ADAM CLARKE PORTRAYED -- Volume I
By James Everett

"Half a word fixed upon, at, or near the spot, is worth a cart-load of recollection."
-- Gray in a Letter to Pelgrave

Vol. I.

London:
Published By Hamilton, Adams, and Co.,
Paternoster Row.
1843

Coultas, Printer, York

* * * * * * *

Digital Edition 04/18/2000
By Holiness Data Ministry

* * * * * * *

PREFACE

A BIOGRAPHICAL sketch of the subject of this Memoir was contemplated by the writer, nearly twenty years antecedently to his death; during the greater part of which period, uninterrupted friendship was enjoyed, and entries were made of such, dates, facts, anecdotes, incidents, and observations, as were at all calculated to illustrate character, and throw light on the moral, religious, and literary history of the man. These memoranda imperceptibly accumulating, the original design of a brief sketch, accompanied with a short history, was abandoned; and even then, in the contemplation of something more complete and voluminous, the pleasure that had been experienced in collecting, had to give place to the difficult work of selecting, pruning, and throwing aside, what had been hoarded with a miser's care.

That nearly twelve years should be permitted to elapse after the death of the subject with such materials in hand, (and after much has been said and ,written respecting him,) without giving publicity to them, may appear somewhat strange. The writer would here remark, if the Memoir be destitute of interest, it is yet too soon; but if at all calculated to improve our species, by showing the point of elevation to which a man may rise by his own unfettered exertions, then it is not too

late: in the first instance, no apology would aid it; in the second, none is required: at all events, it will be allowed, that a sufficient portion of time has passed away to enable the writer to take a dispassionate view of the subject, -- exclusive of everything like party feeling on the one hand, and overweening fondness on the other.

Aware that rigid criticism demands in this species of writing, a clear and philosophic estimate of character, a bold and vigorous sketch of the moral and intellectual man, drawn with such freedom and spirit as, in the morning of life, to enable youth to live and breathe again; and, in its evening, to make "the old man eloquent," the biographer feels the full weight of the responsibility under which he lays himself in undertaking the work: but if he should have failed in the fullest sense to meet such demands, it has not been owing to a want of becoming deference to them, any more than to indifference in the execution of his task: neither has he been inattentive to the examples placed before him in this department of literature, in which biographers are found (in the language of a sagacious observer) to press the various infirmities of an imperfect being into a narrative; thrusting prominently, and therefore unnaturally forward, those littlenesses which the superior powers of the living man would contrive to throw into natural and subordinate shade; leaving the reader, in the phraseology of criticism, to build up if possible, his intellectual being out of the fragmentary materials of a few loose recollections. Though playful sallies, eccentricities, and infirmities -- "nature's livery," may have occasionally met his eye, yet the subject portrayed had as few littlenesses -- in the strictest sense of that term, as any man within the range of his acquaintance; and not having them to record, he entertains no fear of any misapprehensions and undervaluings, as the result of his narrative, in which under other circumstances, the subordinate would have become the prominent -- the great would have been overshadowed by the little -- and the permanent would have been compelled to give place to the temporary and accidental: and yet the writer can safely state with another biographer, that it has been no part of his design to present a faultless model to the reader, -- a work of art, rather than a record of truth; but to make the best and fairest use of his materials for purposes of biography.

However the task proposed may have been executed, some credit will be awarded to the writer as to the selection of his subject, -- the subject himself being admitted by high literary authority, to have been one of the most extraordinary men of his age: for though in one sense, his mind is allowed to have been divided amidst the multiplicity and variety of his pursuits, still his thoughts and studies had generally the advantage of concentration, -- their grand focus was the BIBLE; his knowledge being formed in a circle round the oracles of God, pointing to them as its center, united to them by an insuperable centripetal force, pervaded by their influence, and that circle daily enlarging as time and opportunity afforded, and through which, he attained a reputation commensurate with his intellectual eminence. While it is acknowledged, he was more free from shadow than some of his literary rivals during life; yet it cannot be denied that he shone in some respects less conspicuously, as a writer. It was not in mere hypothetical reasoning that he indulged, (which, combined with quickness of perception, and an unusually tenacious memory, aids a man so effectually in prosecuting studies carried out by comparative texts, but which when accompanied with a lively imagination renders a man, in consequence of the rapidity with which one conjecture is succeeded by another in the mind, very often unsteady and fallacious as a guide;) his was acknowledged to be a strong, sound, revolving mind; and while his memory essentially aided him in the way of reference, his conclusions owing to the clearness and strength of intellect brought to bear upon any given subject, were generally correct. So he stood, -- and so he will continue to

stand, as a Commentator, and a Christian minister; and other views of his pursuits and character, will contribute to heighten the interest with which such a man will be contemplated.

Sensible while prosecuting the work, that attention may be awakened and feelings excited in vain, unless some great moral or philosophical development of character be followed out, the writer has not altogether lost sight of unity of purpose and effect; to produce which he has not been a little assisted by the choice of his subject: and it is in this, rather than in the mere table-talk and gossip of the moment that the critic is furnished with a theme for "high discourse." Still, conversation is not to be lightly esteemed when the sage and the man of experience and observation is to be listened to; as it is in the freshness, transparency, and volume of the stream that we see the value of the fountain; -- so conversation, either rolling its tide, or "rippling like a rivulet," shows the man himself -- one and the same as to identity of person, but always on the advance in wisdom, learning, and piety, and in his onward course, becoming a study for persons of inferior attainments.

Not a little opposition has been made to conversational biography; and yet, notwithstanding the severe criticisms that have appeared on the subject, such works will continue to be, what they ever have been, -- favorites with the public, and even with the critic himself in his more temperate moods. Much depends on the subject: the conversation of some men is insusceptible of it from its very nature and character; this, in the language of a critic may be illustrated by a reference to Coleridge, in companionship with Dr. Johnson. "Coleridge did not talk, he discoursed; he never delivered himself in hard, brief, crushing sentences like Johnson, which a man might carry away whole and compact as a piece of marble; he was not a man merely eloquent with the stores of treasured wisdom, and to whom the same question would always suggest the same train of thought; his conversation, if it is to be so called, was a self-evolved speculation of the moment, a thinking aloud: it required almost as comprehensive a mind as his own, to follow out his chain of reasoning -- his linked subtleties: and no man that ever lived, not Coleridge himself, could have recorded it fully and faithfully two hours after; the necessary consequence was, that his companion, however anxious and scrupulous, could only note down some brief and disjointed sentences; and the result, where indeed memory does not enable us to piece out the imperfections of the record by reference to his published works, is a sort of pamican -- a compressed essence, wholesome, and under circumstances serviceable, but wanting all the fine and delicate flavor of the meat on which this Cæsar fed us."

Dr. Clarke's conversational remarks were dissimilar to both; he was as remote from the elegance and roundings of the one, as he was from the long and majestic roll of the other; the latter of whom loved "to see the palm-trees wave, and the pyramids tower in the long perspective of his style, and to catch the prophetic notes of universal harmony trembling in the voice." The subject of this Memoir was plain, natural, and generally brief -- never delivering a sentence as if it had been written beforehand: it was as easy to follow him as to tread in the steps of a little child; he never outstepped his attendants, but spake with a view -- not to shine, but to be instructive, impressive, and agreeable. The great difficulty has lain, (as others have felt in a similar position, in pursuing the narrative,) in giving the conversations in a detached form, independently of the observations and circumstances out of which they naturally arose, and which thus deprive them of "their setting to give them relief:" and yet to have detailed these in every instance, would -- whatever might be the effect in the social circle, have been not only a serious incumbrance to the work, but a heavy

expense to the purchaser: the diamond therefore, rather than the ring has been preferred, -- the jewel rather than the casket: and collectively, his remarks will show "the natural play of his mind in its familiar moods, and its fecundity [fecund adj. 1 prolific, fertile. 2 fertilizing. fecundability n. fecundity n. -- Oxford Dict.] in graphic and characteristic detail." One of the members of his family has placed these sentiments on record, in reference to his conversational powers:-- "He was at all times remarkably social in his habits and dispositions, and his conversations abounded in instructive and humorous anecdote; "and again, "this kind of reading and conversation led to interesting anecdote or instructive details; and deeply is it to be lamented that such anecdotes were not oftener committed to paper; but that which is of every-day occurrence is often neglected, even while its utility is felt, and its interest acknowledged." One occasion of deep lamentation will not only be found by those members of the family who felt it most strongly, and expressed it most forcibly, here to be removed, but the sincerest joy of heart must be experienced; seeing that the writer, having felt its utility, and acknowledged his interest in what was said, committed to paper, not only that which was "of every day occurrence," but delivered on special occasions, and frequently when abroad, and therefore the more rare in its appearance: for universal consent will give it in favor of the sentiment expressed by the motto employed in the title-page, -- That

"half a word fixed upon, at, or near the spot, is worth a cart-load of recollection."

A somewhat favorable example of the importance of conversational notes is furnished by the subject of the Memoir himself in his Narrative of Professor Porson, in which he vouches for the correctness of the whole by stating, -- "I may say that it is literally correct, as I wrote it down carefully a short time after it took place;" assigning as a reason in favor of his conduct on the occasion, that "it is of no mean consequence to have seen the last scintillations of so eminent a genius:" and here it may be added, if the "last," why not the first and intermediate "scintillations," in whomsoever they may be found when accompanied with learning, and sanctified by religion? Indeed, an argument may be drawn from the character of his own conversations in favor of occasional memoranda, and after a prudent selection, of ultimate publicity. "In conversation, or correspondence," he remarked, "I never either spoke or wrote for the public; friendly intercourse was my sole object in the one case, and in the other relaxation from severe thought; after I have been writing and studying from five in the morning till half-past seven at night, it is hardly likely that I should come into the parlor with a disposition or preparation to shine. I write because it is necessary: I talk because I am cheerful and happy." As the subject of the Memoir was not in the habit of talking foolishly, or unadvisedly -- though he was not without his sallies of wit and humor, no great harm can result from the publication of specimens of his conversational powers: and as to the notion of his not talking with a view to "shine," or, in other words, with a view to publication, where is the man possessed of vanity sufficient, to talk for print in the social circle? Though he could pleasantly in conversation, style Boswell, "The embalmer of Dr. Johnson's weaknesses," of what a treasure would the world have been deprived if Boswell had been influenced by the same sentiment, even in the less elevated portions of his work? Besides, if the subject in hand spoke "because" he was "cheerful and happy," then, it may be safely contended, was the time for registering the fine overflowings of his richly stored and original mind. When are persons to look for moments of inspiration, if not under "happy" feeling? when for daylight, but under a "cheerful" sky? Nor is this all; if a man be sketched, it must be in company -- at least in the presence of the artist; he cannot be taken alone, immured within the walls of his study, absorbed in hard thought, when the least obtrusion is an affliction, and calculated to rouse unpleasant and impatient feeling.

