cannot Thy almighty wit  
 Effect, or influence, or permit;  
 Which leaves free causes to their will,  
 Yet guides and overrules them still!  
 The various minds of men can twine,  
 And work them to Thy own design:  
 For who can sway what boasts 'tis *free*,  
 Or rule a Commonwealth, but *Thee*?  
 Our stubborn will Thy word obeys,  
 Our folly shows Thy wisdom's praise:

As skilful steersmen make the wind,  
 Though rough, subservient to mankind.  
 A tempest drives them safe to land ;  
 With joy they hail and kiss the sand.

So when our angry tribes engage,  
 And dash themselves to foam and rage,  
 The demagogues, the winds that blow,  
 Heave and toss them to and fro ;  
*Silence !* is by Thee proclaim'd,  
 The tempest falls, the winds are tam'd :  
 At *Thy* word the tumults cease,  
 And all is calm, and all is peace !

Monsters that obscurely sleep  
 In the bottom of the deep ;  
 Or when for air or food they rise,  
 Spout the *Ægean* to the skies :  
 Know *Thy* voice and own *Thy* hand,  
 Obsequious to their lord's command ;  
 As the waves forget to roar,  
 And gently kiss the murmuring shore.

No evil can from Thee proceed,  
 'Tis only *suffered*, not *decreed* :  
 As darkness is not from the sun,  
 Nor mount the shades till he is gone,  
 Then night obscene does straight arise  
 From *Erebus*, and fills the skies ;  
 Fantastic forms the air invade,  
 Daughters of *nothing* and of *shade*.  
 When wars and pains afflict mankind,  
 'Tis for a common good designed ;  
 As tempests sweep and clean the air,  
 And all is healthy, all is fair.



Good, and true, and fair, and right,  
 Are Thy choice and Thy delight.  
 Government Thou didst ordain,  
 Equal justice to maintain :  
 Thus Thou reigns't enthroned in state,  
 Thy will is just, Thy will is fate.  
 The good can never be unblest,  
 While impious minds can never rest ;  
 A plague within themselves they find,  
 Each other plague, and all mankind.

Can we forget Thy guardian care,  
 Slow to punish, prone to spare ?  
 Or heroes by Thy bounty rais'd  
 To eternal ages prais'd ?  
*Codrus*, who Athens lov'd so well,  
*He* for *her* devoted fell ;  
*Theseus* who made us madly free,  
 And dearly bought our liberty ;  
 Whom our grateful tribes repaid,  
 With murdering him who brought them aid ;  
 To tyrants made an easy prey,  
 Who would not godlike kings obey ?  
*Tyrants* and kings from God proceed,  
 THOSE permitted,—THESE decreed.

Thou break'st the haughty Persian's pride,  
 Which did both sea and land divide.  
 Their shipwrecks strew'd th' *Eubæan* wave,  
 At *Marathon* they found a grave.  
 O ye bless'd Greeks who there expir'd !  
 With noble emulation fir'd !  
 Your *Trophies* will not let me rest,  
 Which swell'd, *Themistocles*, thy breast.

What shrines, what altars, shall we raise,  
 To secure your endless praise ?  
 Or need we monuments supply,  
 To rescue what can never die ?  
 Godlike men ! how firm they stood !  
 Moating their country with their blood.

And yet a *greater hero far*,  
 Unless great SOCRATES could err,  
 (Though whether human or divine,  
 Not e'en his *Genius* could define,)  
*Shall rise to bless some future day*,  
 And teach to live, and teach to pray.  
 Come, unknown instructor, come,  
 Our leaping hearts shall make Thee room ;  
 Thou with Jove our vows shalt share ;  
 Of Jove and Thee we are the care.

O Father, King ! whose heavenly face  
 Shines serene on all Thy race ;  
 We Thy magnificence adore,  
 And Thy well-known aid implore :  
 Nor vainly for Thy help we call ;  
 Nor can we want, for Thou art ALL !  
 May Thy care preserve our state,  
 Ever virtuous, ever great !  
 Thou our Splendour and Defence,  
 Wars and factions banish thence !  
 Thousands of Olympiads pass'd,  
 May its fame and glory last !

We have extracted the foregoing Poem from DR CLARKE'S "Memoirs of the Wesley Family," where it is given more perfectly than in any other publication. We do, however, think the Doctor is rather too severe and

*dogmatical* (if not a little boastful) on some of Mr. Wesley's previous biographers. "After taking so much pains," says the Doctor, "with this Poem, and producing it *entire*, which was never done before, some of my readers will naturally expect that I should either insert, or refer to the Greek original. Could I have met in Greek with a *hymn of Eupolis to the Creator*, and the *fragment of an unpublished dialogue of Plato*, I should have inserted both with the greatest cheerfulness, and could have assured myself of the thanks of all the critics in Europe for my pains. That such a Greek original exists, and that the above is a faithful *translation* from it, is the opinion of most who have seen the poem; and some of Mr. Wesley's *biographers* have adduced it 'as being one of the finest pictures extant of *Gentile piety*;' and farther tell us, 'this hymn may throw light on that passage of St. Paul respecting the Heathen, Rom. i. 21, &c. *When they knew God, they glorified him not as God. \* \* \* \* Wherefore God also gave them up, &c.* Their polytheism was a punishment consequent upon their apostacy from God.' I believe the Gentiles never apostatized from the true God, the knowledge of whom they certainly never had, till they received it by Divine revelation.

"Knowing that the writers from whom I have quoted the above, were well educated and learned men, and feeling an intense desire to find out this 'finest picture *extant* of *Gentile piety*,' I have sought occasionally for above thirty years to find the original, but in vain. I have examined every Greek writer within my reach, particularly all the major and minor poets: but no hymn of Eupolis, or of any other, from which the

above might be a *translation*, has ever occurred to me. I have enquired of learned men whether they had met with such a poem. None had seen it! After many fruitless searches and inquiries, I went to PROFESSOR PORSON, perhaps the most deeply learned and extensively read Greek scholar in Europe; and laid the subject, and the question before him. He answered, 'EUPOLIS, from the character we have of him, is the last man among the Greek poets from whom we could expect to see any thing *pious* or sublime concerning the Divine Nature: but you may rest assured that no such composition is extant in Greek.' Of this I was sufficiently convinced before; but I thought it well to have the testimony of a scholar so eminent, that the question might be set at rest.

"The reader therefore may rest assured that Eupolis' hymn to the Creator is the production of the head and heart of *Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth*; that it never had any other origin, and never existed in any other language. It may be considered as a fine, and in general very successful, attempt to imitate a Greek poet, who was master of the full power and harmony of his language, and had imbibed from numberless lectures the purest and most sublime ideas in the philosophy of Plato. The character of the *Platonist* is wonderfully preserved throughout the whole; the conceptions are all worthy of the subject; the Grecian history and mythology are woven through it with exquisite art; and it is so like a finished work from the highest cultivated Greek muse, that I receive the evidence of my reason and research with regret, when it assures me that this inimitable hymn was the production of the *Isle-poet* of

Axholme. Should any of my readers be dissatisfied with the result of my inquiries, and still think that Eupolis' Hymn to the Creator exists in Greek, and will go in quest of this *Sangreal*, he shall have my heartiest wishes for the good speed of his searches, and when successful, my heartiest thanks.

“But if the hymn of Eupolis be a forgery, what becomes of the veracity, not to say honesty, of Mr. Samuel Wesley? I answer, it is no *forgery*; it is no where said by him that it is a translation of a Greek original; nor does it appear that he had any intention to deceive. Two words in the title are proof sufficient. ‘The (*supposed*) occasion,’ and ‘Part of (a *new*) dialogue.’ He covered his design a little, to make his readers search and examine. Some of them have not *examined*; and therefore said of the poem, that it is a *fine specimen of Gentile piety*, which *he* never even intended.

“I have spent a long time on this Poem,” continues DR. CLARKE, “because I believe *it* to be, without exception, the *finest* in the English language. It possesses what RACINE calls the *genie createur*, the genuine spirit of poetry. POPE'S *Messiah* is fine, because Pope had VIRGIL'S *Pollio* before him, and the *Bible*. MR. WESLEY takes nothing as a *model*; he goes on the ground that the praises of the One Supreme *had not been sung*; he attempts what had not been done by any poet before the Platonic age, and he has no other helps than those furnished by his poetic powers and classical knowledge. It is not saying too much to assert, the man who was the author of what is called Eupolis' Hymn to the Creator, had he taken time,

care, and pains, and had not been continually harassed with the *Res angusta domi*, would have adorned the highest walks of poetry. But to him *poverty* was the *scourge of knowledge*; and he fully experienced the truth of that maxim of the Roman satirist, from which I have quoted the above three words,—

Haud facile emergunt, *quorum virtutibus obstat*  
Res angusta domi. JUV. SAT. iii. v. 164.

Rarely they rise by Learning's aid, who lie  
Plung'd in the depth of helpless poverty.

“But Mr. Wesley spent his time in something better than *making verses*: he was a laborious and useful parish priest; and brought up a numerous family of males and females, who were a credit to him and to their country.”

As almost all the Wesley family were *poets*, so they were all characterised by a vein of *satire*.\* This talent they appear to have inherited from their *father*, whose *wit* was both ready and pungent. The following is an instance, copied from *Mr. Watson's Life of Mr. John Wesley*, and which appeared first in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1802. “The authenticity of the following *extempore* grace, by SAMUEL WESLEY, formerly rector of Epworth, may be relied upon. It is given on

\* MR. CHARLES WESLEY was keenly satirical. “He satirized his brother John's *ordinations*, and the Preachers; but, High Churchman as he was, he is very unsparing in the use of his poetic whip upon the persecuting, and irreligious Clergy. Of this, some of his published, and several of his unpublished Paraphrases, on passages of the Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles, in which the persecuting deeds of the Scribes and Pharisees are recorded, afford some caustic specimens; and sufficiently indicate that he did not bear the contumely and opposition of his High Church brethren, with the equanimity and gentleness of his brother John.”

the authority of WILLIAM BARNARD, ESQ. of Gainsborough, whose father, the preserver of John Wesley from the fire of 1709, was present at the time it was spoken at *Temple Belwood*, after dinner. Mr. P., at whose house they dined, was a strange compound of *avarice* and *oddity*; and many of his singularities are still remembered." The grace was—

"Thanks for this feast, for 'tis no less  
Than *eating manna in the wilderness*;  
Here meagre famine bears controlless sway,  
And ever drives each fainting wretch away.

Yet here, (O how beyond a saint's belief!)  
We've seen *the glories of a chine of beef*;  
Here chimnies smoke, which never smoked before,  
And we have dined, *where we shall dine no more.*"

We shall conclude this memoir with an anecdote given by DR. CLARKE in his "Wesley Family," respecting the rector of Epworth. "He had a clerk," says the Doctor, "a well-meaning, but weak and vain man, who believed the Rector to be the greatest man in the parish, if not in the county;—and himself, as he stood next in *church ministrations*, to be the next in *importance*. This clerk had the privilege of wearing out Mr. Wesley's cast off clothes and *wigs*; for the latter of which his head was by far too small, and the figure he cut in them was most *ludicrously grotesque*. The rector finding him particularly vain of one of those canonical substitutes for hair, which he had lately received, formed the design of mortifying him in the presence of the congregation, before which John wished to appear in every respect what he thought himself to be. One

morning, before church time, Mr. Wesley said, ‘John, I shall preach on a particular subject to day; and shall choose my own psalm, of which I will give out the first line, and you shall proceed as usual.’ John was pleased, and the service went forward as it was wont to do, till they came to the singing, when Mr. Wesley gave out the following line:—

‘Like to an *owl* in ivy bush.’

This was sung;—and the following line, John, *peeping out of the large wig*, in which his head was half lost, gave out with an audible voice, and appropriate connecting *twang*,

‘*That rueful thing am I.*’

The whole congregation struck with John’s appearance, saw and felt the similitude, and burst into laughter. The rector was pleased, for John was mortified, and his self-conceit lowered.”\*

This is the same man, who, when king WILLIAM III. returned to London after one of his expeditions, gave out in Epworth church,—“Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, *a hymn of my own composing.*” It was short and sweet, and ran thus:—

“King William is come home, come home,  
King William home is come;  
Therefore let us together sing,  
The hymn that’s call’d *Te D’um.*”

“I have only to add,” says DR. CLARKE, “that a *sycamore tree*, planted by the Rector in Epworth

\* In WATSON’S life of Mr. John Wesley, and also in the Wesleyan Magazine for 1824, it is stated that the rector of Epworth “had no hand in selecting the psalm, which appears to have been purely accidental.”



church yard, is now (1821) two fathoms in girth, and proportionably large in height, boughs, and branches; but it is *decaying* at the *root*; a melancholy emblem of the state of a very eminent family, in which the prophetic office and spirit had flourished for nearly two hundred years, but which is now nearly dried up, and not likely, from present appearances, to give any more messengers to the churches.’’

The following is a chronological list of the Rector’s Works :—

1. MAGGOTS, or Poems on several subjects, never before *handled*, 8vo, London, 1685.
2. Several papers in the *Athenian Mercury*, projected 1691.
3. A Letter concerning the Education of *Dissenters* in their Private Academies, 1693.
4. *The Life of Christ*; an heroic Poem, in ten Books, folio, 1693.
5. A Sermon preached before the Society for the Reformation of Manners, 8vo. 1698.
6. *The pious Communicant*; a Discourse concerning the Sacrament, 12mo. 1700.
7. *The History of the Old and New Testament*, attempted in verse; and adorned with 330 *Sculptures*, 3 Vols. 12mo. 1704.
8. The Battle of *Blenheim*; a Poem, folio, 1705.
9. A Reply to Mr. Palmer’s Vindication of the Learning, Loyalty, Morals, and most Christian Behaviour of the *Dissenters* towards the Church of England, 4to. London, 1707.
10. Dissertations on the Book of Job, folio, 1735.

## CHAP. VIII.

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### MRS. SUSANNA WESLEY.

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BECOMES THE WIFE OF MR. SAMUEL WESLEY.—HER NUMEROUS FAMILY, AND EXCELLENT MANAGEMENT.—HER MODE OF EDUCATING THE CHILDREN—HER RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.—WHEN HER HUSBAND WAS FROM HOME, SHE PUBLICLY READ SERMONS AT THE PARSONAGE HOUSE—IS CENSURED FOR THIS EXERCISE.—HER ADMIRABLE DEFENCE OF IT TO HER HUSBAND.—THE CONDUCT OF THE EPWORTH CURATE IN THIS MATTER.—HER EXCELLENT LETTERS TO HER SON JOHN.—UNWORTHY REFLECTIONS UPON HER RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.—IS VISITED BY MR. WHITFIELD.—HER DEATH,—CHARACTER,—AND EPITAPH.

This admirable woman, the youngest daughter of Dr. Annesley before mentioned, was born about the year 1670. She possessed a highly improved mind, with a strong, and masculine understanding. Though her father was a conscientious *Non-conformist*, he had too much dignity of mind, leaving his religion out of the question, to be a *bigot*. Under the parental roof, and “before she was *thirteen* years of age,” say some of her biographers, “she examined, without restraint, the *whole* controversy between the established church and the dissenters.”\* The issue of this examination was, that she renounced her fellowship with the latter, and adopted the *creeds* and *forms* of the church of England; to which she zealously adhered.

\* It seems strange that a girl of *thirteen* years of age, should be considered capable of deciding this question, though she might possess, as in the case of Mrs. Wesley, great natural talents.

It does not appear that her father threw any obstacles in her way; or that he afterwards disapproved of her marrying a rigid churchman. Nor is it known, after the most extensive search, that the slightest difference ever existed between DR. ANNESLEY, and his son-in-law, or daughter on the subject. It was about the year 1690 that she became the wife of Mr. Samuel Wesley. The marriage was blessed in all its circumstances; it was contracted in the prime of their youth; it was fruitful, and death did not divide them till they were both full of years. The excellence of Miss Annesley's mind was equal to the eminence of her birth. She was such a helpmate as Mr. Wesley *required*, "and to her," says DR. CLARKE, "under God, the great eminence of the subsequent Wesley family is to be attributed."

As Mr. Wesley's circumstances were narrow, the education of the children fell especially upon Mrs. Wesley, who seems to have possessed every qualification for a public or private teacher. The manner in which she taught her children is remarkable. This she has detailed in a letter to her son *John*, which we shall hereafter insert. She bore *nineteen* children to Mr. Wesley, most of whom lived to be educated; and ten came to man and woman's estate. Her son John mentions the calm serenity with which his mother transacted business, wrote letters, and conversed, surrounded by her *fifteen* children. All these were educated by herself; and as she was a woman that lived by *rule*, she arranged every thing so exactly, that for each operation she had sufficient time. It appears also from several private papers, that she had

no small share in managing the secular concerns of the rectory. Even the *tithes* and *glebe* were much under her inspection.

About the year 1700, Mrs. Wesley made a resolution to spend one hour *morning* and *evening* in private devotion, in prayer and meditation, and she religiously kept it ever after, unless when sickness, or some urgent call of duty to her family obliged her to shorten it. If opportunity offered, she spent some time *at noon* in this religious and profitable employment. She generally wrote her thoughts on different subjects at these seasons; and a great many of her meditations have been preserved in her own hand-writing. Though Mrs. Wesley allotted two hours in the day for meditation and prayer in private, no woman was ever more diligent in business, or attentive to family affairs than she was. Remarkable, as before observed, for method and good arrangement, both in her studies and business, she saved much time, and kept her mind free from perplexity. From several things which appear in her papers, it seems that she had acquired some knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages in her youth, though she never made any pretension to it. She had studied human nature well, and knew how to adapt her discourse both to youth and age.

Mrs. Wesley devoted as great a proportion of time as she could, to discourse with each of her children separately every night in the week, upon the duties and hopes of Christianity; and it may readily be believed, that these circumstances of their childhood had no inconsiderable influence upon them in after life, and especially upon her two sons, *John* and *Charles*,

when they became the founders, and directors of a new community in the Christian church. *John's* providential deliverance from the *fire* deeply impressed his mother, as it did himself, throughout the whole of his life. Among the private meditations which were found among Mrs. Wesley's papers, was one written long after the event, in which she expressed in prayer her intention to be more particularly careful of the soul of *this child*, which God had so mercifully provided for, that she might instil into him the principles of true religion and virtue ;—" Lord," she said, " give me grace to do it sincerely and prudently, and bless my attempts with good success." The peculiar care which was thus taken of his religious education, the habitual and fervent piety of both his parents, and his own surprising preservation, at an age when he was perfectly capable of remembering all the circumstances, combined to foster in him that disposition which afterwards developed itself with such force, and produced such important effects.

Mrs. Wesley taught her children from their infancy, duty to parents. She had little difficulty in *breaking their wills*, or reducing them to absolute subjection. They were early brought, by rational means, under a mild yoke : they were perfectly obedient to their parents, and were taught to wait their decision in every thing they were to have, or to perform. They were never permitted *to command the servants*. Mrs. Wesley charged the domestics to do nothing for any of her children unless they asked it with *respect* ; and the children were duly informed that the servants had such orders. This is the foundation and essence of

good breeding. Insolent, impudent, and disagreeable children are to be met with often, because this simple, but important mode of bringing them up is neglected. "Molly, Robert, *be pleased* to do so and so," was the usual method of request both from sons and daughters. They were never permitted to contend with each other; whatever differences arose, their parents were the umpires, and their decision was never disputed. The consequence was, there were few misunderstandings amongst them; and they had the character of being *the most loving family in the county of Lincoln!* But Mrs. Wesley's whole method of bringing up and managing her children, is so amply detailed in a letter to her son *John*, that it would be as great an injustice to *her*, as to the reader, to omit it.

*Epworth, July 24th, 1732.*

"DEAR SON,

"According to your desire, I have collected the principal rules I observed in educating my family.

"The children were always put into a regular method of living, in such things as they were capable of, from their birth; as in dressing and undressing, changing their linen, &c. The first quarter commonly passes in sleep. After that they were, if possible, laid into their cradle awake, and rocked to sleep; and so they were kept rocking till it was time for them to awake. This was done to bring them to a regular course of sleeping, which, at first, was three hours in the morning, and three in the afternoon; afterwards two hours, till they needed none at all. When turned

a year old (and some before,) they were taught to fear the rod, and to cry *softly*, by which means they escaped much correction which they might otherwise have had ; and that most odious noise of the crying of children was rarely heard in the house.

“ As soon as they grew pretty strong, they were confined to three meals a day. At dinner their little table and chairs were set by ours, where they could be overlooked: and they were suffered to eat and drink as much as they would, but *not to call for any thing*. If they wanted ought, they used to whisper to the maid that attended them, who came and spoke to me ; and as soon as they could handle a knife and fork, they were set to our table. They were never suffered to *choose their meat* : but always made to eat such things as were provided for the family. Drinking, or eating *between meals* was never allowed, unless in case of sickness, which seldom happened. Nor were they suffered to go into the kitchen to ask any thing of the servants, when they were at meat : if it was known they did so, they were certainly beat, and the servants severely reprimanded. At six, as soon as family prayer was over, they had their supper ; at seven the maid washed them, and beginning at the youngest, she undressed and got them all to bed by eight ; at which time she left them in their several rooms *awake*, for there was no such thing allowed, in our house, as sitting by a child till it fell asleep. They were so constantly used to eat and drink what was given them, that when any of them were ill, there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine, for they durst not refuse it.

“In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is *to conquer their will*. To inform the understanding is a work of time; and must, with children, proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it: but the subjecting the will is a thing that must be done at once, *and the sooner the better*; for by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which are hardly ever after conquered, and never without using such severity as would be as painful to me as to the child. In the esteem of the world, they pass for kind and indulgent, whom I call *cruel* parents; who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterwards broken. When the will of a child is subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of its parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertences may be passed by. Some should be overlooked, and others mildly reprov'd: but no *wilful* transgression ought ever to be forgiven children, without chastisement less or more, as the nature and circumstances of the offence may require. I insist upon conquering the *will* of children betimes, because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which, both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind.

“I cannot yet dismiss this subject. As *self-will* is the root of all sin and misery, so whatever cherishes this in children ensures their wretchedness and irreligion: whatever checks and mortifies it, promotes their



future happiness and piety. This is still more evident, if we farther consider that religion is nothing else than doing the *will of God*, and not our own; that the one grand impediment to our temporal and eternal happiness being this *self-will*, no indulgence of it can be trivial, no denial unprofitable. Heaven or hell depends on this alone. So that the parent who studies to subdue it in his child, works together with God in the renewing and saving a soul. The parent who indulges it, does the devil's work; makes religion impracticable, salvation unattainable, and does all that in him lies to damn his child, soul and body, for ever.

“ Our children were taught, as soon as they could speak, the Lord's prayer, which they were made to say at *rising* and *bedtime* constantly; to which, as they grew older, were added a short prayer for their parents, and some portion of Scripture, as their memories could bear. They were very early made to distinguish the Sabbath from other days. They were taught to be still at family prayers, and to ask a blessing immediately after meals, which they used to do by *signs*, before they could kneel or speak. They were quickly made to understand that they should have nothing they *cried for*, and instructed to speak respectfully for what they wanted.

“ Taking God's name in vain, cursing and swearing, profaneness, obscenity, rude ill-bred names, were never heard among them; nor were they ever permitted to call each other by their proper names, without the addition of *brother* or *sister*. There was no such thing as loud talking or playing allowed: but every one was kept close to business for the six hours of school. And it is almost incredible what a child may be taught in a

quarter of a year by a vigorous application, if it have but a tolerable capacity, and good health. *Kezzy* excepted, all could read better in that time, than most women can do as long as they live. Rising from their places, or going out of the room, was not permitted, except for good cause; and running into the yard, garden, or street, without leave, was always considered a capital offence.

“For some years we went on very well. Never were children better disposed to piety, or in more subjection to their parents, till that fatal dispersion of them, after the *fire*, into several families. In those they were left at full liberty to converse with servants, which before they had always been restrained from; and to run abroad to play with any children good or bad. They soon learned to neglect a strict observance of the Sabbath; and got knowledge of several songs, and bad things, which before they had no notion of. That civil behaviour, which made them admired, when they were at home, by all who saw them, was, in a great measure, lost; and clownish accent, and many rude ways learnt, which were not reformed, without some difficulty. When the house was rebuilt, and all the children brought home, we entered on a strict reform; and then we began the custom of singing psalms, at beginning and leaving school, morning and evening. Then also that of a general retirement at five o’clock was entered upon: when the oldest took the youngest that could speak, and the second the next, to whom they read the psalms for the day, and a chapter in the New Testament; as in the morning they were directed to read the psalms, and a chapter in the Old; after which they went to their

private prayers, before they got their breakfast, or came into the family.

There were several by-laws observed among us. I mention them here because I think them useful.

1. It had been observed that cowardice and fear of punishment often lead children into lying; till they get a custom of it which they cannot leave. To prevent this, a law was made, that whoever was charged with a fault, of which they were guilty, if they would *ingenuously confess it*, and promise to amend, should not be beaten. This rule prevented a great deal of lying.

2. That no sinful action, as lying, *pilfering at church*, or on the Lord's-day, disobedience, quarrelling, &c., should ever pass unpunished.

3. That no child should ever be chid, or beat *twice* for the same fault; and that if they amended, they should never be upbraided with it afterwards.

4. That every signal act of obedience, especially when it crossed their own inclinations, should be always commended, and frequently rewarded, according to the merits of the case.

5. That if ever any child performed an act of obedience, or did any thing with an *intention* to please, though the performance was not well, yet the obedience and intention should be kindly accepted, and the child, with sweetness, directed how to do better for the future.

6. That *propriety* be inviolably preserved; and none suffered to invade the property of another in the smallest matter, though it were but of the value of a farthing, or a pin; which they might not take from the owner without, much less against, his consent. This

rule can never be too much inculcated on the minds of children.

7. That promises be strictly observed : and a gift once bestowed, and so the right passed away from the donor, be not resumed, but left to the disposal of him to whom it was given ; unless it were conditional, and the condition of the obligation not performed.

8. That no girl be taught to work till she can read very well ; and then that she be kept to her work with the same application, and for the same time that she was held to in reading. This rule also is much to be observed ; for the putting children to learn sewing before they can read perfectly, is the very reason why so few women can read fit to be heard, and never to be well understood."

After such management, who can wonder at the rare excellence of the Wesley Family ? Mrs. Wesley never considered herself discharged from the care of her children. Into all situations she followed them with her prayers and counsels : and her *sons*, even when they became men and scholars, found the utility of her wise and parental instructions. They proposed to her their doubts, and consulted her in all their difficulties.

Mr. Wesley usually attended the sittings of *Convocation* ; such attendance, according to his principles, was a part of his duty, and he performed it at an *expense* which he could ill spare from the necessities of so large a family, and at a cost of *time* which was injurious to his parish. During these absences, as there was no afternoon service at Epworth, Mrs. Wesley prayed with her own family on Sabbath evenings, read a sermon, and engaged afterwards in religious con-

versation. Some of the parishioners who came in accidentally were not excluded ; and she did not think it proper that their presence should interrupt the duty of the hour. Induced by the report which these persons made, others requested permission to attend ; and in this manner from thirty to forty persons usually assembled. After this had continued some time, she happened to find an account of *the Danish missionaries* in her husband's study, and was much impressed by the perusal. The book strengthened her desire of doing good : she chose "the best and most awakening sermons," and spoke with more freedom, more warmth, more affection to the neighbours, who attended at her evening prayers. Their numbers increased in consequence ; for she did not think it right to deny any who asked admittance. More persons came at length than the apartment could hold ; and the thing was represented to her husband in such a manner, that he wrote to her, objecting to her conduct ; because, he said, "it looked particular," on account of her *sex*, and because he was at that time in a *public* station and character, which rendered it the more necessary that she should do nothing to attract censure ; and he recommended that some other person should read for her. She began her reply by thanking him for dealing so faithfully and plainly with her in a matter of no common concern. "As to its looking particular," she said, "I grant it does ; and so does almost every thing that is serious, or that may any way advance the glory of God, or the salvation of souls, if it be performed out of the pulpit, or in the way of common conversation ; because in our corrupt age the utmost care and diligence have been

used to banish all discourse of God, or spiritual concerns, out of society, as if religion were never to appear out of the closet, and we were to be ashamed of nothing so much as of confessing ourselves to be christians." To the objection on account of her *sex*, she answered, that though she was a woman, she was also mistress of a large family; and if the superior charge lay upon him as their head, and minister, yet *in his absence*, she could not but look upon every soul which he had left under her care, as a talent committed to her under a trust by the great Lord of all the families of heaven and earth. "If," she added, "I am unfaithful to Him or to you in neglecting to improve these talents, how shall I answer when he shall command me to render an account of my stewardship?" The objections which arose from his own station and character, she left entirely to his own judgment. Why any person should reflect upon him, because his wife endeavoured to draw people to church, and restrain them by reading and other persuasions, from profaning the Sabbath, she could not conceive; and if any were mad enough to do so, she hoped he would not regard it. "For my own part," she says, "I value no censure on this account: I long since *shook hands with the world*; and I heartily wish I had never given them more reason to speak against me." As to the proposal of letting some other person read for her, she thought her husband had not considered what a people they were: not a *man* among them could read a sermon without *spelling* a great part of it, and how would that edify the rest? and none of her own family had voices strong enough to be heard by so many.

While Mrs. Wesley thus vindicated herself in a manner which she thought must prove convincing to her husband, as well as to her own calm judgment, the curate of Epworth (a man who seems to have been entitled to very little respect,) wrote to Mr. Wesley in a very different strain, complaining that a CONYENTICLE was held in his house. The name was well chosen to alarm so high a churchman; and his second letter declared a *decided disapprobation* to these meetings, to which he had made no serious objections before. She did not reply to this till some days had elapsed, for she deemed it necessary that both of them should take some time to consider, before her husband finally determined in a matter which she felt to be of great importance: she expressed astonishment that any effect upon his opinions, much more any change in them, should be produced by the senseless clamour of two or three of the *worst* in his parish; and represented to him the good which had been done by inducing a more frequent and regular attendance at church, and reforming the general habits of the people; and the evil which would result from discontinuing such meetings, especially by the prejudices which it would excite against the curate, in those persons who were sensible that they derived benefit from the religious opportunities, which would thus be taken away through his interference. After stating these things clearly and judiciously, she concluded thus, in reference to her own duty as a *wife*:—  
“ If you do, after all, think fit to dissolve this assembly, do not tell me that you *desire* me to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience; but send me *your positive command*, in such full and express terms, as may absolve

me from guilt and punishment for neglecting this opportunity of doing good, when you and I shall appear before the great and awful tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Mr. Wesley made no further objections; and thoroughly respecting, as he did, and *had reason to do*, the principles and *understanding* of his wife, he was perhaps ashamed that the representations of meaner minds should have prejudiced him against her conduct.

The Curate before mentioned appears to have been something of an original. At one time on Mr. Wesley's return from London, a complaint was made concerning his curate, "that he preached nothing to his congregation, except the duty of paying their debts, and behaving well among their neighbours." The complainants added, "we think, Sir, there is more in religion than this." Mr. Wesley replied, "there certainly is; I will hear him myself." He accordingly sent for the curate, and told him that he wished him to preach the next Lord's day, adding, "you could, I suppose, prepare a sermon upon any text that I should give you." He replied, "by all means, Sir." "Then," said Mr. Wesley, "prepare a sermon on that text, Heb. ii, 6. '*Without FAITH it is impossible to please God.*'" When the time arrived, Mr. Wesley read the prayers, and the curate ascended the pulpit. He read the text with great solemnity, and thus began:—"It must be confessed, friends, that *faith* is a most excellent *virtue*; and it produces other virtues also. In particular, it makes a man pay his debts as soon as he can." He went on in this way, enforcing the social duties for about a quarter of an hour, and then concluded. "So,"



said his son *John*, "my father saw it was a lost case."

The following letter to MR. JOHN WESLEY will show what care his excellent mother took of her son's spiritual progress, and of his regular deportment through life.

Jan. 31, 1727.

"——— I am fully persuaded, that the reason why so many seek to enter into the kingdom of heaven, but are not able, is, there is some *Delilah*, some beloved vice, they will not part with; hoping that by a strict observance of their duty in other things, *that* particular fault will be dispensed with. But, alas! they miserably deceive themselves. The way which leads to heaven is so *narrow*, the gate we must enter is so strait, that it will not permit a man to pass with *one* known *unmortified* sin about him. Therefore let every one in the beginning of their Christian course weigh what our Lord says, 'for whosoever having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is not fit for the kingdom of God.'"

"I am nothing pleased we advised you to have your *plaid*; though I am that you think it too dear; because I take it to be an indication that you are disposed to *thrift*, which is a rare qualification in a young man who has his fortune to make. Indeed such an one can hardly be too wary, or too careful. I would not recommend taking thought for the morrow any further than is needful for our improvement of present opportunities, in a prudent management of those talents God has committed to our trust: and so far I think it is the duty of all to take thought for the morrow. And I

heartily wish you may be well apprized of this while life is *young*; for

Believe me, youth; (for I am read in cases,  
And bend beneath the weight of more than fifty years.)

Believe me, dear son, *old age* is the worst time we can choose to mend either our *lives* or our *fortunes*. If the foundations of solid piety are not laid betimes in sound principles, and virtuous dispositions; and if we neglect while strength and vigour last to lay up something ere the infirmities of age overtake us, it is a hundred to one that we shall die both poor and wicked.

“Ah! my dear son, did you with me stand on the verge of life, and saw before you a vast expanse, an unlimited duration of being, which you might shortly enter upon, you can't conceive how all the inadvertences, mistakes, and sins of youth, would rise to your view! and how different the sentiments of sensitive pleasures, the desire of sexes, and the pernicious friendships of the world, would be then, from what they are now, while health is entire, and seems to promise many years of life.”

About this time Mr. John Wesley wrote a letter to his mother concerning *afflictions*, and what was the best method of profiting by them. To which she thus answers with her usual good sense and deep piety.

*Wroote, July 26, 1727.*

“It is certainly true that I have had large experience of what the world calls *adverse fortune*; but I have not made those improvements in piety and virtue, under the discipline of Providence, that I ought

to have done ; therefore I humbly conceive myself to be unfit for an assistant to another in affliction, since I have so ill performed my duty. But, blessed be God! you are at present in pretty easy circumstances ; which I thankfully acknowledge is a great mercy to me as well as you. Yet, if hereafter you should meet with troubles of various sorts, as it is probable you will in the course of your life, be it of short, or long continuance, the best preparation I know for sufferings, *is a regular and exact performance of present duty*, for this will surely render a man pleasing to God, and put him directly under the protection of His good providence, so that no evil shall befall him, but what he will certainly be the better for.

“ It is incident to all men to regard the past and the future, while the *present* moments pass unheeded ; whereas, in truth, neither the one nor the other is of use to us any farther than that they put us upon improving the *present* time.

“ You did well to correct that fond desire of dying before me ; *since you do not know what work God may have for you to do ere you leave the world*. And besides, I ought surely to have the priority in point of time, and go to *rest* before you. Whether you could see me die without any emotions of grief, I know not ; perhaps you could : it is what I have often desired of the children, that they would not weep at our parting, and so make death more uncomfortable than it would otherwise be to me. If you, or any other of my children, were likely to reap any *spiritual* advantage by being with me at my exit, I should be glad to have you with me. But as I have been an unprofitable servant, during

the course of a long life, I have no reason to hope for so great an honour, so high a favour, as to be employed in doing our Lord any service in the article of death. It was well, if you spake prophetically, that joy and hope might have the ascendant over the other passions of my soul in that important hour: nor do I despair, but rather leave it to our Almighty Saviour to do with me, both in life and death, just what he pleases, for I have no choice."

About this time Mrs. Wesley became a convert to her son John's opinions respecting "*the witness of the spirit.*" He asked Mrs. Wesley whether his father had not the same evidence, and preached it to his people. She replied that he had it himself, and declared a little before his death, he had no darkness nor doubt of his salvation; but that she did not remember to have heard him preach upon it *explicitly*. MR. SOUTHEY here intimates, that Mrs. Wesley "was then *seventy* years of age, which induces a reasonable suspicion that her powers of mind had become impaired, or she would not else have supposed that any other faith, or degree of faith, was necessary, than that in which her husband had lived and died." It is wisely, as well as eloquently said by DR. FULLER, whose niece married the father of the rector of Epworth as before mentioned; "of such as *deny* that we had *formerly* in our churches all truth necessary to salvation, I ask Joseph's question to his brethren, '*Is your father well? the old man—is he yet alive?*' So, how fare the souls of their sires, and the ghosts of their grandfathers? are they yet alive? do they still survive in bliss and happiness? Oh no! they are dead; dead in soul, dead in body,

dead temporally, dead eternally: *if so be we had not all truth necessary to salvation before their time.*"

When MR. JOHN WESLEY wrote to his father in 1735 the reasons why he declined the living of Epworth, he then appears not to have had the same views, as to the ineffectiveness of his father's ministry, as he afterwards entertained. For he says "these are part of my reasons for choosing to abide (till I am better informed,) in the station wherein God has placed me. As for the *flock* committed to your care, whom for many years you have diligently fed *with the sincere milk of the word*, I trust in God your labour shall not be in vain either to yourself or them; many of them, the Great Shepherd has, by your hand, delivered from the hand of the destroyer, some of whom are already entered into peace, and some remain unto this day. For *yourself*, I doubt not, but when your warfare is accomplished, when you are made perfect through sufferings, you shall come to your grave, not with sorrow, but as a ripe shock of corn, full of years and victories. And He that took care of the sheep before you were born, will not forget them when you are dead."

It must be allowed, however, that the Rector's prejudice had made him a stranger to the practical and experimental writings of the *Puritans* and *Non-conformists*; and a change of society, and a new course of reading, might in some measure obscure even the well informed mind of Mrs. Wesley. "Their theological reading," says MR. WATSON, "according to the fashion of the church-people of that day, was directed rather to the writings of those Divines of the English church who were tinged more or less with a *Pelagianized Armi-*

*nianism*. They had parted with *Calvinism*; but, like many others, they renounced with it, for want of spiritual discrimination, those truths which were as fully maintained in the theology of ARMINIUS, and in that of their eminent son, who revived and more fully illustrated it, as in the writings of the most judicious and spiritual Calvinistic divines themselves. TAYLOR, TILLOTSON, and BULL, who became their oracles, were Arminians of a different class.”

In a letter from Mrs. Wesley to her son *Samuel*, dated Epworth, March 1739, she thus refers to that laborious servant of Christ, MR. WHITFIELD, and to the great good her sons John and Charles were *then* doing. “You have heard, I suppose, that Mr. Whitfield is taking a progress through these parts to make a collection for a house in *Georgia*, for orphans, and such of the native children as they will part with, to learn our language and religion. He came hither to see me, and we talked about your brothers. I told him I did not like their way of living, wished them in some places of their own, wherein they might regularly preach. He replied, ‘I could not conceive the good they did in London; that the greatest part of our clergy were asleep, and there never was greater need of itinerant preachers than now.’ Upon which, a gentleman that came with him, said that my son *Charles had converted him*, and that both my sons spent all their time in doing good. I then asked Mr. Whitfield if they were not for making some *innovations* in the church, which I much feared. He assured me they were so far from it, that they endeavoured all they could to reconcile Dissenters to our communion; that my son John had

baptized five adult Presbyterians, and he believed would bring over many to our communion. His stay was short, so that I could not talk with him as much as I desired. He seems to be a very good man, and one who truly desires the salvation of mankind. God grant that the wisdom of the serpent may be joined to the innocence of the dove."

Of the closing scene of Mrs. Wesley's life, her son *John* gives the following account:—"I left Bristol on the evening of Sunday, July 18th, 1742, and on Tuesday came to London. I found my mother on the borders of eternity; but she had no doubts or fears, nor any desire, but as soon as God should call, 'to depart, and be with Christ.' Friday, July 23rd, about three in the afternoon, I went to see my mother, and found her change was near. I sat down on the bed side; she was in her last conflict, unable to speak, but I believe quite sensible; her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upwards while we commended her soul to God. From three to four, *the silver cord was loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern*; and then without any struggle, sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood around the bed, and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech, 'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm to God.' Her age was 73. Sunday, 1st of August, about five in the afternoon, in the presence of a great number of people, I committed to the earth the body of my mother, to sleep with her fathers. The portion of Scripture from which I afterwards spoke, was, '*And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found*

*no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.*—Rev. xx. 11, 12. It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see on this side of eternity.”

Mrs. Wesley was interred in *Bunhill-fields* burial ground, where so much precious dust reposes! A plain monumental stone is placed at the head of her grave. The epitaph, however, is unjust to her memory. Instead of recording the virtues and excellencies of this extraordinary woman, she is there represented in unworthy verse, living without real religion nearly the whole of her life, or, in the words of the Epitaph,

“A legal night of seventy years.”

“These words seem to intimate,” says DR. CLARKE, “that Mrs. Wesley was not received into the Divine favour till she was *seventy years* of age! For my own part, after having traced her through all the known periods of her life, and taking her spiritual state from her own nervous and honest pen, I can scarcely doubt but that she was in the divine favour long before that time; according to the text, *he that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him.* And though she lived in a time when the spiritual privileges of the children of God were not so clearly defined, nor so well understood, as they are at present; yet she was not without large communications of the divine spirit, heavenly light, and heavenly ardours, which often



caused her to sit 'like cherub bright some moments on a throne of love.' She had the faith of God's elect, she acknowledged the truth which is according to godliness. Her spirit and life were conformed to this truth; and shew as not, as she could not be, without the favour and approbation of God.

"But there is a fact which seems to stand against this, which is *alluded* to in the second and third stanzas, viz. that in receiving the sacrament of the Lord's supper, when her son-in-law presented the cup with these words,—*'the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for THEE*; she felt them strike through her heart; and she then knew that God for Christ's sake had forgiven her all her sins.' That Mrs. Wesley did *then* receive a powerful influence from the Holy Spirit I can readily believe, by which she was mightily confirmed and strengthened, and had from it the clearest evidence of her reconciliation to God; but that she had been in a legal state, or, as some have understood that expression, was seeking justification by the works of the law until then, I have the most positive facts to disprove."

"The Rector of Epworth's ministry was strong and faithful: but it was not *clear* on the point of *justification by faith, and the witness of the Spirit*. I can testify this," says DR. CLARKE, "from the most direct evidence,—several of his manuscript sermons being now before me. To know that we are of God, by the spirit which he has given us; he, and most in his time believed to be the privilege of a *few*, and but of a few: hence the people were not exhorted to follow on to know the Lord; and although several of them had a

measure of this knowledge, felt its effects, and brought forth the fruits of it; yet they knew not its name."

Her epitaph which was written by MR. CHARLES WESLEY has been strongly objected to by DR. CLARKE on other grounds. He calls it "*trite, bald, and inexpressive.*" MR. SOUTHEY has also censured it; but both MR. MOORE and MR. WATSON consider the lines "*beautiful.*" We shall give them, and leave the reader to form his own judgment.

"Here lies the body of MRS. SUSANNA WESLEY, the youngest and last surviving daughter of DR. SAMUEL ANNESLEY.

"In sure and stedfast hope to rise,  
And claim her mansions in the skies;  
A christian here her flesh laid down,  
The cross exchanging for a crown.

"True daughter of affliction she,  
Inured to pain and misery,  
Mourn'd a long night of griefs and fears,  
A legal night of seventy years.

"The Father *then* reveal'd his Son,  
Him in the broken bread made known.  
She knew and felt her sins forgiven,  
And found the earnest of her heaven.

"Meet for the fellowship above,  
She heard the call, 'arise, my love!'  
'I come!' her dying looks replied,  
And lamb-like as her Lord she died."

Mrs. Wesley's character will have been seen in the preceding sketch of her life. She appears to have possessed naturally a masculine strength of mind, which

was improved by a liberal education. She feared no difficulty ; and, in the search of truth, at once looked the most formidable objections full in the face ; and never hesitated to give an enemy all the vantage ground he could gain, when she rose up to defend either the doctrines or precepts of religion. Mrs. Wesley had evidently read much, and thought more. Both logic and metaphysics formed part of her studies ; and these acquisitions, which she studiously endeavoured to *conceal*, are seen to great advantage in all her writings. Her education was conducted upon Christian principles ; and she appears very early to have attained a considerable acquaintance with the gospel as a system of divine truth, and to have felt much of its influence upon her heart. She was not only *graceful*, but *beautiful* in her figure. Her sister *Judith* is represented as a very beautiful woman ; but one who well knew them both, said, “ beautiful as MISS ANNESLEY appears, she is far from being so *interesting* as MRS. WESLEY.”

As a WIFE, she was affectionate and obedient ; having a sacred respect for authority wherever lodged. As the mistress of a large family, *her management was exquisite in all its parts* ; and its success beyond comparison. As a *christian*, she was modest, humble, and pious. Her religion was as rational as it was scriptural and profound. In forming her creed, she dug deep, and laid her foundation upon a rock, and the storms of life never shook it. Her faith carried her through many severe trials, and it was unimpaired in death. Mrs. Wesley had, indeed, her full share of sorrow. We have seen, that, during the life of her husband, she had to struggle with narrow circumstances ; and, at his

death, she was left dependant upon her children. Of nineteen children, she had wept over the early graves of a great number; she survived her son Samuel, and had the keener anguish of seeing *three* of her daughters unhappily married. She was a tender *mother*, and a wise and invaluable friend. DR. CLARKE concludes his character of Mrs. Wesley in the following words:—  
“I have been acquainted with *many* pious females; I have read the lives of several others, and composed memoirs of a few; but, of *such* a woman, take her for all in all, I have not heard; nor with her *equal* have I been acquainted. Such a one, Solomon has described; and to Mrs. Wesley I can apply the character of his *accomplished housewife*. ‘*Many* daughters have done virtuously, but *thou* excellest them all.’”

## CHAP. IX.

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### SAMUEL WESLEY, JUN.

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SENT TO WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—MRS. WESLEY'S EXCELLENT LETTER TO HIM.—NOTICED BY BISHOP SPRAT.—REMOVES TO CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.—APPOINTED ONE OF THE USHERS IN WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—HIS INTIMACY WITH BISHOP ATTERBURY.—HIS EPIGRAMS AGAINST SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.—ACCEPTS THE MASTERSHIP OF TIVERTON SCHOOL, DEVONSHIRE.—HIS LETTER TO HIS MOTHER ON HER COUNTENANCING THE METHODISTS.—PUBLISHES A VOLUME OF POEMS.—INTIMATE WITH LORD OXFORD AND MR. POPE.—THEIR LETTERS TO HIM.—HIS DEATH,—CHARACTER,—AND EPITAPH.

Though it is little more than *forty* years since the 'venerable Founder' of Arminian Methodism *died*, all knowledge of that part of the Wesley Family which had no public eminence, is almost wholly obliterated. Out of nineteen children, which comprised the family of the Rector of Epworth, the names of eleven only can be recovered, and of most of these, little is comparatively known. The registers of births and burials being in the parsonage house at the time of the fire in 1709, were totally consumed, which prevents us fixing their ages with exactness.

MR. SAMUEL WESLEY, JUNIOR, was undoubtedly the eldest child which Mrs. Wesley had; and was born in London, or its vicinity, before his father's removal to *South Ormsby*. He could not speak till between four and five years of age, which was a great grief to the

family; but one day having retired out of sight, as was his frequent custom, to amuse himself with a favourite cat, hearing his mother anxiously call for him, he crept out from under the table and said, "*here I am mother,*" to the great surprize and comfort of the whole family. It seems as if the child had been laying up stores in secret till that time; for one day, when some question was proposed to another person concerning him, he answered it himself in a manner which astonished all who heard him, and from that time he began to speak without difficulty.

In 1704, when about fourteen years of age, he was sent to Westminster school, and in 1707, admitted king's scholar. This school, through the extraordinary abilities of DR. BUSBY, its then late Head Master, had acquired great celebrity in Europe. Mr. Wesley availed himself of the valuable advantages thus put within his reach, and became a thorough scholar. He had naturally a strong and discerning mind, which soon shone conspicuously for its *correct classical taste*.

We have seen what care Mrs. Wesley took to cultivate the minds of her children; and from them, as far as human influence, and teaching, can extend, to religion and piety. As Samuel was the first born, she felt it her duty, in a peculiar manner, to dedicate him to the Lord, and her anxious cares were not lessened after his removal to Westminster. A letter written to him by his mother, in Oct. 1709, contains excellent counsel and advice, expressed with much energy and dignity of language.

"I hope that you retain the impressions of your education, nor have forgot that the vows of God are

upon you. You know that the *first fruits* are heaven's by an unalienable right; and that as your parents devoted you to the service of the *altar*, so you yourself made it your choice, when your father was offered another way of life for you. But have you duly considered what such a choice, and such a dedication import? Consider well, what separation from the world! what purity! what devotion! what exemplary virtue! are required in those who are to guide others to glory. I say exemplary; for low common degrees of piety are not sufficient for those of the sacred function. You must not think to live like the rest of the world: your light must so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and thereby be led to glorify your Father which is in heaven.

“I would advise you, as much as possible, in your present circumstances, to throw your business into a certain *method*, by which means you will learn to improve every precious moment, and find an unsuspecting facility in the performance of your respective duties. Begin and end the day with Him who is the *Alpha* and *Omega*; and if you really experience what it is to love God, you will redeem all that you can for His more immediate service. I will tell you what rule I used to observe when I was in my *father's* house, and had as little, if not less, liberty than you have now: I used to allow myself as much time for recreation as I spent in private devotion; not that I always spent so much, but I gave myself leave to go so far, but no farther. So in all things else; appoint so much time for sleep, eating, company, &c. But of all things, my dear *Sammy*, I command you, I beg, I beseech you, to be

very strict in observing the Lord's-day. In all things endeavour to act upon principle; and do not live like the rest of mankind, who pass through the world like straws upon a river, which are carried which way the stream, or wind drives them. Often put this question to yourself,—Why do I this, or that? Why do I pray, read, study, or use devotion, &c.? by this means you will come to such a steadiness and consistency in your words and actions, as becomes a reasonable creature, and a good christian.”

As *Samuel* had the reputation of being a good and accurate scholar, he was taken occasionally by DR. THOMAS SPRAT, Bishop of Rochester, to read to him in the evenings at his seat at Bromley, in Kent. Bishop Sprat had at that time, the character of being one of the first scholars in England, learned in almost all arts and sciences, and a poet of the first order. To almost any young man of learning and genius, the friendship and conversation of such a man as Bishop Sprat would have been invaluable. But Mr. Wesley was so intent upon his *classical* studies, and also short-sighted and of a feeble voice, that he esteemed this service rather a bondage than a privilege. The Bishop's studies were nothing similar to his own; and he considered the time he was obliged to spend at Bromley as totally lost.