In his study, he resembles the bird seated on its perch: the moment of interest with the artist is, when the bright-plumaged creature is all life, -- in its finest, easiest, and most natural attitudes, -- pouring forth its song from its native trees, under the warm sun of its own heaven, where all is animate, -- full of melody, grace, and beauty! A man is much more himself in his easy arm-chair, in social converse with a friend, than in court-dress, in the presence of his monarch. The most felicitous moments for "hitting a man off to the life," are those in which he is the least suspicious of the artist being at work.

It may be remarked, that few letters have been introduced into the Memoir: even a selection from those in possession, would go far to form two or three 8vo. Volumes: they are reserved for the present. When the subject of the Memoir wrote to persons in high life, traces of habitual and constrained deference were discoverable: in letters to his brethren, there was more of cordiality; but to his intimate friends, he spoke out like himself, in a way perfectly free, unadorned, and Clarkian: letters of the latter class are valued the more, because of their approach to conversation: this is well expressed by a member of the family, who evidently in the observation, cedes the palm to conversation, and would have apparently been happy to have been a partaker of the one rather than the other. His letters are illustrative of his life, "and bring him forward, speaking his own feelings in his own person: they declare and describe various situations of his mind and circumstances; entering into that sort of conversational detail, which causes events to rise up living before us, and we thus become companions in his thoughts, and spectators of his actions." How much more so in actual conversation!

It will be proper before these prefatory remarks are closed, to advert to another subject. The writer records here his grateful acknowledgments to Thomas Marriott, Esq., to the Rev. Alexander Strachan, and others, for several interesting communications; but to one, above all others, he stands more deeply indebted. In an announcement of the Memoir to the public it was stated, "the writer has to acknowledge the valuable aid he has received from a member of Dr. Clarke's family while engaged in the work, not only in the way of judicious criticism, but in greatly enriching his stock of biographical incident." Though it is unnecessary to state the circumstances that led to such aid, it is but justice to observe, that but for the taste, intelligence, and information thus brought to it, the Memoir would have had fewer claims on the attention and courtesy of the reader. The unbounded confidence Dr. Clarke had in the fidelity, affection, and ability of that member of his family, is no small encouragement to the writer in presenting his pages to the public. Of the quality and measure of that confidence an estimate may be formed, from a letter written by him in the fullness of its exercise, towards one who was both daughter and friend, and from which letter, the writer of this Memoir has been permitted to make the following extract:--

"Il y a quelque temps depuis que je vous ai ècrit, en vous proposant cette question: S' il me faudrait vous confier le plus grand secret de mon âme, le garderiez-vous d vous, sans le commettre a qui que ce soit? C'est à dire pourriez-vous le garder inviolablement jusqu' ala mort? Vous m' avez répondu, ah que oui! Eh bien, je vous dirai que vous êtes la seule personne au monde à qui je puis me fier. Vous m' aiderez de vos conseils, et de votre adresse, et vous ne me tromperez pas. C'est assez de termes généraux, quand j'aurai une affaire particuliére, je vous la confierai.

"From all accounts, I fear you are far from being in a state of confirmed convalescence: you should always have some affectionate careful person about you in whom you could confide; such an one I think is -- and you shall have her, if you will only say so.

I am, my dear A.,

Your ever affectionate father,
A. Clarke."

And now that the extract is given, it only remains for the writer as a debt of gratitude, as well as of justice to the lady, to name Mrs. Rowley, one of the beloved daughters of Dr. Adam Clarke, as the person to whom he is so deeply indebted for examining, criticizing, and enriching his pages.

James Everett.
York, Oct. 21st, 1843.

* * * * * * *

PART I.
1760. -- 1782.

ADAM CLARKE.

SECTION I.

1760.

"That I have made THIS LIFE [1] public, needs no other reason, but, that though the world is furnished with writings, even to satiety and surfeit, yet of those which reduce Christianity to practice, there is, at least, scarce enough." -- Bishop Hall.

"Our friends conversations are in my hands, and I will take care to suppress anything unworthy of him." -- Pope to Swift.

IT is a question of some importance in what way, the most properly and acceptably, to introduce a great man to public notice? -- whether massive and solemn, or light and tasteful scenery should decorate the stage upon which he is to act? whether his history -- well able to assert and vindicate its own claim to attention, should at all depend upon the effect which might be produced on the public mind at its first appearance? or, whether it would not prove most becoming and advantageous, to bring the subject of the biographer's page unattended into notice; hoping for the gradual increase of interest, rather than provoking the sudden expression of approbation. Indirectly sanctioning the latter mode, by the opinion of the Grecian philosopher, [2] as expressed in an early part of his treatise on poetry, and relying upon an abundance of important and interesting fact, and the intimacy of its connection with the social, religious, and intellectual

character of the subject of these pages, we venture to address ourselves to the somewhat difficult task of portraying ADAM CLARKE.

It has been well observed by an eminent writer, that "the great end of biography is to fix the attention and to interest the feelings of men, upon those qualities and actions, which have made a particular life worthy of being recorded;" and this object is initially obtained, by becoming acquainted with the predisposing causes beneath whose influence such a man began to think and act, and which eventually formed his character. One grand intent of history, it is stated, is to do justice to the dead; not to paint portraits, or model busts to please the living. Truth, indeed, admits of no emblazonment for the purpose of exciting popular admiration: if the right method of recording an important historical fact be not steadily adhered to, so much of evidence will be wanting towards forming a just estimate of its character; and thus far, what is applicable to the history of a nation, may be affirmed as affecting that of an individual. In a general classification of the subjects of biography, we find, -- the sovereign, -- public characters, -- and private persons: the memoirs of the first, can no more be separated from the history of the nation over which he has ruled, than a tree can be removed from its native soil, without bearing with it a portion of adhering earth: those of the second, exert an influence upon society in proportion to the extent of range, over, and through which, their names and works are known: while those of the third, like a species of family portraits, possess little interest, beyond a wider or narrower circle of private friends.

The subject of the ensuing pages belongs to the second class; and the extensive influence he possessed over the public mind, constitutes him a study not only of considerable interest, but also of manifold instruction: we must, however, beg it of our readers, that they will address themselves to the perusal of this work, under the influence of a similar feeling with that of a learned and pious churchman, who, when himself becoming an auditor, observed, "My only intention shall be, to feed my mind with solid matter: if my ear can get ought by the way, I will not grudge it; -- but I will not intend it: those who can find nothing to do but note elegant words, or rhetorical colors, or perhaps an ill grace in a pithy and material speech, argue themselves full ere they come to the feast; and are therefore like a man, who, when his stomach is satisfied, begins to play with the dish, or to read sentences on the trencher." [trencher n. 1 hist. a wooden or earthenware platter for serving food. -- Oxford Dict.]

The village of Moybeg, situated in the parish of Kilchronaghan, in the county of Londonderry, Ireland, has emerged from obscurity as the birth-place of Adam Clarke; like one of the coral islands of the South Seas, till then unknown, and henceforward only to be named in connection with the voyager who discovered it; so Moybeg, in name at any rate, will continue to live in connection with the fame of him who was cast a helpless infant upon its lap, though destined to live for ages in the productions of his pen. A considerable degree of doubt has been entertained respecting the precise period of his birth; there is one circumstance, however, to which sufficient attention has not been paid, but which, duly considered, produces a closer proximity to it than can be gained by a merely cursory view of the subject. Sailing with him upon one occasion up Belfast Sound, he pointed to Carrickfergus, (whose church, castle, and houses, lay to the right and left, with a good deal of varied landscape around,) and said, "some of my ancestors resided in that town: it was taken by Thurot [3] in 1760, which was the year in which my mother contended I was born, although my father, in after life, maintained a later date;" but continued he emphatically, "I always inclined to my mother's side of the question, for in such things mothers are rarely

mistaken." If we examine the subject a little more minutely, we shall find a variety of considerations coming in aid of our confidence in the opinion of the mother; she was a woman of tenacious memory, and adhered as invariably to the time, as she did to the circumstances of her son's birth. Spring was the season assigned by the general consent of the family, in the early part of which Thurot made his appearance, having effected a landing on Thursday, February 1st, 1760. The event also to which appeal was made, must be remembered; the siege of Carrickfergus, which was a place in the land in which she lived, not a great way from her own residence, and dear to her as the home of some of her own relatives: Thurot himself was an extraordinary man, and made a great noise at the time; he fell in an early part of the engagement. The localities and striking character of the event, must have powerfully impressed her mind; and had it not been for the respect due from a child to the separate and conflicting testimonies of his parents, Adam Clarke need not have hovered [hover v. & n. -- v. intr. 3 remain undecided. Oxford Dict.] for the period of his birth, between 1760 and 1762. It is upon the above co-incidence, that a preference is given to the former, rather than to the latter of these dates, throughout the following pages; and the same conclusion will probably be adopted by most readers, as an excellent substitute for the parish register, which, during the whole period of his Uncle Tracy's ministry, who was the regularly officiating clergyman, was either not kept at all, or if attended to, was never seen after his demise. The following remarks made in a letter to a friend, comprise a condensed view of one part of the history, and although embracing points over which these pages will have to travel, yet it may be proper to introduce them here.

"Now for a word about other things. You have seen the last dwelling-place of my parents: it was a neat country cottage when we lived in it, and we built a room to it where many a time the preachers lodged. When I was last down there, it had fallen into decay, and another in which we had previously lived, was totally destroyed, though it was once a good stone house, and well sashed; yet there were only two yards square left in the front. Well, all these are low things, and many privations I endured in my youth, for my family was then poor among the thousands of Israel. But it had not been always so, and even in its wreck was respectable, for we could boast of that which the ancient Romans made essential to the patrician estate: "Generosus, est liber Romæ; qui in servitutem nunquam redactus est." In all the poverty of the family, not one of us ever served the stranger. My forefathers possessed a good deal of land about Lame and Glenarme; the Grange also belonged to them, with extensive lands on the shores of Lough Neagh. In the latter place, some of the immediate descendants of our own family are still resident, and were in my time rich; but from that inscrutable providence by which many ancient families have been brought almost imperceptibly to ruin, my own immediate branch was, in my father's time, stripped of every acre. I well remember the time when the last farm went out of the family, and our ancient boast was lost for ever! The universal weeping and wailing, the morning upon which we were made acquainted with the fact, still live in my remembrance, though I was then scarcely seven years of age.

"My father, who was born in 1736, being the eldest son, had a liberal education, and was designed for the church. He spent a considerable time both in Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities, and gained a prize in the former as the best Irish scholar. He returned thence, having proceeded M. A., and entered Trinity College, Dublin. While there, he married my mother before he had graduated, -- lost his prospects in the church, -- sold all he had, -- and, under the influence of the mania which was then rife in Ireland, took his passage for America, where he expected to become Professor in one of their Colleges. They were actually on board in the port of

Londonderry, when my grandfather Clarke hearing of it, went after them, and only by the most earnest entreaties prevailed upon my father to return. While waiting the fulfillment of promises relative to church preferment, the money into which he had converted his property was spent; and he was finally under the necessity of establishing a school, which was his lot to the end of his days. There were few priests, clergymen, doctors, or lawyers, of those resident in the north of Ireland, who were not educated by my father. There were of us, two sons, and five daughters; and you may naturally suppose, as the rate of payment was low, and not always sure either, that we did not "fare sumptuously every day," and that our clothing was not "purple and fine linen." My father and mother both died happy in God, and here ends the history of his life. He appeared often to miss his providential way, and his errors seemed to fix the fortunes of the family for ever!