In 1711 Mr. Wesley was elected to Christ's Church, Oxford, where his diligence was exemplary. The anonymous author of his life, prefixed to an edition of his poems, says, “In both these places, (Westminster and Oxford,) by the sprightliness of his compositions, and his remarkable industry, he gained a reputation beyond most of his contemporaries, being



thoroughly and critically skilled in the learned languages, and he possessed a perfection in them rarely attained." With these qualifications, he was sent for from the University to officiate as one of the Ushers in Westminster School; and soon after, under the direction of BISHOP ATTERBURY, then Dean of Westminster, he took orders. His attachment to this political prelate\* prevented him from obtaining the vacant chair of Under Master in Westminster School, for which he was eminently qualified, having officiated as Head Usher in that establishment for about *twenty* years.

Though his intimacy with the Bishop blasted all Mr. Wesley's prospects of church preferment, his political principles were what he always gloried in; and it would be for the credit of human nature did great men oftener find, upon the vicissitudes of fortune, such firmness and fidelity as Mr. Wesley evinced to Atterbury. The following extracts of letters from the Bishop during his *exile*, will show in what light he viewed Mr. Wesley's fidelity. They were occasioned by a fine poem which Mr. Wesley wrote and printed in his collection, on the death of MRS. MORICE, his lordship's daughter.

*April 24, 1730.*

"I have received a poem from MR. MORICE, which I must be insensible not to thank you for—your Elegy upon the death of Mrs. Morice. It is what I cannot help, an impulse upon me to thank you under my own

\* It is said of BISHOP ATTERBURY, that on the death of QUEEN ANNE, he offered, with a sufficient guard, to proclaim the *Pretender* in full canonicals.

hand, the satisfaction I feel, the approbation I give, the envy I bear you, for this good deed and good work. As a poet, and as a man, I thank you, I esteem you."

*Paris, May 27, 1730.*

"I am obliged to Wesley for what he has written on my dear child; and take it the more kindly, because he could not hope for my being ever in a condition to reward him; though if ever I am, I will, for he has shown an invariable regard for me all along, in all circumstances, and much more than some of his acquaintance, who had ten times greater obligations."

*Paris, June 30, 1730.*

"The verses you sent touched me very nearly; and the Latin in the front of them, as much as the English that followed. There is a great many good lines in them, and they are writ with as much affection as poetry. They came from the heart of the author, and he has a share of mine in return; and if ever I come back to my country with honour, he shall find it."

This was no mean praise from so great a man, and so good a judge. All things considered, we cannot wonder at the neglect that Mr. Wesley received from the then ministry, after reading the severity of the following Epigrams, with which he assailed SIR ROBERT WALPOLE and his friends:—

"When patriots sent a bishop 'cross the seas,  
They met to fix the pains and penalties:  
While true-blue bloodhounds on his death were bent,  
Thy mercy, WALPOLE, voted banishment!  
Or, forc'd thy sovereign's orders to perform,  
Or proud to govern as to raise the storm.

Thy goodness shown in such a dangerous day  
 He only who received it can repay :  
 Thou never justly recompenc'd canst be,  
 Till banish'd *Francis* do the same for *thee*.

Tho' some would give SIR BOB no quarter,  
 But long to hang him in his garter ;  
 Yet surely he will deserve to have  
 Such mercy as in power he gave :  
 Send him abroad to take his ease,  
 By act of pains and penalties :  
 But if he ere comes back again,  
 Law, take thy course, and hang him then."

---

"Four shillings in the pound we see,  
 And well may rest contented,  
 Since war, Bob swore't, should never be,  
 Is happily prevented.

But he now absolute become,  
 May plunder every penny ;  
 Then blame him not for taking *some*,  
 But thank for leaving *any*.

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"A steward once, the Scripture says,  
 When ordered his accounts to pass,  
 To gain his master's debtors o'er,  
 Cried for a hundred write fourscore.

Near as he could, SIR ROBERT bent  
 To follow gospel precedent,  
 When told a hundred late would do,  
 Cried, I beseech you, Sir, take two.

In merit, which should we prefer,  
 The steward or the treasurer?  
 Neither for justice car'd a fig,  
 Too proud to beg, too old to dig;  
 Both bountiful themselves have shown  
 In things that never were their own:  
 But here a difference we must grant,  
 One robb'd the *rich* to keep off want,  
 T' other, vast treasures to secure,  
 Stole from the *public* and the *poor*.

Though these stung the minister to the quick, they did not fail, at the same time, to confirm him in his resolution that Mr. Wesley should never rise at Westminster. The animosity between them was mutual; and yet such was the filial piety of this high-spirited man, that in the latter end of his father's life, who was but in narrow circumstances, he condescended in his favour, to solicit a minister that he both hated and despised. The solicitation, however, did not succeed.

Among Mr. Samuel Wesley's letters was found one to his brother John, which contains some curious family matters; particularly respecting a project of the latter, to draw the character of every branch of the family, the commencement of which he had submitted to his brother for his approbation. Whether this project was ever completed is not known. It would have been an interesting document.

*Dcan's Yard, November 18, 1727.*

“DEAR JACK,

“I am obliged to you for the beginning of *the Portrait of our Family*: how I may judge when I see the whole, though I may guess nearly within

myself, I cannot positively affirm to you. There is, I think, not above one particular in all the characters which you have drawn at length, that needs further explanation. \* \* \* \*

“My wife and I join in love and duty; and beg my father and mother’s blessing. I would to God they were as easy in one another, and as little uneasy in their fortunes, as we are! In that sense, perhaps, you may say I am, *Tydidēs melior patris*; though I believe there is scarcely more work to be done at *Wroote* than here, though we have fewer debts to discharge. Next Christmas I hope to be as clear as I have expected to be these seven years. Charles is, I think, in debt for a letter; but I don’t desire he should imagine it discharged by setting his name in your letter, or interlining a word or two. I must conclude, because my paper is done, and company come in.

I am, your affectionate friend and brother,  
S. WESLEY.”

Mr. Samuel Wesley had an only son, who died young, but at what age we cannot learn. His death appears to have been a heavy stroke to all the family; and was particularly so to his *grandfather*, for the reasons which he alleges in the following consolatory letter, written to his son on the occasion, and which appears to have been the answer to that in which he received the news of his death.

June 18, 1731.

“DEAR SON,

“Yes, this is a thunderbolt indeed to our whole family; but especially to me, who now am not likely to see any of my name in the *third* generation,

(though Job did in the fourth,) to stand before God. However, this is a new demonstration to me, that there must be an hereafter; because when the truest piety and filial duty have been shown, it has been followed by the loss of children, which therefore must be restored and met with again, as Job's first ten were in another world. As I resolve from hence, as he directs to stir up myself against the hypocrite, I trust I shall walk on in my way, and grow stronger and stronger, as well as that God will support you both under this heavy and unspeakable affliction. But when and how did he die? and where is his epitaph? Though if sending this now, will too much *refricare vulnus*, I will stay longer for it.

S. WESLEY."

It is seen, from the accounts which have been written of MR. JOHN WESLEY, how earnestly his father wished *him* to succeed to the Rectory of Epworth, and how strongly this was pressed upon him by his elder brother *Samuel*. But it is not so well known that SAMUEL WESLEY was the *first* object of his father's choice; however this is sufficiently evident from the following letter, which was transcribed from the original. The offer of Epworth to Samuel was made February 1733; that to John was in 1734.

*February 28, 1733.*

" DEAR SON SAMUEL,

" For several reasons I have earnestly desired, especially in and since my last sickness, that you might succeed me in Epworth; in order to which I am willing and determined to resign the living,

provided you could make an interest to have it in my room.

“My first and best reason is, because I am persuaded you would serve God and His people here better than I have done. Though, thanks be to God, after nearly forty years labour amongst them, they grow better; I had above a hundred at my last Sacrament, whereas I have had less than *twenty* communicants formerly. My second reason relates to yourself, taken from gratitude, or rather from plain honesty.—You have been a father to your brothers and sisters; especially to the former, who have cost you great sums in their education, both before and since they went to the University. Neither have you stopped here; but have shewed your piety to your mother and me in a very liberal manner; wherein your wife joined with you when you did not overmuch abound yourselves; and have even done noble charities to my children’s children. Now what should I be if I did not endeavour to make you easy to the utmost of my power, especially when I know that neither of you have your health in London? My third is from honest interest; I mean that of our family. You know our circumstances. As for your aged and infirm mother, as soon as I drop she must turn out, unless you succeed me; which if you do, and she survives me, I know you’ll immediately take her then to your own house, or rather continue her there; where your wife and you will nourish her till we meet again in heaven; and you will be a guide and a stay to the rest of the family.

“There are a few things more which may seem to be tolerable reasons to me for desiring you to be

my successor, whatever they may appear to others. I have been at very great expense on this living:—have rebuilt from the ground the parsonage-barn, and dove-cote; leaded, planked, and roofed, a great part of my chancel; rebuilt the parsonage-house twice when it had been burnt; the first time one wing, the second down to the ground, wherein I lost all my books and MSS., a considerable sum of money, all our linen, wearing apparel, and household stuff, except a little old iron, my wife and I being scorched with the flames, and all of us very narrowly escaping with life. This by God's help I built again, digging up the old foundations, and laying new ones; it cost me above 400*l.*, little or nothing of the old materials being left: besides new furniture from top to bottom; for we had now very little more than what Adam and Eve had when they set up housekeeping. I then planted the two fronts of my house with wall fruit the second time, as I had done the old; for the former all perished by the fire. I have before set mulberries in my garden, which bear plentifully, as lately, cherries, pears, &c., and in the adjoining croft walnuts; and am planting more every day. And this I solemnly declare, not with any manner of view, or so much as hopes, that any of mine should enjoy any of the fruit of my labour, *when I have so long since outlived all my friends*: but my prospect was for some unknown person, that I might do what became me, and leave the living better than I found it.

“And yet I might own I could not help wishing, as 'twas natural, that all my care and charge might not be utterly sunk and lost to my family, but that



some of them might be the better for it; though yet I despaired of it for the reason above mentioned, till some time since the best of my parishioners pressed me earnestly to try if I could do any thing in it: though all I can do is to resign it to you; which I am ready, frankly and gladly to do; *scorning to make any conditions*, for I know *you* better.

“I commend this affair and you, and yours to God, as becomes

“Your affectionate father,

S. WESLEY.”

Mr. Wesley, finding that promotion at Westminster was hopeless, and that his health had been greatly impaired by a conscientious and rigorous fulfilment of his duties, he accepted, about 1732, the Mastership of the Free Grammar School of Tiverton, in Devonshire. Without any solicitation on his part, he was invited to that situation, and held it till his death. Before he removed so far westward, he went to visit his parents at Epworth, and there his two brothers met him, that the *whole* family might, for the *last time* in this world, be gathered together. Among the many solemn circumstances of human life, few can be more solemn than such a meeting.

Whilst his brothers, John and Charles, were in *Georgia*, Samuel kept up an affectionate and instructive correspondence with them; but on their return to England, he considered their *missionary exertions*, in different parts of the kingdom, as little less than a profanation of the christian ministry. Possessing high church, and tory principles, he was too apt to conceive a violent prejudice against any thing that appeared

contrary to his notions of the *orthodox* faith. On this ground the conduct of his brothers was viewed by him with a jealous eye; and his mind was prejudiced towards them by tales which some of his correspondents had gleaned up, and especially through the exertions of a MRS. HUTTON, at whose house Mr. John and Charles Wesley lodged after their return from Georgia. By this "silly" woman's information, Samuel was led to set down his brother John as a *lunatic*. Many letters passed between the brothers in consequence of Mrs. Hutton's correspondence. In one of her letters, dated 6th of June, 1738, she says:—

“Your brother *John* seems to be turned a wild enthusiast or fanatic; and to our very great affliction, he is drawing our two children into these wild notions, by their great opinion of his sanctity and judgment. It would be a charity to many other honest, well-meaning, simple souls, as well as to my children, if you would either convert, or *confine* Mr. John when he is with you; for, after his behaviour on Sunday the 28th of May, you will think him not quite right. Without ever acquainting any one of his design, after MR. HUTTON had ended a sermon of BISHOP BLACKHALL'S, which he had been *reading* in his study to a great number of people, Mr. John got up and told the people, that five days before, *he was not a Christian*; and the way for them all to become so, was to believe and own that they were *not* then Christians. Mr. Hutton was much surprised at this unexpected speech.”

When he repeated the assertion at supper, in Mrs. Hutton's presence, she answered with female readiness, “if you were not a Christian ever since I knew you,

you was a great hypocrite, for you made us all believe you were one." In the same letter she adds,—

"Mr. Charles went from my son's, where he lay ill for some time; and would not come to our house, where I offered him the choice of two of my best rooms; but he would accept of neither, and chose rather to go to a poor brazier's in *Little Britain*, that the *brazier* might help him forward in his conversion; which was completed on May 22nd. Mr. John was converted, or I know not what, or how, but made a Christian, May 25th. He has abridged the life of one *Halyburton*, a Presbyterian teacher in Scotland. My son had designed to *print* it, to show the experience of that holy man, of *indwelling*, &c. Mr. Hutton and I have forbid our son being concerned in handing *such* books into the world; but if your brother John, or Charles, thinks it will tend to promote God's glory, they will soon convince my son, that *God's glory is to be preferred to his parents' commands!* Then you will see what I never expected; my son promoting rank fanaticism. If you can, dear sir, put a stop to such madness, it will be a work worthy of you, and very much oblige,

Sir,

Your sincere and affectionate servant,

E. HUTTON."

To Mr. Wesley, Tiverton, Devon.

The truly scriptural and impressive experience of MR. HALYBURTON, appears thus to have been viewed by Mrs. Hutton as *rank fanaticism*. This circumstance alone is sufficient to show how utterly incapable *she* was of judging correctly in matters of Christian

experience.\* That Mr. Samuel should have given her a *serious* answer, seems strange. We shall subjoin an extract from his letter to her :

“ DEAR MADAM,

“I am sufficiently sensible of yours, and Mr. Hutton’s kindness to my brothers, and shall always acknowledge it, and cannot blame you either for your concern, or writing to me about it. Falling into enthusiasm is being lost with a witness. What *Jack* means by not being a Christian till last month I do not understand. I hope your son does not think it as plainly revealed, that he should print an enthusiastic book, as it is, that he should obey his father and mother. God deliver us from visions that make the law of God vain ! I pleased myself with the expectation of seeing *Jack*, but *it is now all over*. I know not where to direct to him, or where he is. Charles I will write to as soon as I can, and shall be glad to hear from you in the mean time. *I heartily pray God to stop the progress of this lunacy.*

*Tiverton, June 17, 1738.*

SAMUEL WESLEY.”

\* The Life of Halyburton was a book which that great scholar SIR RICHARD ELLYS valued above all the books in his learned and extensive library. DAVID SIMPSON, author of the “Plea for Religion,” says of this work, “I remember the excellent DR. CONYERS of Deptford once observed that if he was banished into a desert island, and permitted to take with him only *four* books, the life of Halyburton should be one.” In this work there are passages of the finest feeling. We hope there are few whose hearts are in so diseased a state as not to relish and understand the beauty of the following extract. When a long illness had well nigh done its work, Mr. Halyburton said, “I did not believe that I could have borne, and borne cheerfully, this rod so long. This is a miracle—*pain without pain!* Blessed be God that ever I was born. I have a father, a mother, and ten brothers and sisters in heaven, and I shall be the eleventh! O blessed be the day that ever I was born.”—A few hours before he breathed his last, he said, “I was just thinking on the pleasant spot of earth I shall get to lie in beside *Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Forrester, and Mr. Anderson*. I shall come in as the *little one* amongst them, and I shall get my pleasant George in my hand, (a child who was gone before him,) and oh! we shall be a *knot of bonny dust!*”

Several letters passed between the brothers, in consequence of Mrs. Hutton's gleanings: and though Samuel seems to have altered his views in some respects towards the latter part of his life, he does not appear even *then* to have "seen eye to eye," with his brothers on the doctrine of assurance.

Mr. Wesley's mother about this time became a convert to her son John's opinions respecting "*a present forgiveness of sins.*" MR. SOUTHEY intimates, as we have before stated, that Mrs. Wesley, from her great age had become enfeebled in the powers of her mind. Be this as it may, the alteration in his mother's views was a great affliction to *Samuel*. He wrote to her as follows:—"It is with exceeding concern and grief, I heard you have countenanced *a spreading delusion*, so far as to become one of *Jack's* congregation. It is not enough that I am bereft of both my brothers, but must my *mother* follow too? I earnestly beseech the Almighty to preserve *you* from joining a *Schism* at the *close* of your life, as you were unfortunately engaged in one at the *beginning* of it. *They boast of you already as a disciple.* CHARLES has told John Bentham that I do not differ much, if we do but understand one another. I am afraid I must be forced to *advertise*, such is their apprehension, or their charity. But they design separation. Things will take their natural course, without an especial interposition of Providence. My brothers are already forbid all the pulpits in London, and to preach in that diocese is actual schism. In all likelihood it will come to the same all over England, unless the Bishops have courage. They leave off the liturgy in the fields: though MR. WHITFIELD

expresses his value for it, he never once read it to his *tatterdemalians* on a common. *Their societies are sufficient to dissolve all other societies, but their own: will any man of common sense or spirit suffer any domestic to be in a bond engaged to relate every thing without, to five or ten people, that concerns the persons' conscience, how much soever it may concern the family? Ought any married persons to be there, unless husband and wife be there together?* This is literally putting asunder whom God hath joined together. As I told *Jack*, I am not afraid the church should *excommunicate* him, discipline is at too low an ebb; but that he should excommunicate the church. Love-feasts are introduced, and *extemporary* prayers, and *expositions* of *Scripture*, which last are enough to bring in all confusion: nor is it likely they will want any miracles to support them. He only can stop them from being a *formed sect*, in a very little time, who *ruleth the madness of the people.*"

In 1736 Mr. Samuel Wesley published "*A Collection of Poems on several Occasions,*" in 4to, for which it appears he got a considerable number of subscribers. He informs the public in an advertisement prefixed to his poems, that they were published not from "any opinion of excellency in the verses themselves," but only on account of "the profit proposed by the subscription." There are not many writers, who, with equal talents, are possessed with equal diffidence. These poems in general have the best tendency, and are calculated either to correct some vice, or to inculcate some branch of morality and virtue. They abounded with marks of profound erudition, great observation, and

knowledge of mankind, with a most lively and vigorous imagination. His verses, however, in many parts, possess not that harmony they might have acquired, had he taken more pains to polish and refine them. But they are masculine and nervous in the highest degree. DR. CLARKE thus speaks of them:—"As a *poet*, Samuel Wesley stands entitled to a very high niche in the temple of fame; and it has long appeared to me strange that his *Poetical Works* have not found a place either in JOHNSON'S, ANDERSONS', or CHALMERS' Collection of the British Poets. To say that those collectors did not think them entitled to a place there, would be a gross reflection on their judgment; as in the last and best collection, consisting of 127 Poets, it would be easy to prove, that Samuel Wesley, Jun. is equal to most, and certainly superior to many of that number. But the *name!*—the name would have scared many superficial and fantastic readers, as they would have been afraid of meeting, in some corner or other, with METHODISM." One of his poems is entitled *The Battle of the Sexes*, and was greatly admired by DEAN SWIFT. It contains fifty verses in the stanza of *Spencer*, and produced a handsome poetical compliment from MR. CHRISTOPHER PITT, who says,—

"What muse but your's so justly could display,  
The embattled *passions* marshal'd in array?  
To airy notions solid forms dispense,  
And make our thoughts the images of sense?  
Discover all the rational machine,  
And show the movements, springs, and wheels within."

Mr. Wesley's personification and description of *religion* in this poem, according to DR. CLARKE, has been much admired.

“Mild, sweet, serene, and cheerful was her mood:  
 Nor grave with sternness, nor with lightness free.  
 Against example resolutely good,  
 Fervent in zeal and warm in charity.”

In this collection there are four Tales, *The Cobbler*, *The Pig*, *The Mastiff*, and *The Basket*, admirable for the *humour*, and for their appropriate and instructive moral, though in some instances the descriptions are rather coarse. He very nearly approached, if he did not equal PRIOR, whom he took for his model. As the work is scarce, we shall give the Tale of the Pig as a specimen.

#### THE PIG.—A TALE.

Some husbands on a winter's day  
 Were met to laugh their spleen away.  
 As wine flows in, and spirits rise,  
 They praise their consorts to the skies.  
*Obedient* wives were seldom known,  
 Yet all could answer for their own:  
 Acknowledg'd each as sov'reign lord,  
 Abroad, at home, in deed, in word;  
 In short, as absolute their reign, as  
 Grand seignior's, over his sultanas.  
 For pride or shame to be outdone,  
 All join'd in the discourse but one;  
 Who, vex'd so many *lies* to hear,  
 Thus stops their arrogant career:  
 'Tis mighty strange, sirs, what you say!  
 What! all so absolutely sway  
 In England, where Italians wise  
 Have plac'd the women's paradise;  
 In London, where the sex's flower  
 Have of that Eden fix'd the bow'r!



Fie, men of sense, to be so vain!  
 You're not in Turkey or in Spain;  
 True Britons all, I'll lay my life  
 None here *is master of his wife*.

These words the general fury rouse,  
 And all the common cause espouse;  
 Till one with voice superior said,  
 (Whose lungs were sounder than his head,)  
 I'll send my footman instant home,  
 To bid his mistress hither come;  
 And if she flies not at my call,  
 To own my pow'r before you all,  
 I'll grant I'm *hen-peck'd* if you please,  
 As S———, or as Socrates.

Hold there, replies th' objector sly,  
 Prove first that matrons never lie;  
 Else words are wind: to tell you true,  
 I neither credit them nor you:  
 No, we'll be judg'd a surer way,  
 By what they *do*, not what they *say*.  
 I'll hold you severally, that boast  
 A supper at the loser's cost,  
 That if you'll but vouchsafe to try  
 A trick I'll tell you by and by.  
 Send strait for every *wife* quite round,  
 One mother's daughter is not found,  
 But what before her husband's face  
 Point blank his order *disobeys*.

To this they one and all consent:  
 The wager laid, the summons went.  
 Meanwhile he this instruction gives,  
 Pray only gravely tell your wives,

Your will and pleasure is, t' invite  
 These friends to a BOIL'D PIG to night ;  
 The commoner the trick has been,  
 The better chance you have to win :  
 The treat is mine, if they refuse ;  
 But if they *boil* it, then I lose.

The *first* to whom the message came  
 Was a well-born and haughty dame :  
 A saucy independent she,  
 With jointure and with pin-money.  
 Secur'd by marriage-deeds from wants,  
 Without a sep'rate maintenance.  
 Her loftiness disdain'd to hear  
 Half-through her husband's messenger :  
 But cut him short with—How *dare he*  
 'Mong pot companions send for me ?  
 He knows his way, if sober, home ;  
 And if he wants me, *bid him come*.  
 This answer, hastily return'd,  
 Pleas'd all but him whom it concern'd,  
 For each man thought, his wife on trial,  
 Would brighter shine by this denial.

The *second* was a lady gay,  
 Who lov'd to visit, dress, and play,  
 To sparkle in the box, or ring,  
 And dance on birth-nights for the King ;  
 Whose head was busy wont to be  
 With something *else* than *cookery*.  
 She, hearing of her husband's name,  
 Tho' much a gentlewoman, came.  
 When half-informed of his request,  
 A dish as he desired it drest,  
 Quoth madam, with a serious face,  
 Without inquiring what it was,

You can't sure for an answer look,  
 Sir, do you take *me* for your *cook*?  
 But I must haste a friend to see,  
 Who stays my coming for her *tea*.  
 So said, that minute out she flew:  
 What could the slighted husband do?  
 His wager lost must needs appear,  
 For none obey that will not hear.

The next for *housewifery* renown'd,  
 A woman notable was own'd,  
 Who hated idleness and airs,  
 And minded family affairs.  
 Expert at ev'ry thing was she,  
 At needlework, or surgery;  
 Fam'd for her liquors far and near,  
 From richest cordial to small beer.  
 To serve a feast she understood,  
 In English or in foreign mode,  
 Whate'er the wanton taste could choose  
 In sauces, kickshaws, and ragouts;  
 She spar'd for neither cost nor pain,  
 Her welcome guests to entertain.  
 Her husband fair accosts her thus;—  
 To-night these friends will sup with us.  
 She answer'd with a *smile*, my dear,  
 Your friends are always welcome there.  
 But we desire a pig, and pray  
 You'd boil it.—*Boil* it! do you say?  
 I hope you'll give me leave to know  
 My business better, sir, than so.  
 Why! ne'er in any book was yet  
 Found such a whimsical receipt.  
 My dressing none need be afraid of,  
 But such a dish was never heard of.

I'll *roast* it nice,—but shall not *boil* it;  
 Let those that know no better spoil it.  
 Her husband cry'd,—for all my boast,  
 I own the wager fairly lost;  
 And other wives besides my love,  
 Or I'm mistaken much, may prove  
 More chargeable than this to me,  
 To show their pride in housewifery.