'There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Neglected, -- all the voyage of our life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.'

Never was a truer saying in reference to my poor father and his family; the "shallows and miseries," were ineffable; yet still the family pride, innocent and perhaps useful in such a case, caused us to keep our bearing in society, and the inscrutable providence of God kept us alive. Now, my dear friend, had you known all this when you saw my poor cottage at Flowerfield, you would have wept. My own life, indeed, is a maze of providence, and I dare not now touch it; the past is a confused cloud, and in the present, I scarcely know whether I do not dream."

Adam's father who, as we have seen, was originally intended for the church, but who, in consequence of untoward circumstances, was disappointed, was described by him in a somewhat artist-like manner: "He was a good scholar," said he, "studied both at Edinburgh and Glasgow; and among his testimonials, I well remember the name of the famous Hutchinson. He was not tall, standing only about five feet seven, -- but he had good shoulders, -- an excellent leg, -- a fine hand, -- was every way well-proportioned, and extremely active." He delineated his mother, upon whose excellencies he expatiated with filial delight, with the same precision: "She was not a beauty," he observed, "but she was a sensible woman; she was rather above the average height; -- had an air of peculiar gracefulness in her movements -- appearing rather to glide along than to walk; -- yes, she could--

'Smooth-sliding without steps'--

have moved along with a vessel of water on her head, without spilling a drop of it:" and, closing his remarks in a tone of exultation, added, -- "she was as straight in her old age as in her prime."

Through the traditional lore of his mother, who was a descendant of the McLeans, of Mull, he was inspired with an early and lasting attachment to the Hebrides. In the course of conversation with a friend, he observed, "you know the Scottish ladies never have their rights or titles absorbed by matrimony: I am the only representative of my mother, who always taught my brother and myself to consider the island of Mull as the inheritance of the family. However, I love it as the land of my ancestors, and for these forty years have earnestly wished to be the means of sending to it the blessings of Methodism." This partiality for the Hebrides was not, however, an all-absorbing one;

as it will appear evident from the remarks which immediately follow, that he united in himself the nationality both of father and mother. While upon one occasion, speaking in the presence of a friend who had formerly accompanied him to his birth-place, and referring to the scenery around it, which broke in upon his recollection with all the freshness and beauty of another paradise, -- "you recollect," said he, turning to that friend, while his heart was overflowing with home emotions, "the fine open plain, -- the mountains on each side in the distance, and the river winding its way between them, affording one of the most interesting landscapes to be met with anywhere." A person being in company with him one day, and expressing surprise on hearing his relationship to one of the Lords of the Isles -- that of Mull, said, "Why I thought you were born in Ireland, and therefore, took you for an Irishman!" Unwilling to relinquish his mother's half of him, which, as has been seen, was Scotch, and so honorable withal, he replied rather spiritedly, and in plain as well as antiquated phraseology, "It would not necessarily follow, that because a man might be born in a stable, he was therefore a horse!" The gentleman felt for the moment, as if he had been detected in a slight trespass upon his neighbor's enclosure; but he soon rallied again, and could not but be pleased with the feeling of nationality, so quaintly expressed. Adam's partiality was not like a trench, which communicates with a stream, and which, in proportion as it enriches itself takes from the source by which it is fed: the current of his affections ran with unabating force in both directions. But to return to his infancy.--

When Adam was taken to the parish church to be baptized, by the uncle already referred to, Mr. Boyd [4] and Mrs. Hutchinson stood at the font as sponsors; but it does not appear that the duties, to the performance of which they pledged themselves, were regarded by them as matters of conscience, for he remarked when speaking of them many years afterwards; "neither of them ever came to see whether I had any knowledge of religion. My godmother was a gentlewoman, but she was a merely nominal Christian: two or three presents made up the amount of her attentions; and my godfather" he continued, less emphatically, but with a very apparent mixture of feeling, "gave me a whelp [puppy] for his share, which a beggar stole from me in a week;" conveying by the last expression, the ludicrous notion, that if a blessing could ever be supposed to be in the gift, it was but transitory; and that consequently, he was as little indebted to the one as to the other, for any moral, intellectual, or religious advantage. His mother, however, was deeply sensible of the obligations under which she lay to instruct her children. She taught them, with the earliest dawning of reason, certain forms of prayer, both in prose and verse, and obliged them to commit to memory parts of the church catechism, and portions of the shorter catechisms of the assembly of divines. Her reason for initiating them into a knowledge of the contents of the two, and in several respects, distinct creeds contained in these catechisms, will be seen from the following observation of the son: "My father was a churchman, and my mother was a puritan, both of them staunch in their way, yet never against going occasionally to each other's place of worship. When I was very young, I had the persuasion, that the daughters ought to go to the place of worship frequented by the mother, and the sons ought to adopt the religions creed of the father; and thus having settled the matter, I became a churchman." His mother was, properly speaking, a Presbyterian, though, in conversing about her, he generally employed the term puritan, to characterize more definitely the rigid views she entertained of the doctrines and requirements of religion: hence, upon one occasion, he styled her his "godly puritanic mother:" and with all his predilections for the church of England, which prevailed over dissenterism through the whole course of his life, he was constrained to say, "For my mother's religious teachings, I shall have endless reason to bless my Maker." Her superior claim, however, seems to be established more on the ground of opinion, than of practice and

experience; for though there was much general strictness, and for a week preceding the reception of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, great self-denial, yet until she became acquainted with the Wesleyan Methodists, whatever her advances towards "pure and undefiled religion" might have been, she had not entered so far into the sacred enclosure, as to interdict some of those amusements which, though not criminal in the abstract, yet lead to improper associations.

Adages, of which Mrs. Clarke was very fond, and which formed, in many cases, admirable auxiliaries to her early instructions, help to exemplify her character, especially when taken in connection with the occasions which gave rise to their use: some of these proverbial expressions lived in the recollection of her son to hoary age. Sitting at the table of a friend, and looking at the ample provision set before the guests, he observed, smiling, "This is not as it used to be; we children generally had the plainest fare; but to prevent internal murmurings, while casting a wishful glance at father's portion, and to check any cravings, my mother would say, 'this is your father's, my dear; and it is proper that it should be his, for he is the bee, that gathers all the honey.' She had a great many of these adages; it seemed to be more the custom of people," continued he, "to employ them in those days, than now: we, as children, had the adage for our instruction, whatever of father's portion was dealt out beside: but," said he, looking his host in the face, -- "here we have something more than the moral, though we have had none of the labor. Mr. S. is the bee here."

Conversing with him, on another occasion, on smuggling, some instances of which had recently passed under his own observation, he remarked, "my mother had a proverb which she impressed on the minds of her children, much better than the common one -- 'honesty is the best policy,' and which I never met with in any book in the whole course of my reading: it was, 'honesty, without policy, is too simple to be safe; and policy, without honesty, is too subtle to be good.'" But while many of these proverbs were thrown like a fence around his morals, and preserved him from evil, meeting also with the approval of his maturer judgment, there was one in which he could not fully acquiesce, when religion arose like the daystar in his heart, and shed her light over his spirit! "Come weal or woe, it will not be always so." On this he remarked; "We meet with many perplexities in passing through the wilderness, but we very often make the world worse, by the way we take in it: with the former part of this proverb, I cannot close in, as it is not a matter of indifference to me, whether it be 'weal or woe'; and as it regards troubles, I am thankful I can see an end of them."

Some of the expositions, given by Mrs. Clarke to her children, of passing events and particular incidents, were ingenious, devotional, and occasionally distinguished for originality; and although their correctness might sometimes be disputed in riper years by the son, yet their very recollection shows, they were not lost in their better effects; and it proves also, the readiness of the youthful mind for the admission of moral and religious impressions. Nor can it be told how much influence this description of instruction had in the formation of his character: a mere chip from a block of wood, drifted by a current on the bosom of the ocean -- much less promising as to its results, led, when perceived by Columbus, to the discovery of a new world, with all its wonders!

The family continued to reside at Maghera, till Adam was about eight years of age; and here it was, that with hard drilling, he learned the letters of the alphabet, beyond which initial instruction he often felt he should not be able to proceed far. [5] Had this fact been recorded by

any other hand than his own, it would have given birth to a considerable degree of skepticism; and even upon his own testimony, the difference between his anxiety to receive, and his inaptitude to imbibe instruction, might, to a certain extent, unfit him for forming a correct estimate of his capabilities, and compel him, in consequence of his entire dissatisfaction with his own attainments, to over-rate the dullness professed to be experienced.

From Maghera they removed to Grove, a place about ten English miles distant. Here, little Adam pursued the duties of the school with a heavy heart. His father was a severe disciplinarian; his voice, said the pupil "was a terror to me;" and as he manifested an aptitude for anything but learning, he suffered much. But severity was not the remedy applicable to his case; for gentleness, as the sequel will show, effected what the other failed to produce.

The very highest authority appears in support of an opinion we cherish, that the character of master, is the last one in which a parent should be exhibited to the apprehension of a child. There is little between the terms father and master, which can harmonize in their operations. The tenderness and sympathy of the one, becomes merged in the sterner and stranger aspect of the other. Filial confidence and paternal love, cannot indulge their own native mutual promptings, where the very dissimilar character of master and scholar have also to be maintained and regarded, because the demands of the heart are not met. The overflowings of childish grief, or child-like confidence, are held in check by the very name of master, and the pulsations of the heart, which ought to be invited to travel forth in those holy affections, at once the charm, the beauty, and the solace of existence, are chilled by the stern glance of the eye and the gathering frown occasionally overhanging the brow of the preceptor -- casting their ominous shadow upon the heart of the pupil, as the dew-damps of the unwholesome night fall upon the tender and delicate plant, or as the malign influence of an eastern moon-beam smites the head of the weary, worn-out traveler! It is worthy of remark, that He, who is emphatically designated "the Father of the spirits of all flesh," is never introduced to our view under the figure of a teacher. "When he, the Spirit of truth is come, he shall guide you into all truth:" and again, the Spirit is said to "take of the things of God, and to show, or teach them to us." Parents are to their children, what the universal Father is to the great human family. "I am the Father of the families of the whole earth," says God; not the master, nor, in our sense of the word, the teacher: for this is an office especially ascribed to the third person in the Holy Trinity. And, finally, -- the first cry of the new-born spirit, is not Rabboni, but Abba Father!

The reader will pardon this momentary digression from the immediate narrative -- it may have its use. In its application to the subject of this memoir, we have only further to observe, that, had not the supreme Father, over-ruled the severity of the earthly one, poor Adam might have lamented for ever, the unhappy influence of the "voice which was a terror" to him; for his sensibilities were remarkably acute. "Young as I was," he remarked, "it nearly broke my heart to perceive that my efforts to learn were fruitless: I wandered in the fields -- and sighed, and wept, and still kept dogging at it, but could not get on. I saw a son of Mr. Church -- a sharp. boy, in advance of me; he continued to run before me in the path of learning, very often playing himself, while I was toiling in the rear, and could not, for the world, commit two lines of Virgil to memory."

The first word of kindness which fell upon his ear, in reference to his learning, proceeded from the lips of a stranger, the mildness of whose tone was like the voice of spring, when inviting

vegetation to come forth and appear in beauty to the eye, and the patting of whose hand upon the head which was destined to be the storehouse from which thousands of intellects should be fed and refreshed, acted as the wand of the magician, at whose touch bolts and bars give way, and the tenant of the dungeon goes free, inspired with a new life, and in the possession of unexpected liberty.

Upon this part of his history, his conversational information rarely extended to the minutiæ of the case; varying, nevertheless, the coloring and form of expression, agreeably with the vividness of his remembrance of past sufferings. The simple relation of this interesting moment of his history runs thus:--

"A stranger, who was itinerating as a teacher, called upon my father, and requested permission to examine some of the boys: I was among the number. My father, by way of relieving the feelings of the man, said, 'That boy is very slow at learning; I fear you will not be able to do much with him.' My heart sank: I would have given the world, to have been as some of the boys around me. The man spoke with kindness; gave me some directions, and, laying his hand upon my head, observed, -- 'this lad will make a good scholar yet.' I felt his kindness: it raised my spirit; the possibility of being able to learn, was, in this moment, and for the first time, impressed upon my mind: a ray of hope sprang up within me: in that hope, I lived and labored: it seemed to create power: my lessons were all committed to memory with ease, and I could have doubled the effort had it been required." From this period, Adam never looked back, and never paused. The same quickness of perception, and tenacity of memory, discoverable from the first dawning of intelligence as applied to other things, now accompanied his pursuit of learning: he was no longer like the animal tramping round the same spot, in consequence of the chain by which it is bound; he became like the racer; there was progress in every movement; he sped over the course with prodigious swiftness, and he felt the pleasure of it himself! A short time after the visit of this teacher, he observes, "I was playing in the church-yard, when, at a short distance, I perceived some gentlemen who were attentively engaged in endeavoring to translate a Latin line upon the tombstone of a person who had gone out to India, where he had amassed a large fortune; and who subsequently returned home and died almost immediately. Different translations were offered; each man, of course, preferring his own. My father, who was standing by, wondering at the difficulty experienced said, 'you are all wrong; I have a little fellow here who will translate it for you directly; Addy,' he continued, pointing to the stone, 'translate that line.' I looked at it a moment in hesitation, well knowing the consequence of a mistake; and after conning [studying] it over a time or two, said, 'Fortune favors the courageous.' 'There, I told you that the child would do it,' exclaimed my father. This at once dispelled all fear, and I went off to my play in triumph."

Speaking of his father's method of instruction, as a classical teacher, he remarked; "my father set his pupils to work with Phoedrus, the Colloquies of Erasmus, Latin authors which he deemed the easiest. He then led them on to others, both Latin and Greek, considered more difficult, -- such as Horace, Sallust, Virgil, Juvenal, Persius, Homer, &c., and in the rear, Caesar's Commentaries. He had a high regard for Erasmus, and stated him to be one of the first Latin authors, if not the very first, since the Augustan age."

Cæsar being referred to, in the same conversation, he observed; "I read him at school; but he is hard for young people to understand. Mr. B. F., when a youth, came to me one day when he

was with Mr. J. C., who was from home a short time, with the commentaries in his hand, pointing to 'Impedimentis relictis,' remarking, that he could not comprehend what it meant. I looked at its connection, and although I had not read Caesar for sometime -- indeed very little from the time of my leaving school, I said, it must mean that the baggage wagons were left behind -- a mere military phrase; the word denoting the labor requisite to get them on, and thus proving impediments to the progress of the troops while traveling." By way of illustrating the subject, he adverted to Virgil, the favorite author of his juvenile days, who, after enumerating various implements of husbandry, adds, --

"Tardaque Eleusinæ matris volventia plaustra;" [6]

every word being expressive of difficulty and labor, and equivalent to the slow moving wagon. A pupil in the same school, standing by at the time, said; "we were taught to attend to three rules in construing Cæsar, and by observing these, the master was certain we should rarely misunderstand him. 1. We should find the nominative case a considerable way from the verb. 2. The accusative case before the infinitive mood. 3. The ablative absolute." This is not noticed with a view to exalt the learning of the character here portrayed, as such an act would only merit contempt; since every school-boy must know what "impedimentis" means, who has made any progress in the language; and as these rules, with the exception of one, -- which more immediately applies to Cæsar, will hold good to a certain extent with regard to Latin authors in general; but merely for the sake of showing what books engaged his attention in youth, and the effect of a momentary lapse of memory, in occasioning a hesitancy in a person well skilled in the language. Nor is it deemed of sufficient importance to separate, in every instance, the references to the past from the present, in the same conversation.

There were few incidents in early life, which escaped the recollection of Adam in its maturity; and fewer still, of an impressive character, from which he did not himself reap instruction, as well as casually employ for the benefit of others. A friend, with a view to heighten the pleasure of a meditated excursion, remarked to him; "I thought in my arrangements, that a Camera Lucida would be useful, as well as afford gratification, and therefore determined to bring one." The subject of this memoir, a little suspicious that, after all, it had been forgotten, inquired, with some eagerness, "have you brought it with you?" "I have not Sir," was the reply; -- "then do not tell us of our disappointment," was subjoined; tempering, however, the apparent hastiness of the answer with a practical improvement. "When I was at school, I lost a knife, and deplored it to a friend of mine, who appeared to sympathize with me; 'I wish I had known that yesterday, Addy,' said he, 'for I had a nice one, with two blades, and an ivory handle, studded with silver, which I would have given to you.' After working upon my feelings for some time, and thus heightening the disappointment, he at length dashed all my hopes by telling me he had no such thing. I felt so much on the occasion, that I resolved from that moment never to tell any person what he had lost, by what he might have possessed, supposing the provision had been forthcoming." By a thousand boys, this circumstance would have been soon buried in the oblivion of the past; and even by ninety-nine out of every hundred, who might have recorded the fact, no such improvement would have been made. But Adam Clarke had the power of making the uses of disappointment sweet, and of distilling good from everything; and although the friend for whose benefit the incident was related, had no cause for self-upbraidings, as the omission was purely accidental, he had too much candor not to reap instruction from the remarks to which it had given rise.

Another little incident occurred, which shows more than ordinary sensibility from the impression it made, in carrying down the same feeling to the later period of his life, in reference to other things, and also his deep regard for truth, in consequence of his mother's instructions. Some observations having been made on fruitlessly seeking an article which had been lost, the following subject was revived in his recollection: "I was but a little fellow," said he; "a boy had some new farthings given to him; he called me to him, and looking downward at the time, said, 'Addy, Addy, I have lost my farthings; help me to seek for them.' I sought, and sought anxiously, almost every spire of grass, for several yards around. But neither of us could find them. On giving up all for lost, I accidentally looked at his hand as he was raising himself from the ground, and found the coins had been locked in it the whole of the time by the three fingers, while he was pointing the fore-finger and thumb of the same hand, and scraping the grass and the soil with them." Having had no personal interest in the search, disappointed feeling was of course less in operation in this instance, than the pain he experienced in consequence of the deception practiced upon him by his companion, through the falsehood employed to effect it; -- a substantial proof of the efficacy of a mother's lessons, -- and those are the best lessons which a mother teaches, as they are the kindest chastisements which a mother is known to inflict.

The good sense and native delicacy which uniformly dictated to Adam a becoming diffidence of manners, was yet exercised in such a way, as to discover uncommon quickness of apprehension in moments of danger. While traveling with him, on one occasion, to the scenes of his youth, in company with two lathes as coach passengers, (both strangers,) various subjects of interest engaged attention, and among them an opinion was asked respecting supernatural appearances. Branching off a little from this, one of the ladies, apparently anxious on the subject, and confident from the intelligence already displayed, of the ability to afford a satisfactory reply to her question, demanded, -- "pray sir, what is your opinion of false lights?" "Why madam," he replied, with some sprightliness, "I have had a little experience in those things, and I will tell you a tale about one of them." The countenance of his auditress brightened up, -- assuming the attitude of an attentive hearer, and he proceeded; "When I was a boy about ten years of age, my mother sent me one evening to the house of a friend. A bog had to be crossed, a full mile in length; a dense mist spread itself around, and enclosed me in its depths, long before I had reached the end of the journey. Unable to see a step of the way, and in the midst of great perplexity, one of the lights to which you have alluded, (an Ignis Fatuus,) suddenly sprung up before me. It was the first I had ever seen, though I had often heard of them; and the frightful stories connected with them, were brought to my recollection with tenfold force, by the reality then presented to view. When I drew backward, it followed:-- moving to the right or left, it moved also in the same direction; on stepping forward, it likewise advanced. All around was a mere bog, without any regular track, and consequently every step was threatened with danger, and any one, might have proved fatal to life. I stood and trembled; and yet to have remained without further effort, was to fix myself there till morning. I resolved at length to grope my way cautiously out, though utterly at a loss in what direction to move, having changed my position so often already, in consequence of the ignis fatuus. After hazarding a few steps, I heard a rustling noise: the sound of my foot had alarmed some wild ducks which frequented the place; and knowing some of their haunts, it instantly occurred to me to listen in what direction they flew, and to follow the sound, as I concluded they would take the direction of the water which adjoined the place to which I was going. Accordingly, lending an

anxiously attentive ear, and following on, I was brought, in consequence of this attention to their flight, within a few yards of the friend's door to whom I was sent."