Now the poor *wretch* who next him sat,  
 Felt his own heart go pit-a-pat;  
 For well he knew his spouse's way;  
 Her *spirit* brook'd not to *obey*!  
 She never yet was in the wrong:  
 He told her with a *trembling* tongue,  
 Where, and on what his friends would feast,  
 And how the dainty should be drest.  
 To-night? quoth, in a passion, she;  
 No, sirs, to-night it cannot be,  
 And was it a *boil'd* pig you said?  
 You and your friends sure are not mad!  
 The kitchen is the proper sphere,  
 Where none but *females* should appear:  
 And cooks their orders, by your leave,  
 Always from mistresses receive.  
*Boil* it! was ever such an ass!  
 Pray, what would you desire for sauce?  
 If any servant in my pay  
 Dare dress a pig that silly way,  
 In spite of any whim of your's  
*I'll turn them quickly out of doors*:  
 For no such thing—nay, never frown,  
 Where I am mistress, shall be done.  
 Each woman wise her husband rules,  
 Passive obedience is for fools.

This case was quickly judg'd.—Behold,  
 A fair one of a *softer* mould ;  
 Good humour sparkled in her eye,  
 And unaffected pleasantry.  
 So mild and sweet she enter'd in,  
 Her spouse thought certainly to win.  
 Pity such golden hopes should fail !  
 Soon as she heard th' appointed tale,  
 My dear, I know not, I protest,  
 Whether in earnest or in jest  
 So strange a supper you demand ;  
 Howe'er I'll not disputing stand,  
 But do't as freely as you bid it,  
 Prove but that ever woman did it.  
 This cause, by general consent,  
 Was lost for want of precedent.  
 Thus each denied a several way ;  
 But *all* agreed to *disobey*.

One only dame did yet remain,  
 Who downright honest was and plain :  
 If now and then her voice she tries,  
 'Tis not for rule, but *exercise*.  
 Unus'd her lord's commands to slight,  
 Yet sometimes pleading for the right ;  
 She made her little wisdom go  
 Further than wiser women do.  
 Her husband tells her, looking grave,  
 A roasting pig I *boil'd* would have :  
 And to prevent all pro and con,  
 I must *insist* to have it done.  
 Says she, my dearest, shall your wife  
 Get a nick-name to last for life ?  
 If you resolve to spoil it do ;  
 But I desire you'll eat it too :

For though 'tis *boil'd*, to hinder squabble,  
I shall not, *will not*, sit at table.

She spoke, and her good man alone  
Found he had neither *lost* nor *won*,  
So fairly parted stakes. The rest  
Fell on the wag that caus'd the jest—  
Would *your wife* boil it? let us see:  
Hold there—you did not lay with me.  
You find, in spite of all you boasted,  
Your pigs are fated to be roasted.  
The wager's lost, no more contend,  
But take this counsel from a friend:  
Boast not your empire, if you prize it,  
For happiest he that never tries it.  
Wives unprovok'd think not of sway,  
Without commanding they obey.  
But if your *dear ones* take the field,  
Resolve at once to *win* or *yield*;  
For heaven no medium ever gave  
Betwixt a sovereign and a slave.

The following letter from MR. POPE, which is without date, appears to refer to the subscription for Mr. Wesley's collection of Poems. If so it must have been written about 1735.

“DEAR SIR,

“Your letter had not been so long unanswered, but that I was not returned from a journey of some weeks, when it arrived at this place. You may depend upon the money from the *Earl of Peterborough*, *Mr. Bethel*, *Dr. Swift*, and *Mr. Eckershall*; which I will pay before hand to any one you shall

direct, I think you may set down *Dr. Delany* whom I will write to. I desired my *Lord Oxford* some months since to tell you this. It was just upon my going to take a last leave of *Lord Peterborough*, in so much hurry, that I had not time to write, and my *Lord Oxford* undertook to tell it to you for me. I agree with you in the opinion of *Savage's* strange performance, which does not deserve the benefit of clergy.—*Mrs. Wesley* has my sincere thanks for her good wishes in favour of this wretched tabernacle, my body. The soul that is so unhappy as to inhabit it deserves her regard something better, because it harbours much good will for her husband, and herself; no man being more truly, dear Sir,

Your faithful and affectionate Servant,  
A. POPE."

*Mrs. Wesley, Jun.* was the author of the Hymns in the *Methodist Hymn Book* which begin with the following lines,

"The morning flowers display their sweets, &c.  
The Sun of righteousness appears, &c.  
The Lord of Sabbath let us praise, &c.  
Hail, Father, whose creating call, &c.  
Hail, God the Son in glory crowned, &c.  
Hail! Holy Ghost! Jehovah third, &c.  
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord," &c.

*Mr. Samuel Wesley* held an exalted rank amongst the *literary* men of his day, and was in great intimacy with *LORD OXFORD*, *POPE*, *SWIFT*, and others. He frequently dined at *Lord Oxford's* house, but this was an honour for which he was obliged to pay a very grievous *tax*, and ill suited to the narrowness of his circumstances.

VALES to servants, were in those days quite common ; and in some instances, seem to have stood in the place of wages. A whole range of livery-men generally stood in the lobby with eager expectation and rapacity, when any gentleman came out from dining at a nobleman's table ; so that no person who was not affluent could afford to enjoy the privilege of a nobleman's entertainment : Mr. Wesley having paid this tax oftener than well suited his circumstances, thought it high time either to come to some compromise with these cormorants, or else to discontinue his visits. One day, on returning from Lord Oxford's table, and seeing the usual range of greedy expectants, he addressed them thus : " My friends, I must make an agreement with you suited to my purse ; and shall distribute so much (naming the sum) once in the month, and no more."—This becoming generally known, their master, whose honour was concerned, commanded them to " stand back in their ranks when a gentleman retired ;" and prohibited their begging !\* The following letter from *Lord Oxford*

\* Upon the subject of *Vales*, DR. KING, in the "*Anecdotes of his own Times*," observes, "if, when I am invited to dine with any of my acquaintance, I were to send the master of the house a *sirloin of beef* for a present, it would be considered as a gross affront ; and yet, as soon as I shall have dined, or before I leave the house, I must be obliged to pay for the sirloin which was brought to his table. If the servants' wages were increased in some proportion to their vales, (which is the practice of a few great families) this scandalous custom might be totally extinguished. I remember a Roman Catholic Peer of Ireland, who lived upon a small pension which *Queen Anne* had granted him. The DUKE of ORMOND often invited this nobleman to dinner, and he as often excused. At last the Duke kindly expostulated with him, and would know the reason why he so constantly refused to be one of his guests. My *Lord Poor* then honestly confessed that he could not afford it, 'but,' says he, 'if your Grace will put a *guinea* into my hands as often as you are pleased to invite me to dine, I will not decline the honour of waiting on you.' This was done, and my Lord was afterwards a frequent guest in St. James' Square.



shows the familiarity and confidence that subsisted between his Lordship and Mr. Wesley :—

*Dover-Street, Aug. 7, 1734.*

“DEAR SIR,

“I am sorry and ashamed to say it, but the truth must come out, that I have a letter of yours dated June 8th,—and this is August 7th; and I only now set pen to paper to answer it.

“I am sure I was very glad to hear from you; and since that you are much mended in your health, change of air will certainly be of great service to you, and I hope you will use some other exercise than that of the school. I hear you have had an increase of above forty boys since you have been down there. I am very glad for your sake that you are so well approved of. I hope it will in every respect answer your expectation. If your health be established, I make no doubt that all parts will prove to your mind, which will be a great pleasure to me.

“There is very little news stirring. They all agree that the BISHOP of WINCHESTER is dying. They say HOADLEY is to succeed him, and POTTER, Hoadley; but how farther I cannot tell; nor does the town pretend to know, which is a wonderful thing. I am very glad you were induced to read over HUDIBRAS *three* times with care, and I find you are perfectly of my mind that it much wants *notes*, and that it will be a great work. Certainly it would, to do it as it should be. I do not know one so capable of doing it as yourself. I speak this very sincerely. LILLY’S life I have; and any books that I have you shall see, and have the perusal

of them, and any other part that I can assist. I own I am very fond of the work, and it would be of excellent use and entertainment.

“The news you read in the papers of a match with my daughter, and the DUKE of PORTLAND, was completed at Mary-le-bone Chapel. I think there is the greatest prospect of happiness to them both. I think it must be mutual; one part cannot be happy without the other. There is a great harmony of tempers, a liking to each other, which I think is a true foundation for happiness. Compliments from all here attend you.

I am, Sir, your most affectionate humble Servant,  
OXFORD.”

It has been the opinion of several others, as well as Lord Oxford, that the genius of Mr. Wesley, his knowledge of the transactions of those times, and his extreme *aversion* to the OLIVERIAN worthies, rendered him the fittest person in the kingdom for a commentator on HUDIBRAS; and notwithstanding the industry and abilities of DR. GREY, who is said to have had many of his notes, it is lamented by some, that Mr. Samuel Wesley did not undertake an edition of that work. We, however, do not join in this regret, as it would not have been to his credit, nor was it to that of the bigoted Dr Grey, to libel so many of the *best* and *greatest* men that England ever produced. We are far from justifying the fanaticism and enthusiasm of *some* of them; but this does not warrant the treatment they have received from BUTLER, and his commentators.

In a letter to his mother dated October 20, 1739,

*Samuel* writes,—“When you were here, as I remember, I was applied to for an account of my father’s life and writings, and of my own. I have since that had the same request made to me for the same book, *Wood’s Athenæ Oxoniensis*, and whether I grow vainer than I was then, or really am somewhat depraved in my intellect, I begin to think it not altogether so absurd as I did at first. The person applying is an old clergyman, who wants to know *where* and *when* my father was born, *where*, *when*, and *by whom* admitted into holy orders. I have sent him your epitaph, and promised him to write to you who can inform him much fuller than myself about my father. He wants my two *brothers histories* also; and as their actions have been important enough to be committed to writing, they are the fittest people alive to send information about themselves, especially now, because it will prevent any misrepresentation from others. They are now become so *notorious*, the world will be curious to know when, and where *they* were born, what schools bred at, of what colleges in Oxford, when matriculated, what degrees they took, and when, where, and by whom ordained; what books they have written or published. I wish they may spare so much time as to vouchsafe a little of their story. For my own part I had much rather have them *picking straws* within the walls of Bedlam, than their preaching in the area of Moor Fields!”

In another letter to his brother *John* about this time, he thus writes:—“My mother tells me she fears a formal *schism* is already begun among you, though you and Charles are ignorant of it. For God’s sake take care of that, and banish *extemporary* expositions

and *extemporary* prayers. I have got your abridgement of HALIBURTON, and have sent for WATTS;\* if it please God to allow me life and strength, I shall, by his help, demonstrate—that the Scot as little deserves preference to all christians but our Saviour, as the book to all writings but those you mention. *There are two flagrant falsehoods in the very first chapter.* But your eyes are so fixed upon *one* point, that you overlook every thing else. You *overshoot*, but Whitfield *raves*.”

It will be recollected that Mr. Samuel Wesley was in a bad state of health before he left Westminster, and his removal to Tiverton, where he had the charge of a *large* school, did not much improve it. DR. CLARKE was of opinion, that the occupation of a school-master is as prejudicial to health as working in *the bottom of a coal-mine*. Others, however, maintain the converse of this. On the night of the 5th of November, 1739, we are informed that he went to bed seemingly as well as usual, but was taken ill about *three* o'clock next morning, and died at *seven*. The following letter to Mr. Charles Wesley states this circumstance more explicitly :—

*Tiverton, November 14th. 1739.*

“DEAR SIR,

“Your brother, and my dear friend, (for so you are sensible he was to me,) on Monday the 5th of November, went to bed, as he thought, as well as he had been for some time before. He was seized with extreme illness about three o'clock in the morning, when your sister immediatly sent for *Mr. Norman*, and

\* It is presumed that he here alludes to DR. WATTS'S excellent treatise entitled “A Guide to Prayer,” than which there are few better books.

ordered the servant to call me. Mr. Norman came, and said that your brother could not get over it, but would die in a few hours. He was not able to take any thing, nor to speak to us, only *yes* and *no* to questions asked him, and that did not last half an hour. I never went from his bedside till he expired, which was about seven in the morning. With a great deal of difficulty, we persuaded your dear sister to leave the room before he died. I trembled to think how she would bear it, knowing the sincere love she had for him. But blessed be God, he answered prayer on her behalf, and in a great measure calmed her spirits, though she has not yet been out of her chamber. Your brother was buried on Monday last, in the afternoon; and is gone to reap the fruit of his labours. I pray to God we may imitate him in all his virtues, and be prepared to follow.

AMOS MATTHEWS."

On receiving this intelligence, Messrs. John and Charles Wesley set off to visit and comfort their widowed sister at Tiverton, which they reached on the 21st. And under this date, John makes the following entry in his journal:—"On Wednesday, 21st, (November, 1739,) in the afternoon, we came to Tiverton. My poor sister was sorrowing as one almost without hope. Yet we could not but rejoice at hearing that several days before my brother went hence, God had given him a full assurance of his interest in Christ. O! may every one who opposes it be thus convinced, that this doctrine is of God."

It is said of Mr. Samuel Wesley, by those who knew him well, that he possessed an open, benevolent

temper, and was so intent upon its cultivation, that the number and success of his good offices were astonishing, even to his friends. He had a singular dexterity in soliciting charity. His own little income was liberally made use of; and as those to whom he applied, were always confident of his discrimination and integrity, he never wanted means to carry on his benevolent purposes.

A part of Mr. Samuel Wesley's character, of which the world knew but little, was the brightest and most worthy of imitation, to every *son* and every *brother*. "I have," says an eminent literary character, "in my possession, a letter of the Rector of Epworth, addressed to his son *Samuel*, in which he gratefully acknowledges his filial duty in terms so affecting, that I am at a loss which to admire most, the gratitude of the parent, or the affection and generosity of the child. It was written when the good old man was nearly fourscore, and so weakened by palsy, as to be incapable of directing a pen, unless with his *left* hand. I preserve it as a curious memorial of what will make Wesley applauded when his wit is forgotten." "From the time he became Usher in Westminster school," says DR. CLARKE, "he divided his income with his parents and family. Through him principally were his brothers *John* and *Charles* maintained at the University; and in all straits of the family, his purse was not only *opened*, but *emptied*, if necessary. And all this was done with so much *affection* and deep sense of duty, that it took off, and almost prevented, the burthen of gratitude, which otherwise must have been felt. These acts of filial kindness were done so secretly, that though they were very numerous, and extended through

many years, no note of them is to be found in his correspondence: his right hand never knew what his left hand did." Those alone knew his bounty who were its principal objects, and they were not permitted to record it. Indirect hints we frequently find in the letters of old Mr. and Mrs. Wesley, and sometimes in those of his brothers; and those hints were all they *dared* mention in their correspondence with a man, who wished to forget every act of kindness he had done. His brothers always spoke of him with the highest reverence, respect, and affection. Among other acts of charity we are informed, that the *first Infirmary* at Westminster was much forwarded, both in design and execution, by his industrious charity. DR. CLARKE states that he can assert "on the best authority, that such was the amiableness, benevolence, and excellence of his public and private character, that during the seven years he resided at *Tiverton*, where he was well known, he was almost idolized. His diligence and able method of teaching in his school were so evident and successful, that in the first year, upwards of forty boys were added to it. And such confidence had the public in him, that children were sent from all quarters to be placed under his tuition. His memory was dear to all who had the privilege of his acquaintance."

Mr. Samuel Wesley was a *high churchman*, and it must be owned that he was extremely *rigid* in his principles, which is perhaps the greatest blemish in his character. It has been said that he was prejudiced against some of the most important truths of the gospel, because many of the *Dissenters* insisted upon them. Mr. Wesley's strong objections to *extempore*

prayer is well known. In the *duodecimo* edition of his poems, are the following lines, on forms of prayer, which, for the sprightly turn of thought they contain, we shall insert.

“Form stints the spirits WATTS has said,  
 And therefore oft is wrong ;  
 At best a crutch the weak to aid,  
 A cumbrance to the strong.

“Old David both in prayer and praise,  
 A form for crutches brings ;  
 But Watts has dignified his lays,  
 And furnished him with wings.

“E’n Watts a form for praise can choose,  
 For prayer, who throws it by ;  
 Crutches to walk he can refuse,  
 But uses them to fly.”

On the subject of *extempore* prayer DR. WHITEHEAD, in his life of *Mr. Charles Wesley*, has some sensible remarks, which we shall quote. “A man qualified to instruct others, will find many occasions of prayer and praise, which will suggest matter adapted to particular persons and circumstances. If he be a man of tolerable good sense and some vigour of thought, he will never want words to express the ideas and feelings of his own mind. Such a person will therefore often find a prescribed form of prayer to be a restraint upon his own powers under circumstances which become powerful incentives to an animated and vigorous exercise of them, and by varying from the words and matter now suggested by the occasion, it will often throw a damp on the ardour of his soul.



We may observe likewise, that a form of prayer becomes familiar by frequent repetitions, and according to a well known principle in human nature, the more familiar an object, or a form of words become, the less effect they have on the mind, and the difficulty is increased of fixing the attention sufficiently to feel the full effect, which otherwise they would produce. Hence it is that we find the most solemn forms of prayer, in frequent use, are often repeated by rote, without the least attention to the meaning and importance of the words, unless a person be under some affliction, which disposes him to feel their application to himself. *Extempore* prayer has therefore a great advantage over *set forms*, in awakening and keeping up the attention of an audience.

“ Both Mr. John and Charles Wesley were greatly censured by some persons, particularly by their brother *Samuel*, when they began this practice. I cannot see any cause for censure. The most sensible and moderate men have allowed, that a form of prayer may be useful to some particular persons in private; and that it may be proper on some occasions in public worship. But the most zealous advocates for forms of prayer are not satisfied with this; they wish to bind them upon all persons as a universal rule of prayer in public worship, from which we ought in no instance to depart. This appears to me unjustifiable on any ground whatever. To say that we shall not ask a favour of God, nor return him thanks; that we shall hold no intercourse with him in our public assemblies, but in a set of words dictated to us by others, is an assumption of power in sacred things which is not warranted either by

scripture or reason; it seems altogether as improper as to confine our intercourse with one another to prescribed forms of conversation. Were this restraint imposed upon us we should immediately feel the hardship and see the impropriety of it; and the one appears to me as ill adapted to edification and comfort, as the other would be."

Mr. Wesley married a MISS BERRY, daughter of a clergyman, the Vicar of *Whatton*, in Norfolk.\* Her grandfather, JOHN BERRY, M. A., fellow of *Exeter College*, Oxford, was presented to the rectory of *East Down*, Devon, by the protector, *Richard Cromwell*, in 1658; from which he was ejected in 1662, by the "Act of Uniformity." When ejected he had *ten* children, and scarcely any thing for their subsistence; but God took care of them, and they afterwards lived in comfortable circumstances. Mr. Berry continued to

\* "We take this opportunity," says the Editor of the *Wesleyan Magazine*, "of noticing an error into which DR. CLARKE in common with others, has fallen, respecting the subject of a poem, by Mr. Samuel Wesley Jun., entitled '*The Parish Priest*'. By a friend who has ascertained the fact from authentic documents, we learn that this piece was not written on his own father, but on his *father-in-law* the REV. JOHN BERRY. We feel the greater pleasure in rectifying this error, not only because it relieves the Rector of Epworth from the imputation of exercising an *injudicious* hospitality, which, however laudable, was not sanctioned by his means, but also because it rescues the character of his *son* from the severe charge of asserting in behalf of his father a circumstance that was not true, a delinquency for which no plea of filial piety and affection, amiable and honourable as they are, could satisfactorily be offered, either in exculpation, or excuse. "Mr. Samuel Wesley Sen., died in 1735, but this poem made its appearance several years *prior* to that date. In the first volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November, 1731, page 504, it is found thus advertised, 'No. 9, The Parish Priest, a Poem upon a clergyman lately deceased. Price 6d.'" This clergyman was the REV. JOHN BERRY, M. A. Vicar of *Whatton*, in Norfolk, whose daughter was the wife of the REV. SAMUEL WESLEY JUN. He died in 1730, after being forty years incumbent of that living; and to him belongs those particulars in the poem, which truth and consistency will not allow to be applied to the Rector of Epworth.

preach as he had an opportunity. Once, if not oftener, he was cast into *Exeter* gaol for teaching and preaching. DR. CALAMY says that "he was advised by some who would have borne the charges, to prosecute those who committed him, for wrong imprisonment, but he would not." Mr. Berry possessed good abilities for his office, though they were much concealed by his modesty. His preaching was very serious and affectionate. All that knew him esteemed him as a very sincere christian. Whatever difficulties he met with, he maintained constant communion with God in his providences, as well as ordinances; as appears by a diary he kept both of public and private occurrences, respecting the state of his own soul, his children, and friends—their actions, troubles, mercies, &c. The death of his friends, and especially of ministers, were more particularly observed by him and piously reflected upon. He died with great calmness and serenity of spirit, resigning his soul into the hands of his Saviour, Dec. 1704, aged about eighty. MR. BAXTER gives him the character of "an extraordinary humble, tender-conscienced, serious, godly, able minister." He was moderator of of the Assembly at Exeter, Sept. 8, 1696.

Mr. Samuel Wesley was a most indulgent husband, and passionately fond of his *wife*. His sister, *Mrs. Hall*, who knew Mrs. Wesley, spoke of her as one who was well described in her husband's poetic tale, called "*The Pig*."

"She made her little wisdom go,  
Farther than *wiser* women do."

They had several children, but only one daughter reached woman's estate. She married an apothecary

named *Earle*, in *Barnstaple*, whose chief motive in this union appears to have been the expectation of succeeding to the title of *Earl of Anglesey*, which he imagined to be nearly extinct, and only recoverable through his wife.

Mr. Wesley was interred in Tiverton church-yard, where there is a monument erected to his memory, on which is the following inscription :

**Here lie Entered**

The Remains of the REV. SAMUEL WESLEY, M. A.

Sometime student of Christ Church, Oxon.

A man for his uncommon wit and learning,

For the benevolence of his temper,

And simplicity of manners,

Deservedly beloved and esteemed by all.

An excellent Preacher,

Whose best sermon

Was the constant example of an edifying life :

So continually and zealously employed

In acts of beneficence and charity,

That he truly followed

His blessed Master's example,

In going about doing good :

Of such scrupulous integrity,

That he declined occasions of advancement in the world  
Through fear of being involved in dangerous compliances,

And avoided the usual ways to preferment

As studiously as many others seek them.

Therefore, after a life spent

In the laborious employment of teaching youth,

First for nearly twenty years,

As one of the Ushers in Westminster school ;

Afterwards for seven years

As Head Master of the Free School at *Tiverton*,

He resigned his soul to God,

November 6, 1739, in the 49th year of his age.

## CHAP. X.

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### THE RECTOR OF EPWORTH'S DAUGHTERS.

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MISS EMILIA WESLEY.—MARRIES MR. HARPER.—HER LETTER TO HER BROTHER JOHN.—HER CHARACTER BY MRS. WRIGHT.—HER DEATH. MISS MARY WESLEY.—MARRIES MR. WHITELAMB.—HER CHARACTER AND EPITAPH BY MRS. WRIGHT. MISS ANNE WESLEY.—MARRIES MR. LAMBERT.—VERSES ON HER MARRIAGE, BY HER BROTHER SAMUEL. MISS SUSANNA WESLEY.—MARRIES MR. ELLISON.—THIS UNION PROVES UNHAPPY.—ACCOUNT OF THEIR CHILDREN.—MR. JOHN WESLEY, BAPTIZED BY THE NAME OF JOHN BENJAMIN WESLEY. MISS MEHETABEL WESLEY.—MARRIES MR. WRIGHT.—POSSESSES A FINE POETIC TALENT.—HER MARRIAGE UNHAPPY.—ADDRESSES SOME LINES TO HER HUSBAND.—ALSO TO HER DYING INFANT, &c.—HER DEATH. MISS MARTHA WESLEY.—A FAVOURITE WITH HER MOTHER.—MARRIES MR. HALL, WHO ALSO ADDRESSES HER SISTER KEZZIA.—CHARLES WESLEY'S SEVERE VERSES TO MARTHA.—DR. CLARKE'S VINDICATION OF MRS. HALL.—MR. JOHN WESLEY'S OPINION OF HALL.—HIS LICENTIOUS CONDUCT.—MRS. HALL'S BEHAVIOUR UNDER THIS AFFLICTION.—HER ACQUAINTANCE WITH DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.—HER DEATH. MR. CHARLES WESLEY.—AN ANECDOTE RESPECTING HIM. MISS KEZZIA WESLEY.—HER LETTER TO HER BROTHER JOHN.—HER DEATH.

MISS EMILIA WESLEY, afterwards Mrs. /c  
HARPER, appears to have been the eldest of the seven surviving daughters of the Rector of Epworth. She is reported to have been the favourite of her mother, (though some accounts state this of *Patty*), and to have had good strong sense, much wit, a prodigious memory, and a talent for poetry. She was a good classical scholar, and wrote a beautiful hand. She married an apothecary at Epworth, of the name of

Harper, who left her a young widow. What proportion the intellect of Mr. Harper bore to that of his wife, we know not: but in politics they were ill suited, as he was a violent WHIG, and she an unbending TORY.

It appears from the education given to Miss Emilia, and some of her other sisters, that their parents designed them for governesses. About the year 1730 Emilia became a teacher at the boarding school of a Mrs. Taylor, in Lincoln, where, though she had the whole care of the school, she was not well-used, and worse paid. Having borne this usage as long as reason would dictate forbearance, she laid the case before her brothers, with a resolution to begin a school on her own account at Gainsborough. She had their approbation, gave Mrs. Taylor warning, and went to Gainsborough, where she continued at least till 1735, as she was there at the time of her father's death. With her MRS. WESLEY, appears to have sojourned awhile, before she went to live with her sons John and Charles; where, free from cares and worldly anxieties, with which she had long been unavoidably encumbered, she spent the evening of her life in comparative ease and comfort. We learn several particulars respecting Mrs. Harper from a letter she wrote to her brother John, when she had resolved upon going to Gainsbro'.