His fair companion, apparently apprehensive that the escape was regarded by him as supernatural, without waiting for his explanation of the phenomenon, immediately proposed another question, to which, when he had replied, he resumed the former subject by saying, "I had not, at that time, philosophy enough to account for this appearance; but it is not difficult to explain such things. The ignis fatuus is occasioned by a certain portion of hydrogen gas, which is generally found in bogs, in church-yards, and in soils of a fatty or oleaginous nature: the motion of the body naturally disturbs the air, and the flame presses in, so that when you move backward, you draw it after you, and when forward, you propel it onward." Exclusive of the acuteness and presence of mind here manifested in the use Adam made of his winged deliverers, it is impossible for any person duly impressed with the doctrine of an over-ruling providence, not to recognize the hand of God in his escape from danger, by means the most simple, and, to all human appearance, the most unpromising! The lady was greatly pleased with the explanation offered of the "false lights," and doubtless found her mind relieved by this fragmentary piece of information. Upon this interesting subject, however, while before us, we shall add a remark or two, by way of further explanation. It is well known to the intelligent reader, that several singular notions have been entertained on the causes of this phenomenon. Dr. Darwin once suggested, as the probable explanation, that "it arose from the reflection of a star in a swamp, or puddle of water;" which hypothesis has its refutation in the constantly flitting appearance exhibited by the meteor. A clergyman, (in a weekly periodical, [7]) puts forward the fanciful proposition, that, "it is an animal, and subsists upon flies, attracted to it by the luminous appearance it exhibits. Others have considered it "to proceed from swarms of insects, which emit a glowing light on warm evenings, in bogs, marshes, &c., -- a kindred hypothesis with the above, only under the influence of the organ of number. Some persons again, who have brought a glimmering ray of philosophy to their aid, suppose it to be occasioned by the presence of electricity, but without proof, further than as electricity is concerned more or less, in all chemical phenomena. Newton, in his "Treatise on Optics," gives it, as being, "a vapor arising from putrefied waters." This meteor, as above stated, generally makes its appearance in burying-grounds, marshes, bogs, fens, and is even noticed playing about the stems of vegetables, especially in warm damp weather in the autumn. But it is worthy of remark, that if the places in which it is seen become flooded, the ignis fatuus ceases to be visible there for some time. It seems to be created by the pressure of phosphuretted hydrogen gas, or some other combination of hydrogen, with the presence of phosphorus, in some of its compounds. The places in which it is seen, favor this view. A slow combustion goes on; and as the gas rises in different parts of the marsh, or fen, the light flits from place to place. The approach of a person disturbs the rising gas, and the meteor appears to fly before him; and if curiosity impel him onward for the purpose of viewing it more closely, he pays the forfeit of his innocence of the cause of the phenomenon, by finding himself, in a few seconds, in the midst of a bog, as the terminus of his chase.

The opinion which the subject of this memoir formed in mature years of his "natural timidity," and the acquired courage he gained by reading romances, [8] is perhaps a little over-rated; for if he had not possessed a considerable degree of native daring, upon which acquired courage was grafted, he would have manifested less presence of mind in the midst of danger, and still less would he have volunteered his services, in cases where manhood, with higher claims to bravery, has often stood in fear. A report being in circulation, that the mansion

house, called "The Grove," was haunted, curiosity was instantly on the tip-toe, and little Adam could not be satisfied except with the permission to sit up to hear the "strange noises," which had alarmed the house, and to watch "the ghost" which had frightened the family. Accordingly, he set off, and,

"In the dead waist and middle of the night:--
Wherein the spirit's held their wont to walk,"

"we were all sitting," he observed, "before the kitchen fire; there was a large tapering chimney in the building, and the first noise we heard was, as if a heavy foot stalked up the sides of it; we next heard a tremendous noise over our heads. There was no possibility of any person entering the house without forcing the doors, and so subjecting themselves to detection, and there was no one in the house save the servants and myself, and they were all around me. I returned home much afraid, and had no desire to repeat the visit. Looking towards the house, two or three days after this, I saw one of the children of the family -- a school companion, coming towards me weeping: it was impressed upon my mind, -- the head of the family is dead; and in the full confidence of what I believed to be the fact, I mentioned it to my father. He was incredulous; but the tidings soon reached us, that he had been just killed by a fall from his horse; and in him we lost an excellent landlord. Only a few weeks before this, the brother of the deceased, Lieutenant Stephen Church, who was a gay man, and very fond of equestrian exercises, received an accidental shot in his leg, by the discharge of a fowling-piece, which tore it to pieces, and rendered amputation necessary: the operation being unskillfully performed, mortification took place, and he died shortly afterwards. On the death of these two gentlemen, the noises ceased to be heard. The same shot that had occasioned the death of Lieutenant Church, wounded a school-fellow of mine, and tore away a part of the shoe of my brother, both of whom, with a number of other persons, together with the Lieutenant, were looking at an equestrian, while guns and pistols were discharged by the side of the animal. I never liked to take things upon trust," it was added, "nor was I in the habit of believing every tale I heard: but accustomed myself to examine the subject, and not permit it to go bowling over the mind without arresting it in its course, and making a selection." Notwithstanding this declaration, and his general caution in after life, it is difficult to resist the impression, that there was in the mind of Adam a tendency towards the marvelous.

On the removal of the family from the neighborhood of Garva, which occurred sometime between the tenth and twelfth years of Adam's age, they fixed their residence at Ballyaherton, in the parish of Agherton, a short distance from Coleraine. Their house stood about three hundred yards from the family mansion of Counsellor O'Neill, between whose children and the young Clarkes, juvenile friendships were formed; but the one especially intimate was that subsisting between the counsellor's second son Mark, and Adam. Though naturally of a cheerful and even buoyant spirit, Adam had some little interruptions to his happiness; one of these may be noticed, as it contributed to form the prejudices of riper years. The use of tobacco being named, he remarked, "my father both chewed tobacco, and smoked it; my mother took the pipe and snuff, so that between them, they used the weed in every form. I dreaded the approach, and still more the existence of distress in the family, for on these occasions they always flew to the pipe for relief: though a mere boy, I was grieved at this useless expense; it was resorted to by them to soothe care, instead of their repairing to God, and taking refuge in him by prayer. My father, in the course of time, left off the use of it in one way, though he continued the pipe to the end of his days, and I have no doubt shortened his life

by it." This is expressive of great sensibility; for it is evident, from his total indifference to money all through life, that the profusion lamented, could only be viewed as improper, because needless, and because of its trenching upon the unsupplied necessities of the family: and with this early prejudice operating upon the stronger feeling, it is no wonder that when reason and observation were brought to bear on the subject, and the whole became matured as a matter of conscience, in reference to himself, that he should manifest so decided a hostility to the practice of smoking, and that a pamphlet should ultimately appear from his pen, upon "The Use and Abuse of Tobacco."

* * * * * * *

SECTION II.

1770.

THE school in which Adam pursued his education, was the parish church; the ruins of which are still to be seen standing close by the side of the road leading from Coleraine to Portstuart, and nearly at an equal distance from each place; the more recently erected church being on one side of the road, and its venerable predecessor on the other -- the mother and the daughter, and both little more than a field distant from his father's house. The old burying-ground continued to be used, and was likely to remain the only repository for the ashes of the dead for generations to come. While walking round the ruin, and talking of the dead beneath our feet, with many of whom he had conversed in early life, he observed, "It was within the walls of that I proceeded with my hic, hæc, hoc; and it was within that sacred enclosure also, that I first received the sacrament of the Lord's supper. Mr. Smith was the officiating clergyman; he preached in the church on the Sunday, and my father used it as a school during the week. There were only two pews in it, one on each side of the pulpit, both of them very large; one for Mr. Cromie's family, and the other for Counsellor O'Neill's, the latter of which stood a little forward. [9] The other part of the ground floor was occupied with moveable seats."

The writer not perceiving any provision for a fire, and for the escape of the smoke, made a remark to that effect. "We had a fire on the middle of the floor," was replied, "around which we sat in winter; and the building being large, and the roof high, the smoke had sufficient room to fly about without rendering those on the floor invisible to each other." The last sentence though pleasantly expressed, was sufficiently intelligible to show after all, that it was an atmosphere of smoke which the children breathed. His father's house, which, as has just been observed, was but a short way from this seat of learning, was seen down a gentle slope just past the side of the new church, which was placed between them. "The building which you see there," said he, pointing to it, "is the house in which my father lived. It has been renewed in some of its parts, but still retains its ancient form." It had the appearance of three huts joined together, and was newly thatched and whitewashed; the rooms all on the ground floor; a garden was attached to it, with a small out-building. After the writer had taken a sketch of the ruin, he proceeded with the subject of the memoir to visit and take a sketch also, of the family residence: on entering its interior, he who had been its early inmate, cast his searching eye into every nook, each particular place reminding him of some domestic scene, -- for each corner had its history; then, as if feeling could be no longer sustained, without being rendered visible to the eye of others, he hurried out. An air of humble,

quiet comfort, seemed to pervade the whole of the dwelling, while the greatest civility characterized the conduct of its more modern inhabitants.

This house, it will be recollected by the reader, was in a state of "decay," when visited on a former occasion, but had been renewed in the interim. It is the one already mentioned as "the last dwelling-place of his parents."

Alison, in his Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste, [10] has beautifully described this power of recalling the feelings and scenes of other days. "There is no man," he remarks, "who has not some interesting associations with particular scenes, and who does not feel their sublimity or beauty enhanced by such connections. The view of the house where one was born, of the school where one was educated, and where the gay years of infancy were passed, is indifferent to no man. They recall so many images of past happiness, and past affections, -- they are connected with so many strong and valued emotions, and lead altogether to so long a train of feelings and recollections, that there is hardly any scene one beholds with so much rapture. The scenes themselves may be little beautiful, but the delight with which we recollect the traces of their lines, blends itself insensibly with the emotions which the scenery excites; and the admiration which these recollections afford, seems to give a kind of sanctity to the place where they dwelt, and converts everything into beauty which appears to have been connected with them."

To precisely the same power of association, may be referred the tenacity of affection, with which the mind of Adam clung to the songs of his childhood, which are yet to be noticed; and here, the above elegant author may be again quoted: "There are songs we have heard in our infancy, which, when brought to our remembrance in after years, raise emotions for which we cannot well account, and which, though, perhaps, very indifferent in themselves, still continue, from this association, and from the variety of conceptions which they kindle in our minds, to be our favorites through life."

While Adam was acquiring the knowledge which was to serve him through life, as a member of civil society, through the tuition of his father, he was making an almost imperceptible progress in religious knowledge, owing to the attention of his mother. Though he gave a decided preference to the Established Church, -- a preference which he carried with him to the grave, and for which he had the sanction of the head of the house, yet he frequently accompanied his mother to the "Presbyterian Meeting House," in Coleraine. She was anxious to aid her catechetical addresses at home; and for this purpose, she considered the minister of the "Meeting House" much better qualified than the clergyman of the Establishment. Adam was not exactly of the same opinion. That his inquisitive mind was awake to every peculiarity, will be perceived by his remarks respecting a sacramental service to which his mother had taken him, in the hope, that the solemnities of the scene would deeply and permanently impress his heart. "Mr. Cameron," said he, "the author of the 'Messiah,' administered the sacrament, and 'fenced the table,' as it was called. I was then only a boy; but I recollect, there was not anything in the address concerning the atonement. He drew a comparison, in broad Scotch, and said, -- 'Suppose ye had a frien, [friend] wham [whom] ye dearly liked, wi' wham ye had lived and convers'd, and to wham ye had been laid under muckle [much] obligation; suppose again, this frien dee [die], but before his death to appoint or request, that ye shald eat a bit o' breed, and drink a drap o' wine, in remembrance of his frienship, wad ye no dit [do it], and in dae'ing sa [doing so], wad ye na fin' great pleasur'?' "What," continued he, "is

there here, to which a Unitarian could not subscribe, and leave the sacrifice of Christ untouched?" He was "not a forgetful hearer," who, in his boyhood, could carry home these sentiments, and from home bear them through the bustle of upwards of half a century.

Conversing one day with the Rev. McAlden; at Mrs. Bennet's, (the widow of his old master,) and referring to some of his predecessors in office, he observed, "Mr. Kyle, whom my mother took me to hear, was the first dissenter I ever heard read a sermon. He had lost a son, and having been much afflicted by the stroke, it impaired his memory; in consequence of which, his hearers permitted him to read his discourses." He added, in reference to the subject of conversation, "It is remarkable, that the Church of Scotland had complained of the clergy of the Church of England for reading their sermons, while the clergy complained of the Scotch ministers in return, for preaching extempore; whereas now, it is the reverse:
Scotch ministers read their sermons, and the evangelical clergy are beginning to preach without notes."

Generally protected as Adam was, to prevent him from overstepping the rules prescribed by his mother respecting moral conduct, and tender as were the feelings of his nature, he once summoned resolution sufficient to witness the cruelties of a fight between two game cocks; and the only wager he ever staked in his life, was on this occasion. Twopence was the sole amount of his capital; and a boy offered to bet him in favor of one of the conflicting birds. The bet was accepted; but no sooner had Adam committed himself to the chances of the game, than he began to fear he should lose his money, which he had intended to devote to another and a better purpose. Had Adam been at all tinctured with the spirit of the game, he would have entered more resolutely into its hazards, but he was happily saved from it; and it is here noticed, to stamp it with the same disapprobation with which he himself ever marked it: for gaming, it has been properly observed, is a vice the more dangerous as it is the more deceitful; and, contrary to every other species of luxury, flatters its votaries with the hopes of increasing their wealth; so that avarice itself is so far from securing us against its temptations, that it often betrays the more thoughtless and giddy part of mankind into them, promising riches without bounds, and those to be acquired by the most sudden, as well as the most easy means. Among many other evils that attend gaming, are these: loss of time, reputation, health, fortune, and temper, -- the ruin of families, -- the defrauding of creditors, and what is often the effect of it, the loss of life itself. Parents, therefore, and the guardians of youth, should be careful not to foster the taste, by too great an indulgence in things innocent in themselves. The passion once acquired, ruin is next to inevitable. The awe in which Adam stood of his "godly puritanic mother's" rebuke, operated in his favor.

Notwithstanding, the general care which was taken by his mother of his principles and his morals, there appears to have been no excess of tenderness manifested in reference to personal comfort and indulgence. The body, with some parents, is -- in its decorations and pamperings, everything; the soul is forgotten, and eternity is lost in the obscurity of an immensely distant horizon. In Adam's case, the general usage of parents was reversed; not for want of maternal affection, but partly owing to the circumstances of the family, partly to the habits of the country, and not a little to the all-absorbing feeling which pervaded the breast of the mother, who, in reference to the immortal spirit, after all, was evidently the priestess of the family.

He was naturally of a good, hardy constitution, before severe study, excessive labor, and sedentary habits, brought down his strength; and the disposition which he frequently manifested to expose his person to cold, and toil, and danger, was rather encouraged than checked by his parents.

On one occasion, he observed, "There has not been a day, since I was eight years of age, in which I have not done something to get my bread." Entering, at a subsequent period, still more minutely upon the subject of his early employments, he said, "I have known nothing but labor from boyhood; the bread of idleness was never eaten by me: at seven years of age, my father sent me out to watch the cows; soon after that, I was ordered to the mountains to help to sheer the sheep; at twelve, I held the plow in a field near my father's house, which we farmed, -- and, as a proof that I was not over and above strong, the plow-share, coming in contact with a stone which lay under the surface of the earth, threw me up between the shafts, which I had been holding with a firm grasp, and sent me with violence among the horses feet. What was still more laborious work than this, was cutting peat [peat n. 1 vegetable matter decomposed in water and partly carbonized, used for fuel, in horticulture, etc. 2 a cut piece of this. -- Oxford Dict.] for the fire; and young as I was, I could keep two persons busy -- one to take from me, and pile up -- and another to carry. Little as this hand was" -- holding it out at the time, and directing his eye to it -- "I could take it full of wheat, and with the sheet wrapped round me, could scatter the seed over the soil, -- yes, and have as good and regular crops too, as any of my neighbors. My father was privileged with ground from Counsellor O'Neill, part of which served for potatoes, and part for flax. I was probably made hard," said he, in language similar to what he has adopted elsewhere, "and to use my limbs at an early period, that my body might strengthen by exercise; for I had need of all the strength and fortitude I possessed."

To the habit of industry, was added the practice of early rising; the one an almost inseparable companion of the other, and adverted to by Adam with peculiar satisfaction. "The hour-glass," said he, "was regularly turned twelve times every day, before anyone was permitted to go to bed in my father's house. My children appear to have retrograded a little; but neither their father nor mother ever loved their bed. When very young, my father had us all up at four o'clock in the morning, during the whole of summer, -- some engaged in one thing, and some in another, -- and hours before daylight in winter." Here we have the foundation of those sedulous habits for which he was so distinguished through life. The toil of the field was preserved in countenance by the toil of the study; and it was a maxim with him in after life, -- "The man that works most with his head, will have the least to do with his hands: on the contrary, we generally find, that those who labor least with the brain, have to add proportionately to the labor of the hand." The words of Lucretius, thus translated by Creech,--

"For so the tender osier [shoot] takes the bough,
And as it first is fashioned, still will grow,"

are often verified in reference to early habits, whether natural or moral. The maxim to which he gave utterance is supported by the proverbial expression, -- "Let the head save the heels," which has something more than the alliteration to recommend it.

But industrious as were the habits of Mr. Clarke, and therefore proper as an example for his children, -- and closely as Adam was employed in the field and in the school, it was not the

unremitting toil of a slave. Little amusements were permitted to relieve the scene. His father was fond of fishing, and was characterized by him as "an excellent hand at the rod." The son, in this respect, imbibed the spirit of the sire, and often accompanied him on these occasions, both before and after their residence in the neighborhood of Coleraine; he frequently, also, fished alone, in the Moyola, the "large bog streams," in the creeks of the ocean, and in what he termed his "lovely Banna." "I never saw my father's equal," said he, "as a fisher; nor anyone ever to come near him, except it were his son Adam: he excelled especially in the use of the fly; and during the salmon season many fish were caught. My brother and I, ourselves like fish, used to swim about, at a distance from our lines: we often put them in at an ebb tide, and let them lie during the flow; they were long, with a hook about every fathom, and a number of fish took the bait. Fishing was almost the only sport to which I was addicted, when young: but I was most partial to crab-catching." "Were you not afraid," inquired the writer, "of being caught yourself?" "No," he replied; "there is a particular art in doing it; the hand must be glided beneath the rock, and laid on the back of the fish."

Though this amusement was chiefly confined to his juvenile days, it seems to have been pursued with the sagacity and experience of age; and trivial as most of the circumstances may be which are connected with it, yet there are some among them which exhibit outshoots of character, and the whole tend to show, where, and in what, that character was engaged. In tracking a foot along the sand, we -- in our anxiety to come up to the identical person of whom we are in pursuit, are generally careful not to lose the impression of a single step. It is partly on this account, that several particulars are here associated, like the grouping of a picture, and dwelt upon, because age itself could not, in various instances, perceive how to improve upon the plans and practice of boyhood and youth.

A friend not arranging his tackle properly, was accosted by him; -- "That is not the way I went about the work, when I was a boy;" then showing him how to adjust the whole, he added, "in that way, even with fly, I have caught three trout at a time." The friend apologizing for his awkwardness; "aye," was replied, by way of showing the frivolous character of most apologies of this description, "the man deserves to be flogged who has not an excuse for himself."

It was not in one mode of fishing only that he was skilled; he gave variety to it, and thus added to its pleasure. The writer, while at Portstuart, sallied out with him one morning, to pay a visit to Mrs. O'Hara, of Low-Rock House, daughter of Counsellor O'Neill. On turning a projecting cliff to go to the sands leading to the Bann, he descended to a spot where a small harbor was cut out of the solid rock, for the purpose of admitting the fishing boats, which was called Porta-hable; and clambering over the rocks, till he reached a point jutting into an inlet of the sea, he exclaimed with pleasurable emotion, -- "Fifty years ago, I stood upon this stone: here I used to fish, and also to swim out to a distance: there is yet the hollow in the rock," (stooping and pointing to it,) -- "in which I was accustomed to beat the shell fish; taking up the pounded substance -- fish and shell, I went further down, sowed it like seed upon the water, deliberately walking up again, when shoals of fish were accustomed to follow; then, I had nothing to do but take my lines and draw them out. It was here too, that I was once bathing with Mark O'Neill, and on coming out of the water, I fell back against the rocks, and cut my leg in different places, the scars of which I carry with me to this day. Mrs. O'Neill, with great kindness, dressed my wounds."

On reaching Low-Rock House, both strangers were ushered into a large room, an end window of which took in the whole sweep of the sands leading to the mouth of the Bann, while the front embraced a view of the Irish Channel. Mrs. O'Hara, who knew the subject of the memoir, when he sustained the appellation of "Little Adam," soon appeared, and a friendly meeting took place. Several subjects respecting early times were introduced, which will appear elsewhere; but one must not be omitted here, as it refers to this part of his juvenile history. Glancing his eye out at the end window, along the sand, he said, "one of the most remarkable providences connected with my life befell me on a spot which I have just in view; it was there I was drowned, and recalled from the invisible world." "You do not mean to say, Sir," remarked Mrs. O'Hara, "that you were actually dead." "Yes, Madam," he replied, "I wish the expression to be taken literally." Mrs. O'Hara, either not having heard of it, or having heard of it as a kind of hairbreadth escape from danger, had permitted it to escape her recollection; and being desirous of knowing the particulars, he entered upon the subject, -- a subject, by the way, which had been related to the writer long before, with all the particular circumstances with which it was connected. As this relation, especially in the conversational part with Dr. Letsome, contains some points of interest not known to the public, it may be proper distinctly to notice his oral narration.