“DEAR BROTHER,

“Your last letter comforted and settled my mind wonderfully. O! continue to talk to me of the reasonableness of resignation to the Divine Will, to enable me to bear cheerfully the ills of life, the lot appointed me; and never to suffer grief so far to prevail,

as to injure my health, or long to cloud the natural cheerfulness of my temper. I had writ long since, but had a mind to see first how my small affairs would be settled; and now can assure you that at Lady-day I leave Lincoln certainly. You were of opinion that my leaving MRS. TAYLOR would not only prove prejudicial to her affairs, (and so far all the town agrees with you) but would be a great affliction to her. I own I thought so too: but we both were a little mistaken. She received the news of my going with an indifference I did not expect. Never was such a teacher, as I may justly say I have been, so foolishly lost, or so unnecessarily disobliged. Had she paid my last year's wages but the day before Martinmas, I still had staid: instead of of that, she has received £129 within these three months, and yet never would spare one six or seven pounds for me, which I am sure no teacher will ever bear. She fancies I never knew of any money she received; when, alas! she can never have one five pounds, but I know of it. I have so satisfied brother *Sam*, that he wishes me good success at Gainsborough, and says he can no longer oppose my resolution; which pleases me much, for I would gladly live civilly with him, and friendly with you.

“I have a fairer prospect at Gainsborough than I could have hoped for; my greatest difficulty will be want of money at my first entrance. I shall furnish my school with canvass, worsted, silks, &c. though I am much afraid of being dipt in debt at first: but God's will be done. Troubles of that kind are what I have been used to. Will you lend me the other £3 which you designed for me at Lady-day; it would help me

much: you will if you can I am sure,—for so would I do by you. I am half starved with cold, which hinders me from writing longer. *Emery* is no better. Mrs. Taylor and Kitty give their service. Pray send soon to me. *Kez* is gone home for good and all. I am knitting brother Charles a fine purse;—give my love to him.

I am, dear brother,

Your loving sister and constant friend,

EMILIA HARPER.”

Mrs. Harper is represented as a fine woman; of a noble yet affable countenance, and of a kind and affectionate disposition, as appears by the following poem addressed to her by her sister, Mrs. Wright, before her marriage.

“My fortunes often bid me flee  
 So light a thing as Poetry:  
 But stronger inclination draws,  
 To follow Wit and Nature’s laws.—  
 Virtue, form, and wit in thee  
 Move in perfect harmony:  
 For *thee* my tuneful voice I raise,  
 For *thee* compose my softest lays;  
 My youthful muse shall take her flight,  
 And crown thy beauteous head with radiant beams of light.

True wit and sprightly genius shine  
 In every turn, in every line:—  
 To these, O skilful nine annex  
 The native sweetness of my sex;  
 And that peculiar talent let me shew  
 Which Providence divine doth oft bestow  
 On spirits that are *high*, with fortunes that are *low*.



Thy virtues and thy graces all,  
 How simple, free, and natural!  
 Thy graceful form with pleasure I survey;  
 It charms the eye,—the heart, away.—  
 Malicious fortune did repine,  
 To grant her gifts to worth like thine!

To all thy outward majesty and grace,  
 To all the blooming features of thy face,  
 To all the heavenly sweetness of thy mind,  
 A noble, generous, equal soul is joined,  
 By reason polished, and by arts refined.  
 Thy even steady eye can see  
 Dame fortune smile, or frown, at thee;  
 At every varied change can say, it moves not me!

Fortune has fixed thee in a place\*  
 Debarred of wisdom, wit, and grace.  
 High births and virtue equally they scorn,  
 As asses dull, on dunghills born:  
 Impervious as the stones, their heads are found;  
 Their rage and hatred stedfast as the ground.  
 With these unpolished wights thy youthful days  
 Glide *slow* and *dull*, and nature's lamp decays:  
 Oh! what a lamp is hid, 'midst such a sordid race!

But tho' thy brilliant virtues are obscured,  
 And in a noxious irksome *den* immur'd;  
 My numbers shall thy trophies rear,  
 And lovely as she is, my Emily appear.  
 Still thy transcendent praise I will rehearse,  
 And form this faint description into verse;  
 And when the poet's head lies low in clay,  
 Thy name shall shine in worlds which never can decay.

\* *Wroote* is the place to which Mrs. Wright alludes. It is situated in the Low Levels of Lincolnshire, and at that time was a very rude district.

Mrs. Harper was left without property : but in her widowhood for many years, she was maintained entirely by her brothers, and lived at the preachers house adjoining the chapel, in West Street, Seven Dials, London. She terminated her earthly existence at a very advanced age, about the year 1772. That her mind was highly cultivated, and her taste exquisite, appears from the following assertion of her brother John :—“ My sister Harper was the best reader of *Milton* I ever heard.”

MISS MARY WESLEY, afterwards MRS. WHITE-LAMB, was the second of the grown-up daughters of the Rector of Epworth. Through affliction, and probably some mismanagement in her nurse, she became considerably deformed in body : and her growth in consequence was much stunted, and her health injured ; but all written and oral testimony concur in the statement, that her face was exquisitely beautiful, and was a fair and legible index to her mind. Her humble, obliging, and even disposition, made her the favourite and delight of the whole family. Her brothers, John and Charles, frequently spoke of her with the most tender respect ; and her sister, Mrs. Wright, (no mean judge of character,) mentions her as one of the most exalted of human characters. She married, with the approbation of the family, MR. JOHN WHITE-LAMB. He was the son of parents at that time in very low circumstances, and was put to a charity school at *Wroote*. He suffered many privations in order to acquire a sufficiency of learning to pass through the University and

obtain orders. It is in reference to this, that Mrs. Wesley calls him "poor starveling Johnny." So low were his circumstances that he could not purchase himself a gown when ordained. Mr. John Wesley, writing to his brother Samuel in 1732, says, "JOHN WHITELAMB wants a *gown* much : I am not rich enough to buy him one at present. If you are willing my twenty shillings should go towards that, I will add ten more to make up the price of a new one." In every respect, the Wesleys divided with him, according to their power : and by his humble and upright conduct in the early part of his life, he repaid their kindness. When he got orders, Mr. Wesley made him his curate in *Wroote* ; and having engaged Miss Mary's affections, they were married, and Mr. Wesley gave up to him the living at Wroote. His wife died in childbed of her first child. From the following lines composed by her sister Wright, we learn that Mrs. Whitelamb was a steady and affectionate friend, deeply devoted to God, full of humility, and diligent in all the duties of life. But she was a *Wesley* : and in that family excellencies of all kinds were to be found ; and the *female* part was as conspicuous as the *male*, if not more so.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. WHITELAMB.

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"If blissful spirits condescend to know,  
 And hover round what once they loved below ;  
 Maria ! gentlest excellence ! attend  
 To her, who glories to have called thee *friend* !  
*Remote* in merit, tho' allied in blood,  
 Unworthy I, and thou divinely good !

Accept, blest shade, from me these artless lays,  
 Who never could unjustly blame, or praise.  
 How thy economy and sense outweighed  
 The finest wit in utmost pomp display'd,  
 Let others sing, while I attempt to paint  
 The godlike virtues of the friend and saint.

With business and devotion never cloy'd,  
 No moment of thy life pass'd unemployed ;  
 Well-natured mirth, matured discretion joined,  
 Constant attendants of the virtuous mind.  
 From earliest dawn of youth, in thee well known,  
 The saint sublime and finished Christian shone.  
 Yet would not grace one grain of pride allow,  
 Or cry, ' stand off, I'm holier than thou.'  
 A worth so singular since time began,  
 But once surpassed, and He was more than *man*.  
 When deep immers'd in griefs beyond redress,  
 And friends and kindred heightened my distress,  
 And with relentless efforts made me prove  
 Pain, grief, despair, and *wedlock without love* ;  
 My soft MARIA could alone dissent,  
 O'erlook'd the fatal vow, and mourn'd the punishment !  
 Condoled the ill, admitting no relief,  
 With such infinitude of pitying grief,  
 That all who could not my *demerit* see,  
 Mistook her wond'rous love for *worth* in me ;  
 No toil, reproach, or sickness could divide  
 The tender mourner from her *Stella's* side ;  
 My fierce inquietude, and madd'ning care,  
 Skilful to soothe, or resolute to share !

Ah me! that heaven has from this bosom tore  
 My angel friend, to meet on earth no more ;  
 That this indulgent spirit soars away,  
 Leaves but a still insentient mass of clay ;

E'er *Stella* could discharge the smallest part  
 Of all she owed to such immense desert ;  
 Or could repay with ought but feeble praise  
 The sole companion of her joyless days !  
 Nor was thy form unfair, tho' heaven confined  
 To scanty limits thy exalted mind.  
 Witness thy brow serene, benignant, clear,  
 That none could doubt transcendent truth dwelt there ;  
 Witness the taintless whiteness of thy skin,  
 Pure emblem of the purer soul within :  
 That soul, which tender, unassuming, mild,  
 Through jetty eyes with tranquil sweetness smil'd.  
 But ah ! could fancy paint, or language speak,  
 The roseate beauties of thy lip or cheek,  
 Where Nature's pencil, leaving art no room,  
 Touch'd to a miracle the vernal bloom.  
 (Lost though thou art) in *Stella's* deathless line,  
 Thy face immortal as thy fame should shine.

To soundest prudence (life's unerring guide)  
 To love sincere, religion without pride :  
 To friendship perfect in a female mind  
 Which I nor hope, nor wish, on earth to find :  
 To mirth (the balm of care) from lightness free,  
 Unblemish'd faith, unwearied industry.  
 To every charm and grace combin'd in *you*,  
 Sister, and friend!—a long, a last adieu !”

Her sister, Mrs. Wright, also wrote for her the following Epitaph :—

“ If highest worth, in beauty's bloom,  
 Exempted mortals from the tomb ;  
 We had not round this sacred bier  
 Mourned the sweet babe and mother here,

Where innocence from harm is blest,  
 And the meek sufferer is at rest!  
 Fierce pangs she bore without complaint,  
 Till heaven relieved the finished saint.

If savage bosoms felt her woe,  
 (Who lived and died without a foe,)  
 How should I mourn, or how commend,  
 My tenderest, dearest, *firmest* friend?  
 Most pious, meek, resign'd, and chaste,  
 With every social virtue graced!

If, reader, thou would'st prove and know,  
 The ease she found not here below;  
 Her bright example points the way  
 To perfect bliss and endless day."

As for the husband of Mrs. Whitelamb, it appears that *he* afterwards became rather infidel in sentiment, and disorderly in his conduct. When Mr. John Wesley visited Epworth in 1742, and preached on his father's tombstone, having been refused the church, Mr. Whitelamb was in the congregation, and a few days afterwards sent him the following letter:—

“DEAR BROTHER,

“I saw you at Epworth on Tuesday evening. Fain would I have spoken so you, but that I am quite at a loss to know how to address or behave. “Your way of thinking is so extraordinary, that your presence creates an awe, as if you were an inhabitant of another world. God grant you and your followers may always have entire liberty of conscience. Will not you allow others the same?

“Indeed I cannot think as you do, any more than

I cannot help honouring and loving you. Dear Sir, will you credit me?—I retain the highest veneration and affection for you. The sight of you moves me strangely. My heart overflows with gratitude: I feel in a higher degree all that tenderness and yearning of bowels with which I am affected towards every branch of Mr. Wesley's family. I cannot refrain from tears when I reflect,—this is the man, who at Oxford was more than a father to me; this is he whom I have heard expound, or dispute publicly, or preach at St. Mary's, with such applause;—and, O that I should ever add, whom I have lately heard preach on his father's tombstone at Epworth!

“I am quite forgot by the family. None of them ever honour me with a line! Have I been ungrateful? I appeal to sister *Patty*, I appeal to MR. ELLISON, whether I have or not. I have been passionate, fickle, a fool; but I hope I shall never be *ungrateful*. Dear Sir, is it in my power to serve or oblige you any way? Glad I should be that you would make use of me. God open all our eyes, and lead us into truth wherever it be!

JOHN WHITELAMB.”

The Whitelamb family have since become very respectable in Lincolnshire, and especially at Wroote, where one of them succeeded to the pastoral charge in that parish, and was remarkable for his various learning, especially for his great skill in mathematics.

MISS ANNE WESLEY, afterwards MRS. LAMBERT, was married to a gentleman of the name of John Lambert, a land-surveyor in Epworth, of whom and their children, if they had any, we know nothing.

Mr. and Mrs. Lambert are probably the persons meant by Mr. John Wesley in his Journal, under date Tuesday, June 8th, 1742, where he says :—" I walked to *Hibaldstone*, about ten miles from Epworth, to see my brother and sister ;" but he mentions no name. On Mrs. Lambert's marriage, her brother *Samuel* presented to her the following verses :—

“ No fiction fine shall guide my hand,  
 But artless *truth* the verse supply ;  
 Which all with ease may *understand*,  
 But *none* be able to *deny*.

Nor, sister, take the care amiss  
 Which I, in giving rules, employ  
 To point the likeliest way to bliss,  
 To *cause*, as well as *wish*, you joy.

Let love your *reason* never blind,  
 To dream of paradise below ;  
 For sorrows must attend mankind,  
 And pain, and weariness, and woe !

Though still from *mutual love*, relief  
 In *all conditions* may be found,  
 It cures at once the common grief,  
 And softens the severest wound.

Through diligence, and *well-earned* gain,  
 In growing plenty may you live !  
 And each in *piety* obtain  
 Repose that riches cannot give !

If children ere should bless the bed,  
 O! rather let them *infants* die,  
 Than live to grieve the hoary head,  
 And make the aged father sigh !



Still duteous, let them ne'er conspire  
 To make their parents disagree ;  
 No *son* be rival to his *sire*,  
 No *daughter* more beloved than *thee* !

Let them be humble, pious, wise,  
 Nor higher station wish to know ;  
 Since only those deserve to *rise*,  
 Who live contented to be *low*.

Firm let the husband's empire stand,  
 With easy but unquestioned sway ;  
 May **HE** have *kindness* to command,  
 And **THOU** the *bravery* to obey !

Long may he give thee comfort, long  
 As the frail knot of life shall hold !  
 More than a *father* when thou'rt young,  
 More than a *son* when waxing *old*.

The greatest earthly pleasure try,  
 Allowed by Providence divine ;  
 Be still a *husband*, blest as I,  
 And *thou* a wife as good as *mine* !

There is much good sense and suitable advice in these verses ; and they give an additional testimony to the domestic happiness of their author. "I wish," says DR. CLARKE, "they were in the hands of every newly married couple in the kingdom."

MISS SUSANNA WESLEY, afterwards MRS. ELLISON, was born about the year 1701. She is reported to have been good-natured, very facetious, but a little romantic. She married Richard Ellison, Esq. a gentleman of good family, who had a respectable

establishment. But though she bore him several children, the marriage, like some others in the Wesley family, was not a happy one. *She* possessed a mind naturally strong, which was much improved by a good education. *His* mind was common, coarse, uncultivated, and too much inclined to despotic sway, which prevented conjugal happiness. Unfitness of *minds* more than *circumstances*, is what in general mars the marriage union. Where minds are united, means of happiness and contentment are ever within reach.

What little domestic happiness they had, was not only interrupted, but finally destroyed, by a *fire* which took place in their dwelling-house. What the cause of this fire was, is not known: but after it took place, Mrs. Ellison would never again live with her husband! She went to London, and hid herself among some of her children, who were established there, and received also considerable helps from her brother John, who, after the death of his brother Samuel, became the common almoner of the family. Mr. Ellison used many means to get his wife to return; but she utterly refused either to see him, or to have any further intercourse with him. As he knew her affectionate disposition, in order to bring her down into the country, he advertised an account of his *death*! When this met her eye, she immediately set off for Lincolnshire, to pay the last tribute of respect to his remains: but when she found him still alive and well, she returned, and no persuasion could induce her to live with him. It does not appear that she communicated to any person the cause of her aversion; and after this lapse of time it is in vain to pursue it by conjecture.

She had several children : of four of them we have the following brief account :—

JOHN ELLISON, who lived and died at Bristol.

ANN ELLISON, married Mr. Pierre Lièvre, a French protestant refugee. She left one son, Peter Lièvre, who was educated at Kingswood School, near Bristol. He took orders in the church of England, and died at his living of *Lutterworth*, in Leicestershire.

DEBORAH ELLISON, married another French refugee, Mr. Pierre Collet, father of Mrs. Biam, and of the Collets now or lately alive. Both Lièvre and Collet were silk weavers.

RICHARD ANNESLEY ELLISON, who died at twenty seven. He left two orphan daughters, of whom Mrs. Voysey is one, “an excellent, warm-hearted christian,” says DR. CLARKE, “and the wife of a pious dissenting minister. This excellent couple had four children, one a surgeon in the East Indies, another an architect, and two daughters.’”

MR. JOHN WESLEY,\* (whose *name* only is introduced here in the connected order of the family,) was born at Epworth on the 17th of June, 1703, and died in London, March 2nd, 1791, in the 88th year of his age, and 65th of his ministry.

MISS MEHETABEL WESLEY, afterwards Mrs. Wright, (called also *Hetty*, and, by her brother

\* MR. JONATHAN CROWTHER in his ‘*Portraiture of Methodism*,’ states that he has heard Mr. Wesley say he “was baptized by the name of JOHN BENJAMIN; that his mother had buried two sons, one called John, and the other Benjamin, and that she united their names in him.” But he never made use of the *second* name.

Samuel, sometimes *Kitty*,) gave, from infancy, such proofs of strong mental powers, as led her parents to cultivate them with the utmost care. These exertions were crowned with success; for at the early age of eight years, she made such proficiency in the learned languages, that she could read the Greek text. She appears to have been the most eminently gifted of the female branches of the Wesley family. She had a fine talent for poetry, and availed herself of the rich, sweet and pensive warblings of her lyre, to soothe her spirit under the pressure of deep and accumulated calamity. At the tale of her afflictions every feeling heart must sigh. Religion was the balm which allayed her anguish; and the sorrows of the moment, now enhance her eternal joy. From her childhood she was gay and sprightly; full of mirth, good humour, and keen wit. She appears to have had many suitors; but they were generally of the thoughtless class, and ill-suited to make her either happy, or useful, in a matrimonial life.

To some of those proposed matches, in early life, the following lines allude, which were found in her father's hand-writing, and marked by Mr. John Wesley "Hetty's letter to her Mother."—

"DEAR MOTHER,

"You were once in the ew'n,  
As by us *cakes* is plainly shewn,  
Who else had ne'er come after.  
Pray speak a word in time of need,  
And with my *sour-look'd* father plead  
For your distressed daughter."

In the spring freshness of youth and hope, her affections were engaged by one who, in point of abilities

and situation, might have been a suitable husband ; some circumstances, however, caused a disagreement with her father. This interference did not move *Hetty*. She refused to give her lover up ; and had he been faithful to her, the connexion, in all probability, would have issued in marriage ; but, whether he was offended with the opposition he met with, or it proceeded from fickleness, is not known. He, however, remitted his assiduities, and at last abandoned *a woman who would have been an honour to the first man in the land*. The matter thus terminating, *Hetty* committed a fatal error, which many women have done in their just, but blind resentment,—she married the first person who offered. This was a man of the name of Wright, in no desirable rank in life, of coarse mind and manners, inferior to herself in education and intellect, and every way unworthy of a woman, whose equal in all things it would have been difficult to find ; for her person was more than commonly pleasing, her disposition gentle and affectionate, her principles those which arm the heart either for prosperous or adverse fortune, her talents remarkable, and her attainments beyond what are ordinarily permitted to women, even those who are the most highly educated. Duty in her had produced so much affection towards the miserable creature whom she had made her husband, that the brutal profligacy of his conduct almost broke her heart. He did not know the value of the woman he had espoused ! He associated with low, dissolute company, spent his evenings from home, and became a confirmed drunkard. This marriage is supposed to have taken place at the end of the year 1725. *Mary*, of all her sisters, had

the courage to counsel her not to marry him. To this she alludes in her fine lines addressed to the memory of MRS. WHITELAMB.

“When deep immersed in griefs beyond redress,  
 And friends and kindred heightened my distress;  
 And by relentless efforts made me prove  
 Pain, grief, despair, and *wedlock without love*;  
 My soft MARIA could alone dissent,  
 O'erlook'd the fatal vow, and mourned the punishment.”

A perplexed and thorny path appears to have been the general lot of the sensible and pious daughters of the Rector of Epworth. They were for the most part unsuitably, and therefore unhappily, married. At a time when Mrs. Wright believed and hoped that she should soon be at peace in the grave, she composed this Epitaph for herself:

“Destined while living to sustain,  
 An equal share of grief and pain;  
 All various ills of human race  
 Within this breast had once a place.  
 Without complaint, she learn'd to bear,  
 A living death, a long despair;  
 Till hard oppressed by adverse fate,  
 O'ercharged, she sunk beneath the weight;  
 And to this peaceful tomb retired,  
 So much esteem'd, so long desired.  
 The painful mortal conflict's o'er;  
 A broken heart can bleed no more.”

From that illness, however, she recovered, so far as to linger on for many years, living to find in religion the consolation she needed, and which nothing else can bestow. That she was almost *compelled* by her *father*

to marry Wright, appears evident from the following letter :—

July 3, 1729.

“ HONOURED SIR,

“ Though I was glad on any terms, of the favour of a line from you ; yet I was concerned at your displeasure on account of the unfortunate paragraph, which you are pleased to say was meant for *the flower* of my letter, but which was in reality the only thing I disliked in it before it went. I wish it had not gone, since I perceive it gave you some uneasiness.

“ But since what I said occasioned some queries, which I should be glad to speak freely about, were I sure that the least I could say would not grieve or offend you, or were I so happy as to think like you in every thing ; I earnestly beg that the little I shall say may not be offensive to you, since I promise to be as little witty as possible, though I can't help saying, you only accuse me of being too much so ; especially these late years past I have been pretty free from that scandal.

“ You ask me ‘ what hurt matrimony has done me ?’ and ‘ whether I had always so frightful an idea of it as I have now ?’ Home questions indeed ! and I once more beg of you not to be offended at the *least* I can say to them, if I say any thing.

“ I had not always such notions of wedlock as now : but thought where there was a mutual affection and desire of pleasing, something near an equality of mind and person ; either earthly or heavenly wisdom, and any thing to keep love warm between a young couple, there was a *possibility* of happiness in a married state : but

*where all, or most of these, are wanting*, I ever thought people could not marry without *sinning against God and themselves*. I could say much more: but would rather eternally stifle my sentiments than have the torment of thinking they agree not with yours. You are so good to my spouse and me, as to say, 'you shall always think yourself obliged to him for his civilities to me.' I hope he will always continue to use me better than I merit from him in one respect.

"I think exactly the same of *my marriage* as I did before it happened: but *though I would have given at least one of my eyes for the liberty of throwing myself at your feet before I was married at all*; yet since it is past, and matrimonial grievances are usually *irreparable*, I hope you will condescend to be so far of my opinion, as to own,—that since upon some accounts I am happier than I deserve, *it is best to say little of things quite past remedy*; and endeavour, as I really do, to make myself more and more contented, though things may not be to my wish.

"You say; 'you will answer this if you like it.' Now though I am sorry to occasion your writing in the pain I am sensible you do; yet I must desire you to answer it, whether you like it or not, since if you are displeased, I would willingly know it; and the only thing that could make me patient to endure your displeasure is, *your thinking I deserve it*.

"Though I can't justify my late indiscreet letter which makes me say so much in this; yet I need not remind you that I am not more than human; and if the calamities of life (*of which perhaps I have my share*), sometimes *wring a complaint* from me, I need tell no



one, that though *I bear*, I must *feel* them. And if you cannot forgive what I have said, I sincerely promise never more to offend you by saying too much, which (with begging your blessing) is all from,

Honoured Sir,

Your most obedient daughter,

MEHETABEL WRIGHT."

The following address to her husband will give us some notion of *his* character, and shew us the true cause of her wretchedness.

The ardent lover cannot find  
A coldness in his fair unkind,  
But blaming what he cannot hate,  
He mildly chides the dear ingrate ;  
And though despairing of relief,  
In soft complaining vents his grief.

Then what should hinder but that I,  
Impatient of my wrongs, may try,  
By saddest, softest strains, to move  
My wedded, latest, dearest love.  
To throw his cold neglect aside,  
And cheer once more his injured bride ?

O thou whom sacred rites design'd  
My guide, and husband ever kind,  
My sovereign master, best of friends,  
On whom my earthly bliss depends ;  
If e'er thou didst in Hetty see  
Ought fair, or good, or dear to thee,  
If gentle speech can ever move  
The cold remains of former love,  
Turn thee at last—my bosom ease,  
Or tell me why I cease to please.

Is it because revolving years,  
Heart-breaking sighs, and fruitless tears,  
Have quite deprived this form of mine  
Of all that once thou fanciedst fine?  
Ah no! what once allured thy sight  
Is still in its meridian height.  
These eyes their usual lustre show,  
When uneclipsed by flowing woe.  
Old age and wrinkles in this face  
As yet could never find a place;  
A youthful grace informs these lines,  
Where still the purple current shines;  
Unless by thy ungentle art,  
It flies to aid my wretched heart:  
Nor does this slighted bosom show  
The thousand hours it spends in woe.