"I came down to the shore of the Bann, yonder," said he, "riding on a mare of my father's, determined to have a swim. Firmly seated, we proceeded till we were beyond the breakers; but when we had got over swell after swell, and were proceeding still onwards to the ocean, the mare and myself were swamped in a moment! I, of course, lost my seat, and fell into the water. All my views and ideas seemed instantly and entirely changed; and I had sensations of the most perfect felicity that it is possible, independently of rapture, for the human mind to feel. I had no pain from the moment I was submerged; a kind of general representation, nearly of a green color, became visible to me; in which, a multitude of objects were seen, -- not one of which, however, bore the least analogy to anything I had ever beheld before: how long I continued in this state, HE only knows, who saved my life: but one wave after another -- for the tide was then coming in, rolled me to shore. The first sensation, upon coming to life again, was, as if a spear had been run through my heart: this I felt, in getting the first draught of fresh air, when the lungs were inflated, occasioned merely by the pressure of the atmosphere. After a short time had elapsed, I was capable of sitting up; the intense pain at my heart, however, continued; but I had felt no pain from the moment I was submerged, till the time when my head was brought above water, and the air once more entered my lungs. Upon looking round for the mare, I found she had proceeded a considerable distance on her way home." This account was received by Mrs. O'Hara with surprise, and not without some doubts of the fact of his having actually entered within the precincts of the invisible world.

It was viewed with no less surprise by Dr. Letsome, whose conversation, in order to the completion of the subject, may be here subjoined.

Mr. Clarke. -- "You have been conversant, Doctor, with everything respecting the Royal Humane Society. You have now been long engaged in that work, and, together with your friends, have been active in carrying on its provisions and plans, and dispensing its benefits throughout the land: pray, what does your experience teach you, respecting the state of those who evidently have been dead, and would have continued under the power of death, had it not been for the means prescribed by the Royal humane Society? have you ever found any who were conscious of the state into which they were departed?"

Dr. Letsome. -- "I have never met with one.

Mr. C. -- "Not one of all those who have been revived, to your own knowledge, that were dead to all human appearance, where the heart had ceased to pulsate, the lungs no longer played, the blood no longer circulated, and there was every proof that the person was finally deceased?"

Dr. L. -- "No."

Mr. C. -- "I have not been so long conversant with these matters as yourself; but my experience in things of that kind, has led me to different information. I knew a person who was drowned; and that person, to my own knowledge, had a perfect consciousness during the interim, and also declared many things concerning the state through which he passed."

Dr. L. -- "But was the person really dead?"

Mr. C. -- "Yes, Sir, completely drowned; I have no doubt of it whatever."

Dr. L. -- "Had you the testimony from himself?"

Mr. C. -- "I had, Sir."

Dr. L. -- "Could you trust him?"

Mr. C. -- "Most perfectly."

Here the son of Æsculapius assumed an attitude customary with him, when making anxious inquiry respecting anything of importance.

Dr. L. -- "I should like to have had the examination of that person."

Mr. C. Looking him steadfastly in the face, said, -- "Ecce homo! Coram quem quæsitus adsum! I am the very man who was drowned." Dr. Letsome immediately arose, and inquired, -- "Well, what were the circumstances?" He then proceeded with the account above recorded.

When he afterwards preached a sermon in City Road Chapel, London, in aid of the funds of the Royal Humane Society, he related the same fact, closing his remarks thus:-- "How long I was submerged, it would be impossible precisely to say; but it was a sufficiently long time, according to my apprehensions, and the knowledge I now have of physiology, for me to have been so completely dead, as never more to exist in this world, had it not been for that Providence which, as it were, once more breathed into me the breath of this animal life, and I became again a living soul! and at the space of threescore years, you see this strange phenomenon in the preacher now addressing you on behalf of the Royal Humane Society."

The narrative, as may be readily conceived, produced a strong sensation in the breasts of his hearers, to whom, with a solitary exception or two, the case was as novel as it was strange; and that it essentially aided the cause for which he was pleading, need not be added.

It may be remarked, agreeably to another conversation, that though he was resolved to have a swim, as he termed it, the probability is, that he would not have ventured so far from home, -- a distance of nearly three miles, merely for the purpose of enjoying a treat of that kind, had it not been at the request of his father; who, finding the mare unwell, thought a bath in the salt water would be of service to her. The animal was unwilling to take the breakers at first, and turned round two or three times; but Adam pushed her on, partly through his father's injunction, but chiefly for his own pleasure.

To return: Adam was not like many sportsmen, whose pleasure is heightened by the torture of the game. The same tenderness characterized him in youth as in age; it entered into the grain of his humanity, as well as his Christianity. He could not bear to see anything in pain. Having caught the fish, therefore, his pleasure terminated, except indeed in the triumph of the number caught, when he bore them home, and, with an eye sparkling with delight, laid them before his parents.

As his fishing, in the height of summer, was often accompanied with bathing, (agreeably to intimations given,) so his bathing, like his riding into the sea, was sometimes attended with hazard. He once swam out to sea much further than he intended; on turning round, he found the tide strongly set in against him: after struggling some time, he threw himself upon his back, and rested awhile upon the water; but finding, while lying there, he had lost way, he was compelled to use strenuous efforts to make the shore. Another time he took a dog into the sea with him, and threw him to a distance: the animal, to save himself, got to Adam's back, and dashed his claws over it, till there was scarcely an unaffected part. Laceration was the least evil, perhaps, which, in the last case, he had a right to anticipate; as the dog might have annoyed him in such a manner, as to have prevented the free exercise of his limbs, and so ultimately have endangered his life.

It is not improbable, that to his love of angling, which seemed to amount to a passion, is to be attributed his preservation from many of the vices and follies of youth, as his leisure hours, if not thus employed -- and employed too for the benefit of the family, might have been devoted to less worthy purposes; for without the all-conquering and all-purifying principle of divine grace, the instructions of parents are often as ineffectual to protect from error, as to restrain from moral evil. It was this too, that, in after life, gave a zest to the perusal of Walton and Cotton's "Complete Angler," portions of which he would pleasantly quote, as occasion offered. One of these may be noticed in connection with his favorite amusement, as it is likely that Walton would have had but few charms for him, had it not been for early attachments. The writer was in company with him at Grace-Hill, Ireland, a Moravian Settlement, in the county of Antrim. On going down to the river, (which runs between the settlement and Galgoram Castle, in company with the nephew of the author of the "World before the Flood,") in order to fish with fly, he jocularly said, "Whistle for me, if you find any." He inquired on returning, "Have you caught anything?" Having been unsuccessful, the reply was of course in the negative. He asked again, referring to the more devotional language of Walton, "Did you swear?" "No." -- "Did you take an oath?" subjoining the cautionary couplet, which the poet hitches in for the moral instruction of his readers, as part of Picator's song to Corydon, --

"Oaths do fray
Fish away;"

then, after some general remarks, he closed with a stanza from the "Angler's Song," to show the innocence of fishing, as an employment, and its exemption from evil as an amusement:

"Who hunts doth oft in danger ride;
Who hawks doth lure both far and wide;
Who uses games shall often prove
A loser; but who falls in love
Is fettered in fond Cupid's snare:
My angle breeds me no such care."

The following extract from a letter to a friend, will show the feelings with which he contemplated this early amusement when brought to his remembrance: "About a fortnight ago, I received your letter; and an hour ago, the barrel of eels: and I waited for their arrival, before I should answer. I was not long before I unheaded the barrel, and, I think, a finer lot I never beheld. They are just as different in their appearance from eels here, as chalk is from cheese. -- The sight of them did me good, for they brought to my remembrance, days and circumstances which I never wish to forget; and of which I always think with pleasure: in those early associations and recollections, appear so many of the amusements and innocencies of youth, that even old age is delighted to look back, and rejoice again in the days we have seen: and this shows the meaning of old Chaucer, in the Reve's Prologue:

'For when we may nat done, than woll we speke,
Yet in our ashin old, is fire yreke;'

which Gray has borrowed in his Elegy in a Church Yard, without mending the thought, or applying it so rationally as our prince of poets has done: I will quote the whole stanza--

'On some fond breast the parting soul relies, Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb, the voice of nature cries, Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.'"

Adam, however, having been destined, in the order of God, to become a "fisher of men," the passion in due time died within him, though he cherished a kindly feeling towards it, to the close of his life.

There were other pastimes in which he indulged, some of them more puerile [trivial], and much less useful, -- mingling them, however, with the more masculine sports of boyhood and youth.

At an early period of life, Adam was smitten with an admiration of poetry; and his love of the ancient ballad and song, like his attachment to angling, might be pronounced to have acquired the strength of a passion. This love not only led him to seize with avidity whatever friendship or accident threw in his way, but induced him to seek out new sources of pleasure; while his

extraordinary memory, which carefully retained every stanza committed to its keeping, became like a granary richly and extensively stored. It was, of course, too early in life to admit, in the exercise of his own judgment, of a separation between the chaff and the wheat; his memory was, therefore, a receptacle in which were things of all sorts. Ballads, however, had charms peculiarly their own in his estimation, and whatever came in that shape, (no matter what its pretensions to merit, or whence it proceeded,) gave him, on its perusal, unmixed delight. But though a love of this kind is general, it was in him, as in others, most powerful in the halcyon [happy, peaceful] days of childhood and youth, as it is usually found the strongest in districts the furthest removed from polished society: hence the truth and beauty of Scott's observation, "Successive garlands of song sprung, flourished, faded, and were forgotten, in their turn; and the names of a few specimens are only preserved, to show us how abundant the display of these wild flowers had been. Like the natural free gifts of Flora, these poetic garlands can only be successfully sought for, where the land is uncultivated; and civilization, and increase of learning, are sure to banish them, as the plow of the agriculturist bears down the mountain daisy." [12]

But though better feelings, increasing knowledge, and improved taste, led to a preference of better subjects, yet few are the Englishmen, purely viewed in that character, who will not boast of Chevy Chase, as the Scotchman of bold Bruce's Address, the Dane of Swend Yonveds and Reddar Olles, the Icelander of his Regnar Lodbrook, the Norman of his Song of Roland, the Spaniard of the heroical measures in praise of the Bernardo del Carpios and the Cids, and the Arab of his Song of Antar? Poetry is the language of feeling and passion, [13] and there is a simplicity and grandeur about it, which raise it out of the lower region of prose, and mark it as inspired; and that too -- independently of the morality of the theme, the instruction conveyed, the harmonious arrangement of words, or even the language of the muse. There is poetry in action, poetry in a statue of Parian marble: hence arises a reason often for the preference given to ballad and primeval poetry, over much more polished verse; but then it is a reason rather felt than perceived by the youthful reader; he feels what he cannot express. Scott, already quoted, lets us partly into the secret. "The earlier poets," says he, "have the advantage, and it is not a small one, of having the first choice out of the stock of materials which are proper to the art; and thus they compel later authors, if they would avoid slavishly imitating the fathers of verse, into various devices, often more ingenious than elegant, that they may establish, if not an absolute claim to originality, at least a visible distinction between them and their predecessors. Thus it happens, that early poets almost uniformly display a bold, rude, original cast of expression; they have walked at freewill, and with unconstrained steps, along the wilds of Parnassus, while their followers move with constrained gestures and forced attitudes, in order to avoid placing their feet where their predecessors have stepped before them. The first bard who compared his hero to a lion, struck a bold and congenial note, though the simile, in a nation of hunters, be a very obvious one; but every subsequent poet who shall use it, must either struggle hard to give his lion, as heralds say, with a difference, or lay under the imputation of being a servile imitator." [14] But, besides this advantage of the old, over the modern school of the poetic art, old lyric poetry, as a whole, has often the peculiar charm of presenting a beautiful picture of the varied habits, the simple manners, and manly virtues of a people; and it was the opinion of Scott, that, by means of minstrelsy alone, a given period of Scottish history, at least, might be composed. It is true the ballads of the Cid, afford a frightful portraiture of the barbarity and licentiousness of the times; as do also some of those of our own country, and the sister isle; but these were not in general circulation in the morning of Adam's day, and therefore rarely came into his hand. Of such, however, as it fell to his

lot to read, and with the advantages and peculiarities just noticed, it was not at all remarkable, that a strong original mind like that of Clarke, which was then in its buddings, should seek to please and sun itself in the light imparted through that medium. He, who, when a child in frocks, was fond of snow, -- beheld it fall with rapturous delight, -- calling it, when he could little more than lisp, his brother; -- who would steal out of bed early in the morning with nothing on but his shirt, -- procure a piece of board, -- run out, -- dig holes in the fallen snow, -- call them his rooms, -- and when he had finished his frozen apartments, could sit down, naked as he was, and contentedly enjoy the fruit of his labor; -- he who could act, and speak thus, when a child, not only furnished in his conduct, and by his expression, subject matter for an interesting episode fit for Montgomery's "Greenland," but gave intimations of a mind peculiarly adapted to fasten upon, and enjoy the boldest and wildest minstrelsy!