Or is it that, oppressed with care,  
I stun with loud complaints thine ear?  
And make thy home, for quiet meant,  
The seat of noise and discontent?  
Ah no! these ears were ever free  
From matrimonial melody:  
For though thine absence I lament  
When half the lonely night is spent,  
Yet when the watch, or early morn  
Has brought me hopes of thy return,  
I oft have wiped these watchful eyes,  
Concealed my cares, and curbed my sighs,  
In spite of grief, to let thee see  
I wore an endless smile for thee.

Had I not practis'd every art  
T' oblige, divert, and cheer thy heart,  
To make me pleasing in thine eyes,  
And turn thy house to paradise;

I had not ask'd why dost thou shun  
These faithful arms, and eager run  
To some *obscure, unclean retreat,*  
With *fiends incarnate* glad to meet,  
The vile companions of thy mirth,  
The scum and refuse of the earth ;  
Who, when inspired by beer, can grin  
At witless oaths and jests obscene,  
Till the most learned of the throng  
Begins a tale of ten hours long ;  
While thou in raptures, with stretched jaws,  
Crownest each joke with loud applause ?

Deprived of freedom, health, and ease,  
And rivall'd by such *things* as these ;  
This latest effort will I try,  
Or to regain thy heart, or die.  
Soft as I am, I'll make thee see  
I will not brook contempt from thee !

Then quit the shuffling doubtful sense,  
Nor hold me longer in suspense ;  
Unkind, ungrateful, as thou art,  
Say, must I ne'er regain thy heart ?  
Must all attempts to please thee prove  
Unable to regain thy love ?

If so, by truth itself I swear,  
The sad reverse I cannot bear :  
No rest, no pleasure, will I see ;  
My whole of bliss is lost with thee !  
I'll give all thoughts of patience o'er ;  
(A gift I never lost before ;)  
Indulge at once my rage and grief,  
Mourn obstinate, disdain relief,

And call that wretch my mortal foe,  
 Who tries to mitigate my woe ;  
 Till life, on terms severe as these,  
 Shall, ebbing, leave my heart at ease ;  
 To thee thy liberty restore  
 To laugh when Hetty is no more.

It is not likely that these lines produced any good effect on the untutored mind of Wright. He had an establishment in Frith Street, Soho, London, where he carried on the business of *plumbing* and *glazing*, and had lead works connected with it. His employment greatly injured his own health, and materially affected that of Mrs. Wright. They had several children, all of whom died young ; and it was their mother's opinion that the effluvia from the lead-works was the cause of their death.

We extract the following from a MSS. letter of MR. WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, to MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER, inserted in "*Brydges' Censura Literaria*," Vol. VII. p. 227. It speaks better of Wright than he deserved.

"You desire some account of MRS. WRIGHT. She was sister to *Samuel, John, and Charles Wesley*. The first was an Usher at Westminster, and died master of Tiverton School in Devonshire. John and Charles are eminent preachers among the Methodists. Her father was a clergyman, and author of a poem called *The Life of Christ*. It is a pious book, but bears no character as a Poem. But we have a volume of poems by Samuel Wesley, jun. which are ingenious and entertaining. He had an excellent knack of telling a tale in verse. I suppose you must have seen them.

"Mr. Highmore, who knew Mrs. Wright when

young, told me that she was very handsome. When I saw her she was in a languishing way, and had no remains of beauty, except a lively piercing eye. She was very unfortunate, as you will find by her poems, which are written with great delicacy; but so tender and affecting, they can scarcely be read without tears. She had an uncle, a surgeon, with whom she was a favourite. In her bloom, he used to take her with him to Bath, Tunbridge, &c.; and she has done justice to his memory in an excellent poem.

“Mr. Wright, her husband, is my plumber, and lives in this street; an honest, laborious man, but by no means a fit husband for such a woman. He was but a journeyman when she married him; but set up with the fortune left her by her uncle. Mrs. Wright has been dead about two years. On my asking if she had any child living, she replied, ‘I have had several, but the white lead killed them all!’ She had just come from Bristol and was very weak. ‘How, madam,’ said I, ‘could you bear the fatigue of so long a journey?’ ‘We had a coach of our own,’ said she, ‘and took short stages; besides, I had the *King* with me!’ ‘The king; I suppose you mean a person whose name is King.’—‘No; I mean my brother, *the King of the Methodists!*’ This looked like a piece of lunacy.

“She told me that she had long ardently wished for death; ‘and the rather,’ said she, ‘because we, the methodists, always die *in transports of joy!*’ I am told that she wrote some hymns for the methodists, but have not seen any of them.

“It affected me to view the ruin of so fine a frame; so I made her only three or four visits. Mr. Wright

told me she had burned many poems, and given some to a beloved sister, which he could never recover. As many as he could procure, he gave me. I will send them to you speedily.

“ I went one day with Wright to hear Mr. Charles Wesley preach. I find his business is only with the *heart* and *affections*. As to the understanding, that must shift for itself. Most of our *clergy* are in the contrary extreme, and apply themselves only to the *head*. To be sure they take us all for stoics; and think, that, like a young lady of your acquaintance, we have no passions.

20th Nov. 1752.

W. DUNCOMBE.”

The following beautiful lines by Mrs. Wright, seem to have been a mere *extempore* effusion, poured out from the fulness of her heart on the occasion, and sharpened with the keen anguish of distress.

*A Mother's Address to her dying Infant.*

Tender softness! infant mild!  
 Perfect, purest, brightest child!  
 Transient lustre! beauteous clay!  
 Smiling wonder of a day!  
 Ere the last convulsive start  
 Rends thy unresisting heart;  
 Ere the long enduring swoon  
 Weigh thy precious eyelids down;  
 Ah! regard a mother's moan,  
 Anguish deeper than thy own.

Fairest eyes, whose dawning light  
 Late with rapture blest my sight,  
 Ere your orbs extinguish'd be,  
 Bend their trembling beams on me!

Drooping sweetness! verdant flower!  
 Blooming, withering in an hour!  
 Ere thy gentle breast sustains  
 Latest, fiercest, mortal pains,  
 Here a suppliant! let *me* be  
 Partner in thy destiny!  
 That whene'er the fatal cloud  
 Must thy radiant temples shroud;  
 When deadly damps, impending now,  
 Shall hover round thy destined brow,  
 Diffusive may their influence be,  
 And with the *blossom* blast the *tree*!

This was composed during her confinement, and written from her mouth by her husband, who sent it to MR. JOHN WESLEY. The original letter sent with these verses was in DR. CLARKE'S possession, who says, "it is a curiosity of its kind; and one proof amongst many, of the total unfitness of such a slender, and uncultivated mind, to match with one of the highest ornaments of her sex. I shall give it entire in its own *orthography*, in order to vindicate the complaints of this forlorn woman, who was forced to accept in marriage the *rude* hand which wrote it. It is like the ancient Hebrew, all without points."

"To the Revd. Mr. John Wesley Fellow in Christ Church College Oxon.

"DEAR BRO:

"This comes to Let you know that my wife is brought to bed and is in a hopefull way of Doing well but the Dear child Died—the Third day after it was born—which has been of great concerne to

me and my wife She Joyns With me In Love to your  
Selfe and Bro : Charles

“ From Your Loveing Bro :  
to Comnd—WM. WRIGHT.”

“ PS. Ive sen you Sum Verses that my wife maid  
of Dear Lamb Let me hear from one or both of you as  
Soon as you Think Convenient.”

The following poems, selected from several others,  
are also by Mrs. Wright.

*Lines written when in deep Anguish of Spirit.*

“ Oppressed with utmost weight of woe,  
Debarr'd of freedom, health, and rest ;  
What human eloquence can show  
The inward anguish of my breast !

The finest periods of discourse,  
(Rhetoric in all her pompous dress  
Unmoving) lose their pointed force,  
When griefs are swell'd beyond redress.

Attempt not then with speches smooth  
My raging conflicts to control ;  
Nor softest sounds again can soothe  
The wild disorder of my soul ?

Such efforts vain to end my fears,  
And long lost happiness restore,  
May make me melt in fruitless tears,  
But charm my tortured soul no more.

Enable me to bear my lot,  
Oh ! *Thou* who only cans't redress !  
Eternal God ! forsake me not  
In this extreme of my distress.



Regard thy humble suppliant's suit ;  
Nor let me long in anguish pine,  
Dismayed, abandoned, destitute  
Of all support, but only thine.

Nor health, nor life, I ask of Thee ;  
Nor languid nature to restore :  
Say but " a speedy period be  
To these thy griefs,"—I ask no more !

---

*To a Mother on the Death of her Children.*

Though sorer sorrows than their birth  
Your children's death has given ;  
Mourn not that others bear for earth,  
While you have peopled heaven !

If now so painful 'tis to part,  
O ! think that when you meet,  
Well bought with shortly fleeting smart  
Is never-ending sweet !

What if those little angels, nigh  
T' assist your latest pain,  
Should hover round you when you die,  
And leave you not again ?

Say, shall you then regret your woes,  
Or mourn your teeming years ;  
One moment will reward your throes,  
And overpay your tears.

Redoubled thanks will fill your song ;  
Transported while you view  
Th' inclining, happy, infant throng,  
That owe their bliss to you !

So moves the common star, tho' bright,  
 With simple lustre crown'd ;  
 The planet shines, with guards of light  
 Attending it around.

---

*A Farewell to the World.*

While sickness rends this tenement of clay,  
 Th' approaching change with pleasure I survey ;  
 O'erjoy'd to reach the goal, with eager pace,  
 'Ere my slow life has measur'd half its race.  
 No longer shall I bear, my friends to please,  
 The hard constraint of seeming much at ease ;  
 Wearing an outward smile, a look serene,  
 While piercing racks and tortures work within.  
 Yet let me not, ungrateful to my God,  
 Record the evil, and forget the good :  
 For *both* I humble adoration pay ;  
 And bless the power who gives and takes away.  
 Long shall my faithful memory retain  
 And oft recal each interval of pain.  
 Nay, to high heaven for greater gifts I bend ;  
*Health* I've enjoy'd, and once I had a *friend* !\*  
 Our labour sweet, if labour it might seem,  
 Allowed the sportive and instructive scene.  
 Yet here no lewd or useless wit was found ;  
 We poiz'd the wav'ring sail with ballast sound.  
 Learning here plac'd her richer stores in view,  
 Or, wing'd with love, the minutes gaily flew !  
 Nay, yet sublimer joy our bosoms prov'd,  
 Divine benevolence, by heaven below'd.  
 Wan, meagre forms, torn from impending death,  
 Exulting, blest us with reviving breath.  
 The shiv'ring wretch we cloth'd, the mourner cheer'd,  
 And sickness ceas'd to groan when we appear'd.

\* She here refers to her beloved Sister *Mary*.

Unask'd, our care assists with tender art  
 Their bodies, nor neglects th' immortal part.  
 Sometimes in shades unpierc'd by Cynthia's beam,  
 Whose lustre glimmer'd on the dimpled stream,  
 We wander'd innocent thro' sylvan scenes,  
 Or tripp'd like faries o'er the level greens.  
 From fragrant herbage deck'd with pearly dews,  
 And flowrets of a thousand diff'rent hues,  
 By wafting gales the mingling odours fly,  
 And round our heads in whisp'ring breezes sigh.  
 Whole nature seems to heighten and improve  
 The holier hours of innocence and love.  
 Youth, wit, good-nature, candour, sense, combin'd  
 To serve, delight, and civilize mankind;  
 In wisdom's love we ev'ry heart engage,  
 And triumph to restore the golden age !

Nor close the blissful scene, exhausted muse,  
 The latest blissful scene that thou shalt choose ;  
 Sate with life, what joys for me remain,  
 Save one dear wish, to balance ev'ry pain ;  
 To bow my head, with grief and toil opprest,  
 Till borne by angel-bands to *everlasting rest*.

Mrs. Wright could never be prevailed upon to collect and give her poems to the public. It is said that she gave them at her death to one of her sisters. Many have been published in different collections. Some may be found in the Poetical Register, the Christian Magazine, the Arminian Magazine, and in the different lives of her brothers *John* and *Charles*. Most of the poems were written under strong mental depression.

She was visited by her brother *Charles* in her last

illness. He says in his journal:—"I prayed by my sister Wright, a gracious, trembling soul; a bruised reed which the Lord will not break." She died March 21, 1751; and Mr. Charles Wesley preached her funeral sermon from these words,—"*Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.*" Mrs. Wright was described to DR. CLARKE, by one who knew her, as "an elegant woman, with great refinement of manners."

MISS MARTHA WESLEY, afterwards MRS. HALL, (who was sometimes termed *Patty*) seems to have been born between 1704 and 1708. She was reported to be her mother's favourite. Mr. Charles expressed his "wonder that so wise a woman as his mother could give way to such a partiality." Many years after, when this saying was mentioned to MRS. HALL, she replied, "what was called partiality, was what they might all have enjoyed if they had wished it; which was to sit in my mother's chamber when disengaged; and listen to her conversation." "What was called partiality to *Patty*," says DR. CLARKE, "was the indulgence of a propensity to store her mind with the observations of a parent, whose mode of thinking was not common, and whose conversation was peculiarly interesting: and it would have been cruelty to have chased away a little one, who preferred her mother's society to recreation."

Mrs. Wesley's opinion of the strong characteristic steadiness of Martha will appear from the following incident. One day, when she entered the nursery, all the children, *Patty* excepted, (who was ever sedate

and reflecting,) were in high glee and frolic, as they ought to be, their Mother said, but not rebukingly, "you will all be more serious *one day*." Martha lifting up her head, immediately asked, "shall I be more serious Ma'am?" "No," replied the mother. The truth appears to be, that the partiality was on the part of the child. *Patty* loved her mother, and wished to listen to her discourse, by which she increased her fund of knowledge: a propensity which was very properly indulged." To her brother *John* she was uncommonly attached. They had the same features as exactly as if cast in the same mould; added to a great similarity of disposition. Even their *handwriting* was so much alike, that one might be easily mistaken for the other.

But there is one part of *Martha's* character which has been strongly censured—her conduct in reference to her marriage. Whilst she was at her uncle's house in London, she received the addresses of a gentleman of the name of HALL, who was one of Mr. Wesley's pupils at Lincoln College. He possessed an agreeable person, considerable talents, and manners which were in a high degree prepossessing, to those who did not see beneath the surface. Mr. *John Wesley* was much attached to him; he thought him humble, and teachable, and in all manner of conversation holy and unblameable. There were indeed parts of his conduct which might have led a wary man to suspect either his sanity, or his sincerity; but the tutor was too sincere himself, and too enthusiastic, to entertain the suspicion which some of his extravagancies might justly have excited. *Samuel* formed a truer judgment. "I never liked the man," says he, "from the first time

I saw him. His *smoothness* did not suit my *roughness*. He appeared always to dread me as a wit and a jester : this with me is a sure sign of guilt and hypocrisy. He never could meet my eye in full light. Conscious that there was something foul at the bottom, he was afraid that I should see it, if I looked keenly into his eye." John, however, took him to his bosom.

In Hall's addresses to Martha, there is no doubt he was sincere ; and in order to secure her, he took the expedient which was frequently practised in those days, to *betroth* her to himself. All this was done without the knowledge of her parents, or her brothers, for some time. He afterwards accompanied John and Charles to Epworth, and there he saw her sister *Kezzia*, became enamoured of *her*, obtained her consent to marry him, and was on the point of leading poor unconscious *Kezzia* to the altar, affirming vehemently that "the thing was of God ; that he was certain it was His will ; God had revealed to him that he must marry, and that *Kezzia* was the very person." The family were justly alarmed at his conduct ; in vain they questioned him on the reason of this change, when, to the utter astonishment of all parties, in a *few days* Hall changed his mind again, and pretending, with blasphemous effrontery, that the Almighty had changed His ; declared that a second *revelation* had countermanded the first, and instructed him to marry not *Kezzia*, but her sister *Martha*. The family, and especially the brothers, felt indignant at this infamous proposal ; and Charles afterwards addressed the following poem to Martha on the occasion, who, he then thought, was highly to blame.

*To Miss Martha Wesley.*

When want, and pain, and death, besiege our gate,  
And every solemn moment teems with fate ;  
While clouds and darkness fill the space between,  
Perplex th' event, and shade the folded scene :  
In humble silence wait th' unuttered voice,  
Suspend thy will, and check thy forward choice ;  
Yet wisely fearful for th' event prepare,  
And learn the dictates of a brother's care.  
How fierce thy conflict, how severe thy flight,  
When hell assails the foremost sons of light ;  
When he, who long in virtue's paths had trod,  
Deaf to the voice of conscience and of God,  
Drops the fair mask, proves traitor to his vow ;  
And thou the temptress, and the tempted thou !  
Prepare thee then to meet the infernal war,  
And dare beyond what woman knows to dare :  
Guard each avenue to thy flutt'ring heart,  
And act the sister's and the christian's part.  
Heaven is the guard of virtue ; scorn to yield,  
When screened by heaven's impenetrable shield.  
Secure in this, defy the impending storm,  
Though Satan tempt thee in an angel's form.  
And, Oh ! I see the fiery trial near ;  
I see the *saint*, in all his forms, appear,  
By nature, by religion, taught to please,  
With conquest flushed, and obstinate to press,  
He lists his virtues in the cause of hell,  
Heaven, with celestial arms, presumes to assail ;  
To veil with semblance fair, the fiend within,  
And make his God subservient to his sin !  
Trembling I hear his horrid vows renew'd,  
I see him come by *Delia's* groans pursued.

Poor injured Delia! all her groans are vain;  
Or he denies, or listening mocks her pain.  
What though her eyes with ceaseless tears o'erflow,  
Her bosom heave with agonizing woe;  
What though the horror of his falsehood near  
Tear up her faith, and plunge her in despair;  
Yet can he think, (so blind to heaven's decree,  
And the sure fate of curs'd apostacy)  
Soon as he tells the secret of his breast,  
And puts the angel off—and stands confess'd;  
When love, and grief, and shame, and anguish meet  
To make his crimes and *Delia's* wrongs complete,  
That then the injured maid will cease to grieve;  
Behold him in a sister's arms and live!  
Mistaken wretch—by thy unkindness hurl'd  
From ease, from love, from thee, and from the world;  
Soon must she land on that immortal shore,  
Where falsehood never can torment her more:  
There all her sufferings, and her sorrows cease,  
Nor saints turn devils there to vex her peace!  
Yet hope not then, all specious as thou art,  
To taint with impious vows her sister's heart;  
With proffered worlds her honest soul to move,  
Or tempt her virtue to incestuous love.  
No—wert thou as thou wast, did heaven's first rays  
Beam on thy soul, and all the Godhead blaze,  
Sooner shall sweet oblivion set us free  
From friendship, love, thy perfidy, and thee;  
Sooner shall light in league with darkness join,  
Virtue, and vice, and heaven and hell combine,  
Than her pure soul consent to mix with thine;  
To share thy sin, adopt thy perjury,  
And damn herself to be revenged on thee;  
To load her conscience with a sister's blood,  
The guilt of incest, and the curse of God!



These verses are severe enough, had the case even been so bad as Mr. Charles *then* conjectured. Martha appears at that time to have been in London, when Hall went down into Lincolnshire; and knew nothing of the transaction with Kezzia at Epworth till a considerable time after it took place. When she found how matters stood, she wrote to her mother, and laid open the whole business; who, on this explanation, wrote her full consent, assuring Martha “that if she had obtained the consent of her uncle, there was no obstacle.”

DR. CLARKE, who labours hard to vindicate Mrs. Hall in this matter, says, “Kezzia, on hearing the true relation, cordially renounced all claim to Hall; and, from every thing I have been able to learn, she sat as indifferent to him as if no such transaction had ever existed. Her uncle, Matthew, with whom Patty lived, was so satisfied with her conduct and the match, that he gave her £500 on her marriage, and his testimony of ‘her dutiful and grateful conduct during the whole time she had resided in his house.’ Kezzia also gave her consent by choosing to live with Mr. and Mrs. Hall after their marriage, though she had a pressing invitation to reside with her brother Samuel; and her brother John was to have furnished £50 *per annum* to cover her expences. The true state of the case was for some years unknown to her brothers; and Mr. John Wesley, in a letter to Hall, dated Dec. 2, 1747, charges him ‘with having stolen Kezzia from the god of her youth; that in consequence she refused to be comforted, fell into a lingering illness, which terminated in her death; but her blood still cried unto God from the

earth against him, and that surely it was upon his head.' That this was Mr. Wesley's impression I well know; but it is not strictly correct. I have the almost dying assertions of Mrs. Hall, delivered to her beloved niece, MISS WESLEY, and by her handed in writing to me, that the facts of the case were as stated above."

Opposed to this opinion, however, we have the testimony of MR. MOORE, who was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Hall. He says that "Mrs. Hall did not speak of her marriage quite as the respectable biographer of her family does. She was convinced for many years, that her brothers were so far right, that for *both* sisters to have refused him, after he had manifested such a want of principle and honour, would have been *the more excellent way.*"

Till this time John Wesley believed that Hall was, "without question, filled with faith, and the love of God; so that in *all England* he knew not his fellow. He thought him a pattern of lowliness, meekness, seriousness, and continual advertance to the presence of God; and, above all, of self-denial of every kind, and of suffering all things with joyfulness." But afterwards he found 'there was a worm at the root of the gourd.' Hall began to teach that there was "no resurrection of the body, no general judgment, no hell, no worm that never dieth, no fire that never shall be quenched." Mr. J. Wesley, in the course of his travelling, came to Hall's house, near Salisbury, and was let in, though orders had been given that he should not be admitted. Hall left the room as soon as he entered, sent a message to him that he must quit the house, and presently turned his wife out of doors. Having now thrown off

all restraint, and all regard to decency, he publicly and privately recommended polygamy, as conformable to nature, *preached* in its defence, and practised as he preached. Soon he laid aside all pretensions to religion, professed himself an infidel, and led, for many years, the life of an adventurer and a profligate, at home and abroad; acting sometimes as a physician, sometimes as a priest, or figured away with his sword, cane, and scarlet cloak; assuming any character, according to his humour, or the convenience of the day. Hall passed from change to change, till at last he gloried in his shame, and became a proverb of reproach,—

“The vilest husband, and the worst of men.”

He would talk, with apparent ease, to his chaste wife concerning his concubines! He would tell her, that she was his *carnal* wife, but they his *spiritual* wives! for he had taught them to despise all sober, scriptural religion, and to talk as corruptly as himself. At length he broke all bounds, and retired to the West Indies, taking his chief favourite with him. She was a remarkable woman; and appears to have had more personal courage than her wretched paramour. In an assault upon the house in which they lived, by a black banditti, she seized a large *pewter vessel*, and standing at the turning of the stairs which led to their apartment, she *knocked the assailants down* in succession, as they approached, and maintained the post till succour arrived and dispersed the villians. Hall continued his connexion with this wretched woman till she died, and then returned to England, weak and in some degree humbled, and was afterwards seen officiating in a church

in London, where, not long before his death, he delivered, with great energy, an extempore discourse, which a gentleman who heard it, says was inimitably pathetic. Mrs. Hall, bound as she most conscientiously thought herself, by her original vows, showed him every kind of charitable attention till his death, which took place at Bristol, January 6, 1776. He exclaimed, in his last hours, "I have injured an angel! an angel that never reproached me!" Mr. John Wesley gives the following account of the closing scene:—"I came to Bristol just in time enough, not to see but to bury, poor Mr. Hall, my brother-in-law, who died on Wednesday morning, I trust in peace, for God had given him deep repentance. Such another monument of Divine mercy, considering how low he had fallen, and from what heights of holiness, I have not seen, no not in seventy years. I had designed to have visited him in the morning, but he did not stay for my coming. It is enough, if, after all his wanderings, we meet again in Abraham's bosom."

We shall now consider Mrs. Hall's behaviour as a *wife*, to one of the worst and most unkind of husbands. "I will adduce an instance," says DR. CLARKE, "recorded by witnesses on the spot, and corroborated by herself, on being questioned as to its truth. When they lived at Fullerton, near Salisbury, where Hall was the curate, she had taken a young woman into the house as a seamstress, whom he seduced: these were the beginnings of his ways. Mrs. Hall being quite unsuspecting, was utterly ignorant of any improper attachment between her husband and the girl.

"Finding the time of the young woman's travail

drawing near, *he* feigned a call to London on some important business, and departed. Soon after his departure the girl fell into labour. Mrs. Hall, one of the most feeling and considerate of women on such occasions, ordered her servants to go instantly for a doctor. They all refused; and when she had remonstrated with them on their inhumanity, they completed her surprise by informing her that the girl, (to whom they gave any thing but her *own name*,) was *in labour*, through her criminal connexion with Mr. Hall, and that they all knew her guilt long before. She heard, without betraying any emotion, what she had not before even suspected, and repeated her commands for assistance. They, full of indignation at the unfortunate creature, and strangely inhuman, absolutely refused to obey; on which Mrs. Hall immediately went out herself, and brought in a midwife; called on a neighbour; divided the only six pounds she had in the house, and deposited *five* with her, who was astonished at her conduct; enjoined kind treatment, and no reproaches; and then set off for London, found her husband, related in her own mild manner the circumstances, told him what she had done, and prevailed upon him to return to Salisbury as soon as the young woman could be removed from the house. He thought the conduct of his wife not only christian, but heroic; and was for a time suitably affected by it; but having embraced the doctrine of polygamy, his reformation was but of short continuance. Mr. Hall was guilty of many similar infidelities; and after being the father of *ten children* by his wife, *nine* of whom lie buried at Salisbury, he abandoned his family, and went off to the

West Indies with one of his mistresses. Notwithstanding all this treatment, Mrs Hall was never heard to speak of him but with kindness. She often expressed wonder that women should profess to love their husbands, and yet dwell upon their *faults*, or indeed upon those of their friends. She was never known to speak evil of any person."

When Mr. Charles Wesley asked her "how she could give money" as previously related "to her husband's concubine?" she answered, "I knew I could obtain what I wanted from many; but she, poor hapless creature! could not; many thinking it meritorious to abandon her to the distress which she had brought upon herself. Pity is due to the wicked; the good claim esteem; besides, I did not act as a *woman*, but as a christian."

Mrs. Hall frequently visited DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, (at his own particular request,) who always treated her with high respect. The injuries she had sustained, and the manner in which she had borne them, could not but excite the esteem and pity of such a mind as his. He wished her very much to become an inmate in his house; and she would have done so, had she not feared to provoke the *jealousy* of two females already there,—MRS. WILLIAMS and MRS. DESMOULINS. She ventured to tell him the reason, and he felt its cogency. It is no wonder that Dr. Johnson valued her conversation. In many cases it supplied the absence of books; her memory was a repository of the most striking events of past centuries; and she had the best parts of all our poets by heart. She delighted in *literary* discussions, and moral argumentations; not for *display*, but for the

exercise of her mental faculties, and to increase her fund of useful knowledge; and she bore opposition with the same composure which regulated all the other parts of her conduct. Of *wit*, she used to say, she was the only one of the family who did not possess it; and Mr. Charles Wesley remarks, that his "sister Patty was too *wise* to be *witty*." Yet she was very capable of *acute remark*; and once at Dr. Johnson's house, when he was on a grave discussion, she made a remark which turned the laugh against the doctor, in which he cordially joined, feeling its propriety and force. "It excited her surprise," says DR. CLARKE, "that women should dispute the *authority* which God gives the husband over the wife." "It is," said she, "so clearly expressed in scripture, that one would suppose such wives never read their Bibles: and those women who contest this point, should not marry." Her mother seems to have been of the same opinion, though she evidently possessed what is called a *great spirit*. "Vixen, and unruly wives," continues DR. CLARKE, "did not relish Mrs. Hall's sentiments on this subject, and her *example* they could never forgive."

As to the authority vested in husbands, MR. JOHN WESLEY, in his treatise "*On the Duties of Husbands and Wives*," usually printed with his sermons, says, "It is the duty of a husband to govern his wife, and to maintain her. The former implies that he keeps his *authority*; for every man is bound to retain that place, wherein his maker hath set him. But some will say 'this is reasonable, if it were *practicable*; yet some wives are so violent and headstrong, their husbands cannot govern them.' I answer, most men

blame their wives, when the real fault is in *themselves*. A man cannot hinder a violent woman from assaulting his authority, but he may from *winning* it : not indeed by *violence*, but by skill. Whoever, therefore, would be a good wife, let this sink into her inmost soul, ‘ My husband has the right to rule me. God has given him this, and I will not strive against God.’ It is granted that a wife may have more wit and understanding, *more readiness of speech*, more skill in business, than her husband, but a *servant* may exceed both in these respects : and yet it would be improper for the servant to claim an *equality* on that account. Though the husband be of meaner birth, or smaller capacity ; though he had no wealth before marriage, and the wife had, yet, from that hour, the case is changed, and he is no longer beneath his wife, but above her.”

In a conversation, there was a remark made, that the public voice was the voice of God, universally recognized, whence the proverb, “*Vox populi, vox Dei.*” This Mrs. Hall strenuously contested ; and said the “public voice” in Pilate’s court was, “*Crucify him ! Crucify him !*”

She had a great dread of *melancholy* subjects. “ Those persons,” she maintained, “ could not have real *feeling*, who could delight to see, or to hear details of *misery they could not relieve*, or descriptions of *cruelty which they could not punish.*” Nor did she like to speak of *death* : it was *heaven*, the society of the blessed, and the deliverance of the happy spirit from this tabernacle of clay, (not the pangs of separation, of which she always expressed a fear,) on which she delighted to dwell. She could not behold a corpse,



“because,” said she, “it is beholding *Sin* sitting upon his *throne*.” She objected strongly to those lines in Mr. Charles Wesley’s funeral hymn :—

“Ah ! lovely appearance of death ;  
What sight upon earth is so fair,” &c.

Her favourite hymn among these was,

“Rejoice for a brother deceased,” &c.

There were few persons of whom she had not something *good* to say ; and if their faults were *glaring*, she would plead the influence of *circumstances*, *education*, or *sudden temptation*, to which all imprisoned in a tenement of clay are liable, and by which their actions are often influenced : yet she was no apologist for *bad principles* ; for she thought with an old puritan, that a fault in an *individual* was like a *fever* ; but a bad *principle* resembled a *plague*, spreading desolation and death over the community. Few persons feel as they should do for transgression, when it is the effect of *sudden temptation*.

“Of her sufferings,” says DR. CLARKE, “she spoke so little, that they could not be learned from herself : I could only get acquainted with those I knew from other branches of the family. Her blessings and the advantages she enjoyed, she was continually recounting. ‘Evil,’ she used to say, ‘was not kept from me ; but evil has been kept from *harming* me.’ Though she had a small property of her own, yet she was principally dependent on the bounty of her brothers, after her husband had deserted her : and here was a striking illustration of the remark, that ‘in noble natures benefits

do not diminish love on either side.' She left to her niece, whom she dearly loved, and who well knew how to prize so valuable a woman, the little remains of her fortune, who in vain urged her to sink it on her own life, in order to procure her a few more comforts."

Her niece, Miss Wesley, was with her in her last moments: Mrs. Hall had *no* disease, but a mere decay of nature. She spoke of her dissolution with the same tranquillity with which she spoke of every thing else. A little before her departure, she called Miss Wesley to her bedside, and said, "I have now a sensation which convinces me my departure is near; the heart-strings seem gently, but entirely loosened." Miss Wesley asked her if she was in pain? "No," said she, "but a *new feeling*." Just before she closed her eyes, she bade her niece come near,—she pressed her hand and said, "I have the assurance for which I have long prayed; shout!" and then expired. Thus her noble and happy spirit passed into the hands of her Redeemer on the 12th. July, 1791, a few months after the death of her brother John, with whom she is interred in the same vault. She was the last survivor of the original Wesley family.

We shall conclude this account with a few words extracted from her niece Miss Wesley's description of her. "Mrs. Hall's trials were peculiar. Wounded in her affections in the tenderest part; deserted by the husband she *much* loved; bereaved of her *ten* children; reduced from ample competency to a narrow income; yet no complaint was ever heard from her lips! Her serenity was undisturbed, and her peace beyond the reach of calamity." *Active virtues*

command applause,—they are apparent to every eye; but the *passive*, are only known to Him by whom they are registered on high, where the *silent* sufferer shall meet a full reward.

MR. CHARLES WESLEY, the *youngest* son of the Wesley family, was born at Epworth, December 18th, 1708, and died in London, March 29th, 1788, aged seventy-nine years and three months. Connected with his name, the following anecdote may not be uninteresting. DR. CLARKE mentions that a gentleman of the name of WESLEY, of *Dangan*, in the county of *Meath* in Ireland, of considerable property, wrote to the rector of Epworth, that, if he had a son called CHARLES he would adopt him as his heir; and at the expense of this gentleman, Charles was actually supported at Westminster school, and when afterwards, he wished to take him over to Ireland, Charles thankfully declined, fearing, lest worldly prosperity should corrupt him. The person who Mr. Wesley, of Dangan made his heir, and who took the name of Wesley, was *Richard Colley*, of Dublin, afterwards created the first *Earl of Mornington*, and was grandfather to the present MARQUIS WELLESLEY, and DUKE of WELLINGTON. *Wellesley* is therefore a corruption, and an awkward one, made by the present Marquis, of the simple, and more elegant name of *Wesley*.

MISS KEZZIA WESLEY, called in the family papers *Kezzy* and *Kez*, appears to have been the youngest daughter. About 1730, Miss Kezzy became a teacher in a boarding-school, at Lincoln. She pos-

essed very delicate health through life, which prevented her from improving a mind that seems to have been capable of high cultivation. She wrote a peculiarly neat and beautiful hand, even more so than her sister Emilia. Her brother *John* frequently gave her directions both for the improvement of her mind, and increase in true religion. To a letter of this description she thus replies :—

*Lincoln, July 3, 1731.*

“ DEAR BROTHER,

“ I should have writ sooner had not business, and indisposition of body prevented me. Indeed sister *Pat's* going to London shocked me a little, because it was unexpected; and perhaps may have been the cause of my ill health for the last fortnight. It would not have had so great an effect upon my mind if I had known it before : but it is over now—

‘The past as nothing we esteem;  
And pain, like pleasure, is a dream.’

“ I should be glad to see ‘*Norris's Reflections on the Conduct of the Human Understanding,*’ and the book wrote by the *female author* : but I don't expect so great a satisfaction as seeing either of them, except you should have the good fortune to be at Epworth when I am there, which will be towards the latter end of August. I shall stay a fortnight or three weeks, if no unforeseen accident prevent it. I must not expect any thing that will give me so much pleasure as having your company so long; because a disappointment would make me very uneasy. Had your supposition been true, and *one* of your fine ladies had

heard your conference, they would have despised you as a mere ill-bred scholar, who could make *no better use of such an opportunity*, than preaching to young women for the improvement of their minds. I am entirely of your opinion, that the pursuit of knowledge and virtue will most improve the mind: but how to pursue these is the question. Cut off indeed I am from all means which most men, and many women, have of attaining them. I have '*Nelson's Method of Devotion*' and '*The Whole Duty of Man,*' which are all my stock! As to history and poetry, I have not so much as *one* book.

"I could like to read all the books you mention, if it were in my power to buy them; but as it is not at present, nor have I any acquaintances of whom I can borrow them, I must make myself easy, if I can, but I had rather you had not told me of them, *Here* I have time in the morning, three or four hours, but want books; *at home* I had books, but not time. I wish you would send me the questions you speak of, and I would read them. Perhaps they may be of use to me in learning *contentment*, for I have long been endeavouring to practice it.

"I should be glad if you would say a little to sister *Emily* on the same subject. I can't persuade her to the contrary, because I am so much addicted to the same failing myself. Pray desire brother Charles to bring *Prior*, the second part, when he comes; or send it, according to promise, for *leaving off snuff till next May*; or else I shall think myself at liberty to take as soon as I please. Pray let me know in your next letter when you design to come down, and whether

Brother Wesley and Sister will come with you. If you intend to walk, and brother Charles with you?

“I think it no great matter whether I say any thing relating to the people of Epworth, or not, for you may be sure ‘*he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow.*’ I expect you will come by London. Pray desire sister *Pat* to write to me. I have not heard from her since she went. You must not measure the length of your next letter by this. I am ill, and can’t write any more,

“Your affectionate Sister,

“KEZZIA WESLEY.”

Miss Kezzy was to have been married to a gentleman who paid his addresses to her when she resided with her sister HALL, near Salisbury, but death prevented the union. It appears that her brother Charles was present when she died. Of her closing scene, he gives the following account to his brother John:—  
“Yesterday morning, (March the 9th, 1741,) sister Kezzy died in the Lord Jesus. He finished his work and cut it short in mercy. Without pain or trouble she commended her spirit into the hands of Jesus, and fell asleep.”

## APPENDIX.

### APPENDIX A.—Page 12.

#### ON THE DOCTRINE OF PASSIVE OBEDIENCE.

The great question of this session (1675) was the *non-resisting test*, which was submitted by the cabinet to the upper house. The object of this measure was to bind all parties to a course of PASSIVE OBEDIENCE, with respect to the will of the *sovereign*, and the *church*. It was in short an effort to lay that yoke on all persons holding offices under the crown, and even on the legislature itself, which had already been imposed on corporations, magistrates, officers in the army, and the ministers of religion. So long as the NON-CONFORMIST MINISTERS were the *only* parties assailed by weapons of this nature, their followers exhorted them to persist in the course of the confessor. But it is related by BAXTER, that when these severities were extended from the *ministers* to the *people*, many of the latter began to hold a different language. It was discovered also that an oath, which pledged the persons taking it, in no case to resist the authority of the crown or the mitre, not only vested those authorities with divine right, but virtually “dissettled the whole birthright of Englishmen.” c

The oath which the bill was framed to extort was, “I do swear that I will not endeavour the alteration of the church or state.” This pledge, it was contended, went to annihilate the legislative power of parliament. Once adopted, consistency would require that no improvement in our institutions should be attempted, nor the concurrence of altered circumstances justify a change in them;—if imperfect, they must remain so; and if inapplicable, they must be continued! It was moreover objected, that the intended prohibition was not limited to what might be done *in* parliament, but extended to whatever might be spoken or written elsewhere, with a design to effect an amendment of law; and the ministers did not hesitate in substance, to acknowledge, that the bill was meant to put down all opposition to the government, both in the senate and the nation, the existence of which might be found inconvenient.

But it was on the part of this engagement which had respect to the *Church*, that the most obstinate discussions took place. Men were required to swear an adherence to Episcopacy. But in what, it was asked, does episcopal government consist? From what source are its powers derived? In what manner, and to what extent, may they be exercised? The prelates answered, that their office was derived from the Saviour of the world,—their liberty to exercise its functions from the *civil* magistrate. It did not occur to them to ask what the consequence of this doctrine of dependence on the magistrate would be, as applied to their predecessors in office before the age of *Constantine*. It was remarked by LORD WHARTON, that excommunication is a great instrument of Episcopal authority, and he wished to know whether the bishops considered themselves as deriving a liberty from Cæsar to excommunicate Cæsar. It was inquired also, whether the church of Rome was not Episcopal as well as the church of England; and when to meet this difficulty, the word *protestant* was proposed, it was shown that protestantism was as little susceptible of accurate definition as episcopacy, and much was said to expose the injustice of insisting that men should swear to what they could at best only imperfectly understand. In conclusion, the allegiance demanded was to “the religion now established by law in the church of England.”

This memorable debate lasted seventeen days, frequently beginning early and continued till midnight, and beyond doubt was the most obstinate and powerful that had ever taken place in the history of the Upper house. But the bill, in its amended form, was passed by the Lords, which imposed a fine of £500 on every member, at the meeting of a new parliament, who should persist in refusing the security which it demanded.

But the party defeated in the Lords hoped to be victorious in the Commons. Ministers, on the other hand, confided much in the assistance of *bribes*, which, in more than one instance, had already enabled them to command a majority in that assembly. But as the moment approached in which the opposite party were to have tried their strength, a question arose that brought on a *dispute* between the two houses, suspended all other business, and made way for a prorogation. By this, all that had been done on the non-resisting test was made void.

MARVELL speaks of this debate as “the greatest which had perhaps ever been in parliament, wherein,” he observes, “those lords that were against this oath, being



assured of their own loyalty and merit, stood up for the English liberties, with the same genius, virtue, and courage, that their noble ancestors had formerly defended the great charter of England; but with so much greater commendation, in that they had here a fairer field, and the more civil way of decision: they fought it out under all the disadvantages imaginable; they were *overlaid* by numbers; the noise of the house, like the wind, was against them; and if not the sun, the *fireside* (the king, who was present at the debates, generally stood there) was always in their faces,—nor, being so few, could they, as their adversaries, withdraw to refresh themselves in a whole day's engagement; yet never was there a clearer demonstration how dull a thing is human eloquence and greatness; when bright *truth* discovers all things in their proper colours and dimensions, and shoots its beams through all fallacies."

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APPENDIX B.—Page 50.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JOHN DUNTON.

JOHN DUNTON was born at Graffham in Huntingdonshire, May 14, 1659. He was the son of John Dunton, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Rector of Graffham. We have already stated that Dunton married one of the daughters of DR. SAMUEL ANNESLEY, and that he was a considerable bookseller and publisher. About the beginning of the eighteenth century, Dunton failed in business, the reason of which he states as follows, "when I was living prosperously at the Black Raven, in Princes' Street, and as happy in marriage as I could wish, there came an universal damp upon trade, occasioned by the defeat of the *Duke of Monmouth* in the West; and at this time having £500 owing to me in New England, I began to think it worth while to make a voyage thither.

"I first made trial how dear IRIS [his wife] would part with me; and I found that though she had a very tender sense of all the dangers I should be exposed to, yet she was always perfectly resigned to the will of her husband. I stated the matter to my honoured father-in-law, Dr. Annesley, who was then going to Tunbridge, and afterwards I wrote him the following letter.

"MUCH HONOURED SIR,

This comes to desire your free thoughts concerning my voyage to New England. I have consulted

several friends upon it, who all think it the best method I can take. I have a great number of books that lie upon my hands, as the "*Continuation of the Morning Exercises*," and others, very proper for that place, besides the £500 which I have there in debts. However, I will not move without your advice and consent. My dear wife sends her duty to you, and we hope the waters agree with you. I am, your dutiful and affectionate son,

J. DUNTON."

To this letter he received the following answer, which we the more readily insert, as there remains so little of the correspondence of that venerable minister Dr. Annesley.

"DEAR SON,

"I received yours, but cannot give so particular and direct an answer as you may expect. You know I came hither soon after you mentioned this voyage, and had not an opportunity to consider all the circumstances of it. I perceive those you have consulted, are for it; and they are better able to foresee what may probably be the issue of such an undertaking, than I am, or can be. The infinitely wise God direct you, and give wisdom to those that advise you. I do as heartily desire your universal welfare as any friend you have in the world, and therefore dare not say a word against it. My present opinion is, that you do not, (if you resolve upon the voyage) carry too great a cargo; for I think it will be the less trouble to you to wish there, that you had brought more, than to fret at the want of a market for too many. If you observe the course of the world, the most of all worldly trouble is through the frustration of our expectations; were we not to look for much, we should easily bear a disappointment. Moderation in all things, but love to God, and serious godliness, is highly commendable. Covet earnestly the best gifts—the best graces—the best enjoyments; for which you shall never, while I live, want the earnest prayer of

"Your most affectionate father,

*Tunbridge, August 10, 1685.*

S. ANNESLEY."

A little time after Dunton arrived at Boston, he sent the following letter to Dr. Annesley.

"HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

"I am at last through a merciful Providence arrived safe at Boston. We were above four months at

sea, and very often in extreme danger by storms; and what added to our misfortunes, our provisions were almost spent before we landed. For some time we had no more than the allowance of one bottle of water a man for four days. Since my arrival, I have met with many kindnesses from *Mr. Burroughs*, and others, of your acquaintance in Boston. I am now in great suspense whether to part with my venture of books by wholesale, or to sell them by retail. If this letter comes shortly after the date of it to your hands, pray let me have your advice in this matter. I am

“Your most affectionate and dutiful son,  
*Boston, March 25, 1686.* J. DUNTON.”

To this letter Dunton received the following answer.

*London, May 10, 1686.*

“DEAR SON,

“I was very glad to hear of your safe arrival, after your tedious and hazardous passage. Those mercies are most observed, and through grace the best improved, that are bestowed with some grievous circumstances. I hope the impression of your voyage will abide, though the danger be over. I know not what to say to you about your trading. Present providences upon present circumstances must be observed, and therefore I shall often in prayer recommend your case to God, who alone can, and I hope will, do both in you and for you, exceeding abundantly, above what you can ask or think.

S. ANNESLEY.”

Soon after the date of the above letter, Dunton returned to London. The first interview with his wife he relates in his usual artless manner. “We cast anchor at Ratcliffe, where I went ashore to visit my sister Mary. We sent immediately for sister Sudbury; and desired her to go and tell dear *Iris* ‘there was a gentleman waiting for her there, who could give her some account of her husband.’ About an hour after *Iris* came; and at the first interview we stood speechless, whilst *Iris* shed a flood of tears. At last we got our tongues at liberty; and then

‘Embraced and talk’d, as meeting lovers would,  
 Who had the pangs of absence understood.’

We left the tavern, and went home to Dr. Annesley’s where I was received with great kindness and respect.

“At my return to England, I expected nothing but a golden life of it for the future; but all my satisfactions were

soon withered ; for being so deeply entangled for my sister-in-law, I was not suffered to step over the threshold for ten months, unless it was once under disguise ; and the story is this. My confinement growing very uneasy to me, especially on Lord's day, I was extremely desirous to hear Dr. Annesley preach ; and immediately this contrivance was started in my head, that dear Iris should dress me in woman's clothes, and I would venture myself abroad under those circumstances. To make short of it, I got myself shaved, and put on as effeminate a look as my countenance would let me ; and being well fitted out with a large scarf, I set forward ; but every step I took, the fear was upon me, that it was made out of *form*. As for my arms, I could not tell how to manage them, being altogether ignorant to what figure they should be reduced. At last I got safe to the meeting, and sat down in the most obscure corner I could find. But as I was returning through Bishopgate Street, with all the circumspection and care imaginable (and then I thought I had done it pretty well,) there was an unlucky rogue cried out, 'I'll be hang'd if that ben't a man in woman's clothes.' This put me into my *preternaturals* indeed, and I began to scour off as fast as my legs would carry me. There was at least twenty or thirty of them that made after me ; but being acquainted with the alleys, I dropped them and came off with honour. My reverend father-in-law knew nothing of this religious metamorphosis ; nor do I think he would have suffered it, yet my inclination to public worship was justifiable enough. But I have no need to apologize here, for it is common for men to conceal themselves in women's apparel. The Lord G——y made his escape from the Tower in *petticoats* ; and that brave man the *Earl of Argyle*, made his escape by exchanging clothes with his daughter."

Dunton did not long possess his excellent wife, whose death he bitterly lamented, though in the same year he *consoled* himself by another marriage with Sarah, daughter of a *Mrs. Nicholson*, of St. Alban's. With this lady he does not appear to have added much either to his comforts or his fortune. Her mother, who seems to have possessed considerable property, left the most of it to *public* charities, rather than to her daughter. This conduct caused Dunton to publish a work bearing the following title :—" *Death-bed Charity, or Alms or no Alms ; a Paradox proving Madam Jane Nicholson giving £50 a year to the poor of St. Alban's was no charity, but as she vainly thought, a sort of compounding with God Almighty for giving nothing to the poor in her lifetime ; with reflections on the pane-*

gyric sermon preached at her funeral, by Mr. Cole, Archdeacon of St. Alban's."

Dunton, in connexion with others, published "*The Athenian Mercury*," or a scheme to answer a series of questions monthly. This work was continued to about 20 volumes; and afterwards reprinted under the title of the "*Athenian Oracle*," 4 Vols. 8vo. It forms a strange jumble of knowledge and ignorance, sense and nonsense, curiosity and impertinence. In 1710 he published his "*Athenianism*," or the projects of Mr. John Dunton. This contains, amidst a variety of matter, *six hundred treatises* in prose and verse; by which he appears to have been with equal facility a philosopher, physician, poet, civilian, divine, humourist, &c. As a specimen of this miscellaneous *farrago*, the reader may take the following titles:—1. "*The Funeral of Mankind, a Paradox proving that we are all dead and buried.*" 2. "*The Spiritual Hedgehog; or a new and surprising thought.*" 3. "*The Double Life; or a new way to redeem Time, by living over to-morrow before it comes.*" 4. "*Dunton preaching to himself; or every man his own Parson.*" 5. "*His Creed; or the Religion of a bookseller*," in imitation of Brown's *Religio Medici*, which has some humour and merit. This he dedicated to the Stationers' company. As a satirist, Dunton appears to the most advantage in his poems entitled the "*Beggar mounted*;" the "*Dissenting Doctors*;" "*Parnassus ho!*" "*or frolics in verse*;" "*Dunton's Shadow; or the character of a Summer Friend.*" In all his writings he is exceedingly prolix and tedious, and sometimes obscure. His "*Case altered; or Dunton's re-marriage to his own wife*," has some singular notions, but very little merit in the composition. For further particulars of this heterogeneous genius, see his "*Life and Errors.*" Dunton died in 1733.

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APPENDIX C. Page 88.

THE HISTORY OF THE CALVES' HEAD CLUB.

In many of the Tory pamphlets about the year 1703, allusion was made to a society that was supposed to hold meetings for the purpose of commemorating the death of Charles I. It was called the CALVES' HEAD CLUB. If such a society ever existed, which has been doubted, it must have been confined to few persons, and those not of the most respectable description. Although it was evidently a *political club*, and resorted to by persons of various

religions, yet the fashion of the day being to run down the Dissenters, *they* were made to bear the odium of it. LESLIE, one of the foremost of their antagonists, seriously invites the Dissenters "to put down their Calves' Head Clubs, in which they feast every 30th of January, and have lewd songs which they profanely call *anthems*." But what would Leslie have said, if he had known that these anthems were composed by a member of his *own church*. In another publication he says, "I am told that the last 30th of January, at one of the principal of their CALVES' HEAD feasts in London, they used a sort of symbolical ceremony, of sticking their knives all at once into the biggest of the *calves' heads*, thereby engaging themselves in a bond of unity for the restoration of *Puss*, that is, their Commonwealth, and the extirpation of monarchy, especially in the line of the martyr, whom they thus represented."

This political manœuvre of Leslie was hastily caught up by other demagogues. SACHEVERELL, who was never behind hand in any *dirty* work, employs it in a similar way. In aid of this dishonest plot, it is lamentable to find that the publishers of Lord Clarendon's history should be at all implicated. The writer of the dedication asks, "What can be the meaning of the constant solemnizing, by some men, the anniversary of that *dismal* 30th of January, in scandalous and opprobrious feasting and jesting, which the law of the land hath commanded to be perpetually observed in *fasting* and *humiliation*?" He intimates that it looks like an industrious propagation of the rebellious principles of the last age; and recommends her Majesty "to have an eye towards such unaccountable proceedings." OLDMIXON has a just remark upon the passage. "One would have hoped," says he, "that the vulgar scandal of the Calves' Head Club might have been reserved for some *half-penny* history; but I was surprised to find it in a dedication to the Earl of Clarendon."

Let us now hear what the *Dissenters* have to say upon the subject; for in an appeal to fact, the *accused* party is most likely to have the best information.

The first witness is "*honest* TOM BRADBURY," who at that time was a minister of considerable note amongst the Independents, and eminent for his *patriotism*. Endowed by nature with inimitable wit and courage, combined with the advantages of a liberal education, no man was better constituted to support the cause he had zealously at heart.

Mr. Bradbury annually commemorated the Revolution by a *sermon* on the 5th of Nov., which he afterwards published. Some of these discourses are as remarkable for

their shrewdness, as for their adaptation to the occasion, and may be ranked among the most animated defences of civil and religious liberty. Being attacked by Mr. Luke Milbourne, "a clergyman of yearly fame," who in one of his anniversary sermons, had said, "that London has a club of those God-mocking wretches, who profane this day with impious feasting." Mr. Bradbury remarks, "As I never was present at such an assembly, so it is but lately that I was assured any person of note could be guilty of a thing so ludicrous: but I am satisfied, it has been done within these few years; though I can tell him (that excepting *one*) all the persons who met there, are such as his party do now admire for staunch *churchmen*, and lovers of monarchy; and much joy may he have of a *flying squadron*, who can step so fast from *profaning* a day, to *adoring* it."

The other testimony is that of DE FOE. "'Tis below an Englishman and a gentleman," says he, "to insult any man that's down. To conquer a man consists with honour; but to insult him when reduced, is below man, as a rational, much more as a generous creature. For this reason if ever there was any such thing as a Calves'-head club, which I profess not to know, I abhor, not the practice only, but the temper, that can stoop to a thing so base, which is as much beneath a generous spirit, as hanging *Oliver Cromwell*, and others, when they were dead."

This club, if it ever existed, was dragged from its obscurity by a work of some curiosity that then made its appearance. The first edition was published in the early part of 1703, and bore the following title: "*The Secret History of the Calves' Head Club; or, the Republicans Unmasked: whercin is fully shewn the Religion of the Calves' Head Heroes, in their Anniversary thanksgiving Songs, on the 30th of January, by them called ANTHEMS, from the year 1693 to 1697.*" Such was the popularity of the work, that within a few years it passed through several editions, with variations in the title. The matter of which it is composed consists of improbable stories, dull poetry, and the common cant of the times. This is dealt out in very coarse language, with occasional digressions of low wit to relieve its general dulness. The best edition is the eighth, published in octavo, 1713, under the title of "*The Wigs Unmasked,*" with eight satirical engravings, illustrating the leading subjects of the work, which are characteristic of the spirit of the times. In all probability, NED WARD manufactured the history of the Calves' Head Club. This writer, who is best known as the author of "*The London Spy,*" kept a public house in the skirts of the

city; and having a degree of low humour, with a taste for doggerel rhyme, devoted his powers to the service of the high-party, whereby he drew together many persons of similar taste and character, who were entertained by his wit, and enlivened by his ale.

Of the origin and proceeding of the *Calves' Head Club*, the writer of its history gives the following account, which, it appears he had only from *hearsay*. He says "that MILTON and some other *creatures* of the Commonwealth instituted this club, in opposition to *Bishop Juxon, Dr. Hammond*, and others, who met privately on the 30th of January, and had a *form* of service for the day, not much different from that now to be found in the Liturgy." The writer further adds, that he was *informed* the Calves' Head Club was kept in no fixed house, but that they removed as they thought convenient. The place where they met, when his *informant* was with them, "was in a blind alley near Moorfields, where an *axe* hung up in the club-room, was revered as the principal symbol. Their bill of fare was, a large dish of calves heads, dressed several ways, by which they represented the king; a large pike, with a small one in its mouth, as an emblem of his *tyranny*; a large cod's head, by which they pretended to represent *the person* of the king; and a boar's head, with an apple in its mouth, to represent the king as *bestial*, as by their other hieroglyphics, they made him foolish and tyrannical. After the repast was over, one of the elders presented an *Icon Basilike*, which was, with great solemnity, *burnt* upon the table whilst the anthems were singing. After this, another produced MILTON'S *Defensio Populi Anglicani*, upon which all of them laid their hands, and made a protestation in the form of an oath, for ever to stand by and maintain the same. The company only consisted of *Independents*, and *Anabaptists*, and the famous *Jeremy White*, formerly chaplain to *Oliver Cromwell*, who no doubt came to sanctify the club with his pious exhortations, said grace. After the table-cloth was removed, the anniversary *anthem*, as they impiously called it, was sung, and a *calf's skull* filled with wine, or other liquor, and then a brimmer, went about to the pious memory of those worthy patriots who had killed the tyrant, and relieved their country from his arbitrary sway; and lastly, a *collection* was made for the mercenary scribbler, to which every man contributed according to his zeal."\*

\* This "mercenary scribbler," DUNTON says, was a "Mr. Benjamin Bridgewater, of Trinity College, Cambridge. His genius was very rich, and ran much upon poetry, in which he excelled. But, alas! in the issue, *wine*, and *love*, were the ruin of this ingenious gentleman."



Although no reliance is to be placed on the faithfulness of *Ward's* narrative, yet, in the frightful mind of a high-flying church-man, the caricature would easily pass for a likeness. It is probable, that the persons thus collected together, although in a manner dictated by bad taste, and outrageous to humanity, would have confined themselves to the ordinary methods of eating and drinking, if it had not been for the ridiculous farce so generally acted by the *royalists* upon the same day. The *trash* that issued from the pulpit in this reign, upon the 30th of January, was such as to excite the worst passions in the hearers. Nothing can exceed the grossness of language employed upon these occasions. Forgetful even of common decorum, the speakers ransacked the vocabulary of the vulgar, for terms of vituperation, and hurled their anathemas with wrath and fury against the objects of their hatred. The terms *rebel*, and *fanatic*, were so often upon their lips, that they became the reproach of honest men, who preferred the scandal, to the slavery they attempted to establish. Those who could prophane the *pulpit* with so much rancour, in the support of senseless theories, and deal it out to the people for *religion*, had little reason to complain of a few absurd men, who mixed politics and calves head at a *tavern*; and still less to brand a whole religious community with their actions.

See WILSON'S "*Life and Times of De Foe.*"

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APPENDIX D.—Page 121.

DISTURBANCES IN THE PARSONAGE-HOUSE.

THE RECTOR OF EPWORTH'S *account of the Noises and Disturbances in the Parsonage-house, is as follows:—*

“In December, 1716, my children and servants heard many strange noises, groans, &c. in most of the rooms of my house. But hearing nothing of them myself, they would not tell me. When the noise increased, and the family could not further conceal it, they told me. My daughters *Susanna* and *Ann* were below stairs, and heard a knocking, first at the doors, then over their heads, and the night after under their feet. The maid servant heard groans as of a dying man. My daughter *Emilia* coming down stairs to draw up the clock, and lock the doors at ten at night, as usual, heard, under the staircase, a sounding among some bottles, as if they had been dashed to

pieces. Something, like the steps of a man, was heard going up and down stairs, at all hours of the night. My man, who lay in the garret, heard some one *slaring* through it, and rattling as if against his shoes; at other times walking up and down stairs, and gobbling like a turkey-cock. Noises were heard in the nursery, and in other chambers; my wife would have persuaded them it was *rats*, till at last we heard several loud knocks in our own chamber, on my side of the bed. On Sunday morning, the twenty-third of December, about seven, my daughter *Emilia* called her mother into the nursery, and told her she might now hear the noise there. She went in, and heard it at the bedstead, then under the bed, then at the head of it. She knocked, and it answered her. She looked under the bed, and thought that something ran from thence, like unto a *badger*. The next night but one we were awaked by the noises. I rose, and my wife would rise with me. We went into every chamber, and generally as we went into one room, we heard it in that behind us. When we were going down stairs, we heard, as Emilia had done before, a clashing among the bottles, as if they had been broken all to pieces, and another sound distinct from it, as if a peck of money had been thrown down before us. The same, three of my daughters heard at another time. We went through the hall into the kitchen, when our mastiff came whining to us, as he did always after the first night of its coming; for then he barked violently, but was silent afterwards.

“Wednesday night, December 26, a little before ten, my daughter Emilia heard the signal of its beginning: it was like the strong winding up of a jack. She called us; and I went into the nursery, when it began with knocking in the kitchen underneath. I went down stairs, and struck my stick against the joists. It answered me as often, and as loud as I struck; but when I knocked as I usually do at my door, 1—23456—7, this puzzled it, and it did not answer. I went up stairs and heard it still, though with some respite. I observed my children were frightened in their sleep, and trembled very much, till it awaked them. I stayed there alone, bid them go to sleep, and sat on the bed’s side by them, when the noise began again. I asked it what it was, and why it disturbed innocent children, and did not come to me in my study, if it had any thing to say. I went out of doors, sometimes alone, at other times with company, and walked round the house, but could see or hear nothing. Several nights the latch of our lodging-room would be lifted up when we were in bed. One night, when

the noise was great in the kitchen, the latch whereof was often lifted up, my daughter Emilia went and held it fast on the outside: but it was still lifted up, and the door pushed violently against her, though nothing was to be seen on the outside. When we were at prayers, and came to the prayer for the king and the prince, it would make a great noise over our heads, whence some of the family called it a *Jacobite*. I have been thrice pushed by an invisible power. I followed the noise into almost every room of the house, both by day and night, with lights and without, and have sat alone for some time, and when I heard the noise, spoke to it to tell me what it was, but never heard any articulate voice, and only once or twice two or three feeble *squeaks*, a little louder than the chirping of a bird.

“I had designed, on Friday, December the 28th, to make a visit to a friend, and stay some days with him: but the noises were so boisterous on Thursday night, that I would not leave my family. So I sent to *Mr. Hoole*, and desired his company on Friday night. He came; and it began after ten, a little later than usual. The younger children were gone to bed, the rest of the family and *Mr. Hoole* were together in the matted chamber. I sent the servants to fetch in some fuel, and staid in the kitchen till they returned. When they were gone, I heard a loud noise against the doors and partition. It was much like the turning of a windmill when the wind changes. When the servants came in, I went up to the company, who had heard the noises below, but not the signal. We heard all the knocking as usual, from one chamber to another, but from that time till January the 24th, we were quiet. Having received a letter from my son Samuel the day before, relating to it, I read what I had written to my family; and next day, at morning prayer, the family heard the usual knocks. At night they were more distinct, both in the prayer for the king, and that for the prince; and one *very loud* knock at the *amen* was heard by my wife, and most of my children. I heard nothing myself. After nine, Robert Brown, sitting alone by the fireside in the back kitchen, something came out of the copper hole like a *rabbit*, but less, and turned round five times very swiftly. Its ears lay flat upon its neck, and its little scut stood erect. He ran after it with the tongues in his hands: but when he could find nothing, he was frightened, and went to the maid in the parlour. On Friday, the 25th, having prayers at church, I shortened, as usual, those in the family at morning, omitting the confession and prayers for the king and prince. I observed, when this is done, there

is no knocking. I therefore used them one morning for a trial; at the name of the king, it began to knock, and did the same when I prayed for the prince. This affair would make a glorious *penny book for Jack Dunton*, but whilst I live, I am not ambitious of any thing of that nature."

MRS. WESLEY gives the following account of the Disturbances to her son Samuel.

"January 12, 1717.

"DEAR SAM,

"The reason of our fears is as follows:— On the first of December our maid heard, at the door of the dining room, several dismal groans, like a person at the point of death. We gave little heed to her relation, and endeavoured to laugh her out of her fears. Some nights after, several of the family heard strange noises in divers places, usually three or four knocks at a time. This continued for a fortnight; sometimes it was in the garret, but more commonly in the nursery, or green chamber. We all heard it but your father, and I was not willing he should be informed of it, lest he should fancy it was against his own *death*, which, indeed, we all apprehended. But when it began to be so troublesome, both day and night, that few of the family durst be alone, I resolved to tell him, being minded he should speak to it. At first he would not believe but that somebody did it to alarm us; but the night after, as soon as he was in bed, it knocked loudly nine times, just by his bedside. He rose, and went to see if he could find out what it was, but could see nothing. One night it made a noise in the room over our heads as if several people were walking, then ran up and down stairs, and was so outrageous, that we thought the children would be frightened; so your father and I arose, and went down in the dark to light a candle. Just as we came to the bottom of the broad stairs, having hold of each other, on my side there seemed as if somebody had emptied a bag of money at my feet; and on his, as if all the bottles under the stairs had been dashed in pieces.

"The next night your father would get *Mr. Hoole* to lie at our house, and we all sat together till one or two o'clock in the morning, and heard the knocking as usual. Sometimes it would make a noise like the winding up of a jack; at other times, as that night *Mr. Hoole* was with us, like a carpenter planing deals. We persuaded your father to speak, and try if any voice could be heard. One night, about six o'clock, he went into the nursery in the dark, and at first heard several groans, then knocking. He adjured it

to speak if it had power, and tell him why it troubled his house, but no voice was heard, and it knocked thrice aloud. Then he questioned it if it were *Sammy*; and bid it, if it were, and could not speak, to knock again; but it did no more that night, which made us hope it was not against your death. Thus it continued till the 28th of December, when it loudly knocked in the nursery, (as your father used to do at the gate) and departed. We have various conjectures what this may mean. For my own part, I fear nothing now that you are safe at London, and I hope God will still preserve you. Though sometimes I am inclined to think my brother is dead. Let me know your thoughts on it.

SUSANNA WESLEY."

MISS EMILIA WESLEY, *the eldest daughter, thus writes to her brother Samuel in reference to the Disturbances.*

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I thank you for your last; and shall give you what satisfaction is in my power, concerning *Jeffrey*. I am so far from being superstitious, that I was too much inclined to infidelity. I shall only tell you what I myself heard, and leave the rest to others. My sisters had heard noises, and told me of them; but I did not much believe, till one night, about a week after when groans were heard, just after the clock had struck ten, and I went down stairs to lock the doors: scarcely had I got up the best stairs, when I heard a noise, like a person throwing down a vast coal in the middle of the kitchen. I was not much frightened, but went to my sister *Sukey*, and we together went all over the low rooms, but there was nothing out of order.

"Our dog was fast asleep, and our only cat at the other end of the house. No sooner was I got up stairs, and undressing for bed, than I heard a noise among many bottles that stand under the best stairs, just like the throwing of a great stone among them. This made me hasten to bed; but my sister *Hetty* who always waited on my father going to bed, was still sitting on the lowest step of the garret stairs, the door being shut at her back, when there came down the stairs, something like unto a man in a loose night-gown trailing after him, which made her fly, rather than run, to me in the nursery. All this time we never told our father of it; but soon after we did. He smiled, and gave no answer, but was more careful than usual, from that time, to see us in bed, imagining it to be some of us young women that sat up late, and made a noise. His incredulity, and especially his imputing it to us, or *our lovers*, made me desirous of its continuance till he was convinced. As

for my mother, she firmly believed it to be *rats*, and sent for a horn to *blow them away*. I laughed to think how wisely they were employed, who were striving half a day to fright away *Jeffrey*, for that name I gave it, with a horn. But whatever it was, I perceived it could be made angry. From that time it was so outrageous, there was no quiet for us after ten at night. I heard frequently between ten and eleven something like the quick winding up of a jack, at the corner of the room by my bed's head. This was the common signal of its coming. Then it would knock on the floor three times, and afterwards at my sister's bed's head in the same room, almost always three together. The sound was hollow and loud, so as none of us could ever imitate. It would answer to my mother, if she stamped with her foot on the floor. It would knock when I was putting the children to bed, just under me where I sat. One time little *Kezzy*, pretending to scare *Patty*, as I was undressing them, stamped with her foot on the floor, and immediately it answered with three knocks, just in the same place. It was more loud and fierce if we said it was *rats*, or any thing natural.

"I could tell you abundance more of it; but the rest will write, and therefore it would be needless. It was never near me, except two or three times; and never followed me, as it did my sister *Hetty*. I have been with her when it has knocked under her, and when she has removed, has followed, and still kept under her feet. Besides, something was thrice seen. The first time by my mother, under my sister's bed, like a *badger*. The same creature was sat by the dining room fire one evening; when our man went into the room, it ran by him, through the hall. He followed with a candle and searched, but it was gone. The last time he saw it in the kitchen, it was like a *white rabbit*. I would venture to fire a pistol at it, if I saw it long enough.

"EMILIA WESLEY."

There are other details of the noises and disturbances by several of the elder Sisters to their brothers, *Samuel* and *John*; and also a *Narrative* drawn up by *Mr. John Wesley*, that appeared in the "*Arminian Magazine*," several years ago, which last we here insert.

"When I went down to Epworth" says he, "in the year 1720, I carefully inquired into the particulars of the strange Disturbances at the Parsonage-house. I spoke to each of the persons who were then living, and had heard the noises, and took down what they could testify. The sum of which was this. "Dec. 2, 1716, while Robert Brown,

my father's servant, was sitting with one of the maids about ten at night, in the dining room, they heard a knocking at the door. Robert rose and opened it, but could see nobody. Quickly it knocked again, and groaned. 'It is Mr. Turpine,' said Robert, 'he has the stone, and used to groan so.' He opened the door again twice or thrice, the knocking being repeated. But still seeing nothing, he went to bed. When Robert came to the top of the great stairs, he saw a hand-mill, which was at a little distance, whirled about very swiftly. When he related this, he said, 'nought vexed me, but that it was empty. I thought if it had been full of malt, he might have ground his heart out for me.' When he was in bed he heard, as it were, the gobbling of a turkey cock, close to his bed-side; and soon after, the sound of one stumbling over his shoes and boots, but there were none, he had left them below. The next day, he and the maid related these things to the other maid, who laughed heartily, and said, 'what a couple of fools are you! I defy any thing to frighten me.' After churning in the evening, she put the butter in the tray, and had no sooner carried it into the dairy, than she heard a knocking on the shelf where several pancheons of milk stood, first above the shelf, then below. She took the candle and searched both above and below; but being able to find nothing, threw down butter, tray and all, and ran away. The next evening, between five and six o'clock, my sister *Molly*, then about twenty years of age, sitting in the dining room, reading, heard the door that leads into the hall open, and a person walking in, that seemed to have on a silk night-gown, rustling and trailing along. It appeared to walk round her, and then to the door: but she could see nothing. So she rose, put her book under her arm, and walked slowly away. After supper, she was sitting with my sister *Sukey*, (about a year older,) in one of the chambers, and telling her what had happened, she quite made light of it; saying, 'I wonder you are so easily frightened; I would fain see what could frighten me.' Presently a knocking began under the table. She took the candle and looked, but could find nothing. The iron casement began to clatter, and the lid of a warming pan. Next, the latch of the door began to move up and down without ceasing. She started up, leaped into the bed without undressing, pulled the bed clothes over her head, and never ventured to look up till morning. A night or two after, my sister *Hetty*, a year younger than Molly, was waiting, as usual, between nine and ten, to take away my father's candle, when she heard one coming down the garret stairs,

walking slowly. At every step, the house seemed shook from top to bottom. Just then my father called. She went in, took his candle, and got to bed as fast as possible. In the morning, she told this to my eldest sister, who said, 'you know I believe none of these things. Pray let me take away the candle to-night, and I will find out the trick.' She accordingly took my sister Hetty's place; and had no sooner taken away the candle, than she heard a noise below. She hastened down stairs to the hall, where the noise was. But it was then in the kitchen. She ran into the kitchen, where it was drumming on the inside of the screen. When she went round, it was drumming on the outside. Then she heard a knocking at the back kitchen door. She ran to it; unlocked it softly; and when the knocking was repeated, suddenly opened it: but nothing was to be seen. As soon as she had shut it, the knocking began again. She opened it again, but could see nothing: when she went to shut the door, it was violently thrust against her: but she set her knee to the door, forced it too, and turned the key. Then the noise began again: but she let it go on, and went up to bed.

"The next morning my sister telling my mother what had happened, she said, 'If I hear any thing myself, I shall know how to judge.' Soon after, Emilia begged her mother to come into the nursery. She did, and heard in a corner of the room, as it were the violent rocking of a cradle. She was convinced it was *preternatural*, and earnestly prayed it might not disturb her in her chamber at the hours of retirement: and it never did. She now thought it was proper to tell my father. He was extremely angry, and said, '*Sukey*, I am ashamed of you: these girls frighten one another; but you are a woman of sense, and should know better. Let me hear of it no more.' At six in the evening, we had family prayers as usual. When my father began the prayer for the king, a knocking commenced all round the room; and a *thundering* one attended the Amen. The same was heard from this time every morning and evening, while the prayer for the *king* was repeated.

"Being informed that MR. HOOLE, the vicar of Haxey near Epworth, a very sensible man, could give me some further information, I walked over to him. He said, 'Robert Brown came and told me your father desired my company. When I went, he gave me an account of all that had happened; particularly the knocking during family prayer. But that evening (to my great satisfaction) we had no knocking during prayer. But between nine and ten o'clock, a servant came in and said, 'Old Jeffrey is



coming, for I hear the signal.' This, they informed me was heard every night about a quarter before ten. It was at the top of the house on the outside, and resembled the loud creaking of a saw : or rather that of a wind-mill, when the body of it is turned about. We then heard a knocking over our heads, and Mr. Wesley catching up a candle, said, 'come, Sir, now you shall hear for yourself.' We went up stairs, he with much *hope* and I (to say the truth) with much *fear*. When we came into the nursery, it was knocking in the next room ; when we were there, it was knocking in the nursery. And there it continued to knock, though we came in, particularly at the head of the bed in which Miss Hetty and two of her sisters lay. Mr. Wesley, observing that they were much affected, though asleep, sweating and trembling exceedingly, was angry, pulled out a pistol, and was going to fire at the place from whence the sound came, but I caught his arm, and said, 'Sir, you are convinced this is something preternatural. If so, you cannot hurt it : but you give it power to hurt you.' He then went close to the place, and said *sternly*, 'thou deaf and dumb devil, why dost thou frighten these children? Come to me in my study, that am a man.' Instantly it gave the particular knock which your father uses at the gate, as if it would shiver the board in pieces.

"Till this, my father had not heard the least disturbance in his study. But the next evening, as he went into it, the door was thrust against him. Presently there was knocking in the next room where my sister Nancy was. He went into that room, and adjured it to speak ; but in vain. He then said 'these spirits love darkness : put out the candle, and perhaps it will speak :' she did so ; and he repeated his adjuration ; but still there was no articulate sound. Upon this, he said, '*Naney*, go down stairs ; it may be, when I am *alone*, it will have courage to speak.' When she was gone, a thought struck him, 'if thou art the spirit of my son *Samuel*, I pray, knock thrice, but not oftener.' Immediately all was silence ; and there was no more noise that night. I asked my sister Nancy whether she was not afraid. She answered, yes, when the candle was put out ; but was not so in the *day-time*, when it followed her, as she swept the chambers, and seemed to sweep after her. Only she thought he might have done it for her. By this time all my sisters were so frequently accustomed to these noises, that they gave them little disturbance. A gentle tapping at their bed-head usually began between nine and ten at night. They then commonly said to each other, '*Jeffrey is coming : it is time to go to sleep.*'

And if they heard a noise during the day, they said to their youngest sister, 'hark, *Kezzy*, Jeffrey is knocking above,' she would then run up stairs, and pursue it from room to room, saying, it was a nice diversion.

"A few nights after, my father and mother were just gone to bed, and the candle was not taken away, when they heard three blows, as it were with a large staff, struck upon a chest which stood by the bed-side. My father immediately arose, put on his night gown, and hearing great noises below, took the candle and went down: my mother walked by his side. As they went down the stairs, they heard as if a vessel full of silver was poured upon my mother's breast. Soon after there was a noise as if a large iron ball was thrown among the bottles under the stairs: and the mastiff dog came and ran to shelter himself between them. After two or three days, the dog used to tremble, and creep away before the noise began. A little before my father and mother came into the hall, it seemed as if a large coal was violently thrown upon the floor, and dashed in pieces: but nothing was seen. My father then cried out, 'Sukey, do you not hear? All the *pewter* is thrown about the kitchen.' But when they looked, the pewter stood in its place. There was then a very loud knocking at the back-door. My father opened it, but saw nothing. It was then at the fore-door. He opened that; but it was still lost labour. After opening first the one, then the other several times, he went up to bed. But the noises were so violent all over the house, that he could not sleep till four in the morning.

"Several gentlemen and clergymen now earnestly advised my father to quit the house. But he constantly answered, 'no: let the devil flee from me: I will never flee from the devil.' But he wrote to my eldest brother at London to come down, who was preparing to do so, when another letter went, informing him that the disturbances were over; after they had continued from the second of December 1716, to the end of January, 1717."

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