That, however, which laid the deepest hold of Adam's affections, was his own island minstrelsy, in the ballad form; and this, as has been intimated, wins attention everywhere. [15] This general feeling is described in the following passage: "To the lovers and admirers of poetry as an art, it cannot be uninteresting to have a glimpse at the National Muse in her cradle, or to hear her bubbling the earliest attempts at the formation of the tuneful sounds with which she was afterwards to charm posterity. And I may venture to add, that among the poetry, which, however rude, was a gift of Nature's first-fruits, even a reader of refined taste, will find his patience rewarded, by passages in which the rude minstrel rises into sublimity or melts into pathos. [16] These were the merits which induced the classic Addison to write an elaborate commentary upon the ballad of Chevy Chase, and which roused, like the sound of a trumpet, the heroic blood of Sir Philip Sidney." [17] It has been remarked, by a writer in one of the periodicals, [18] that as long as a nation preserves its songs and ballads, it may work out its own freedom. In times of danger, the efficacy of its poetry is felt: it seems to infuse that enthusiasm into the heart of men before the battle, which the trumpet clang alluded to, never fails to inspire in the moment of the ensanguining [bloody] fray. The subject is of course contemplated here simply in its own character, as abstracted from religion, and in its influence upon the mind of the merely "natural man."

The ballads which Adam read, and the soldiers whom he occasionally saw, inspired him with a martial spirit, and he, together with Mark, Robert, and Felix O'Neill, and others, were soldiers in their turn. When within the precincts of the play-ground, relating to the writer the tales of early days, he remarked, "I was adjutant," adding with a jocose smile, "and, I assure you, there was great order in the regiment, for all obeyed in love." It is worthy of remark, that while the word "love" shows the harmony in which the boys moved as a whole, the word "order" is Clarkian throughout: it entered into his very composition, and unfolded itself in his various movements through life. One of the O'Neill's afterwards entered the army, and gave, as an officer, a permanent proof of his more than juvenile attachment to arms.

The most durable effect produced on the mind of young Clarke by ballad reading, was the influence it had upon his subsequent pursuits -- as, in it, is probably to be found the nucleus of his antiquarian researches: and it is only by thus directing our attention to the philosophy of mind, that we acquire a competent knowledge, and form a proper estimate, of the character of the individual passing in review. Let not the writer be misunderstood, however, in any of the preceding statements; it is not pretended, that his poetical reading originated in a pure love of the art -- entering into its spirit and its beauties simply as poetry: it is questionable whether he had the

faculty requisite to the perception of its real character, or the soul that takes fire on its first approach: he had occasional poetic feeling, and he could versify a little, but there was great inflexibility -- an awkwardness in the mechanism of his subject -- infallible indications, that he was no poet himself, and that his estimate of the art in others was not always correct. He loved the ballad, not for the poetry it possessed, but for what it imparted of the subject of which it was composed. Had he possessed the poetic faculty, had he been fond of poetry for its own sake, he would never have said, when speaking to the writer, in after life, of the poems of Sir Walter Scott, "I scarcely ever give myself the trouble to read the poetry; [19] the notes are the most valuable part of the publication to me: these I can convert to my own purposes." Nor would he have lauded Fletcher's "Purple Island," as one of the finest poems in the British language. -- "A proof to me," observed the author of The Wanderer of Switzerland, in conversation, "that the excellent Dr. is not a correct judge of poetry." Still those ballads contained what was to him "savory meat, in which his soul delighted." The legend, the historical fact, the incident, the subject, were all to him; these were his delight in youth; the antique-legendary lore, was the pursuit of riper years.

Of his numerous favorites, the "Battle of the Boyne" was supreme; but there were reasons for this, abstracted from its versification, if it even possessed poetic merit. Among his ancestors, was William Clarke, of Grange, in the county of Antrim, his great-great-grandfather. This worthy man, a Quaker by religious profession, was importunately pressed by the leading functionaries of Carrickfergus, to receive the Prince of Orange, on his landing in Ireland, in 1690. [20] It was this incident in the life of an ancestor, rehearsed to him when a boy, with all its peculiarities, [20] that led him to adopt the "Battle of the Boyne" in which the Prince took so conspicuous a part, as his chief favorite; and it was this that gave additional interest to the fact, inducing him, in after life, to visit the scene of action, saying to the writer, "I have examined every part of the ground, where the battle was fought, and noticed particularly the spot on which the Prince stood when grazed by the ball of a cannon, [21] calculating, at the same time, the force of the ball, from the distance it had traveled;' -- and then, with the ease and graphic familiarity of an actual spectator, and for which he was so peculiar, he would enter upon a minute description of the place, the number of the forces, their positions, the engagement, and the remarks of some of the commanders to the troops under peculiar circumstances; closing with -- "No one, except an eye-witness, could have penned 'the Battle of the Boyne.'" [22]

Next to his native songs, came those which describe the feats of Robin Hood, Little John, Will Scarlet, and the other archers of the forest of Merry Sherwood. The following extract from a conversation, will, in addition to a glimpse of early partialities and pursuits, show the living interest, which, upon the subject in question, seemed to extend itself like a chain, through the whole length of his being. "I have been collecting for many years," said he, "old English poetry; I wished you to assist me in this, Everett; but you have not furnished me with any lately." He then ran over a brief catalogue of the authors and editions of which he was in possession, stating that he had a beautiful copy of "Peirs Ploughman's Vision," and another of his "Crede;" -- that he had "the first edition of Spencer's Works;" -- that he had been happy in securing the first half of "Prayton's Poly-Olbion, printed in 1659, with a portrait of Prince Henry, by Hole, but had not been able to procure the second;" -- that he found "it difficult to obtain a complete set of the works of George Withers;" -- that, in looking over "Du Bartas," he was "astonished at the littlenesses in which he indulged with his circles, his crosses, and so on;" concluding by a recital of eight lines of a poem which he had read when a boy, observing, "that in every edition of the work" he had "since met

with, the lines were omitted." After a diversion of the conversation, the subject of old English poetry was revived; when he remarked, "I used to sing the whole of the ballads of Robin Hood," repeating, at the same time, several verses, together with the principal parts of two or three tales. "I have been looking out," he added, "for Ritson's English Metrical Romances, in 3 vols., printed by Nicol; but have not succeeded in meeting with them." A friend standing by, said, "Dr. I have secured a collection for you, recently published in 12mo. with plates, by Stocking." On producing the volume, and handing it to the subject of the memoir, in whose eager grasp was anxiety, and in the expression of whose face were mingled pleasure and cautious fear, he remarked, "I will be bound for it, that there is a note of Ritson's, which will not be found in this edition. Ritson was, properly speaking, an unbeliever; and when ever the opportunity occurred of giving a side thrust at the clergy, he never could deny himself the gratification." [23] Having made this observation, he proceeded to notice some lines of poetry, written on the pew of the bishop, in the cathedral of Durham, where the eye of his Grace was sure to meet them, and in which he was represented as doing nothing for his living, but

Eating and drinking...
And saying 'The peace of God;

it being his office to pronounce the benediction. Turning from Ritson's profanity, and closing the volume, he stated, that a great deal of the ballad-poetry had undergone serious revisions, since the period of his boyhood. He instanced "Chevy Chase," as differing from the original, and also from the copy familiar to him in his juvenile days; stating, that he had a quarto edition, [24] which showed the changes through which it had passed. He then recited largely from the copy out of which he had drawn his early stores. Yet notwithstanding his first attachments, and his occasional recurrence to them, the one evidently growing out of the other, nothing was more apparent than, that that verse was the most perfect in his recollection, and afforded him the most delight, which involved in it any portion of local or general history; thus proving the disposition and power to appropriate the most valuable parts.

The subject of this particular class of poetry has been dwelt upon at considerable length, not that we would recommend its indiscriminate reading, especially to the young and inexperienced, but because of its immediate connection with the personal history of the subject of the memoir, and its remote influence in the formation of his intellectual character; showing, as it does, at the same time, how the superior strength of his mind, aided by the safeguards of a religious education, enabled him to pass scatheless, through what otherwise might have proved injurious.

Having thus delighted in song chiefly for the sake of its subject, and having an excellent command of language, it was not at all remarkable that he should frequently be found, when occasion offered, stringing together a few couplets or verses on a favorite topic; some fragments of a lampoon have survived the general fate of first efforts. "The piece," said he, "was written, without any just provocation, against a much better lad than myself; no other, indeed, than William, afterwards Dr. Workman. I met him in Dublin about forty years afterwards, up to which time we had not seen each other since the period of leaving school." But it was not in satire only that he indulged; he gave scope to better feelings. "The Psalms of David in Metre," were sung in the place of worship which his mother attended; and it being the Scotch version, designated by him, "of all versions the worst," he proposed to himself the task, he pleasantly observed, of an improvement,"

[25] in which, agreeably with his own views, he had made some progress. A mellower period of life told him, that he was better qualified for a good prose translation, with a luminous exposition, than for a poetical version: still, his juvenile effusions were not without interest as exercises, and their loss was a subject of occasional regret with himself, not as matters of value, but as objects of curiosity. "I turned the four first chapters of Solomon's Song into verse," said he, "when I was a lad, purposing to go through the whole; I would give five pounds for this production, which, I believe, was destroyed." In support of the character he had given the Scotch version, he further said, "In the copy which I consulted, were these two lines,--

'The Lord did come, and he did not;--'

thus terminating the first line; then proceeding,

'Keep silence -- but speak out;'

The version of Sternhold and Hopkins is infinitely superior to it; and indeed superior to that of Tate and Brady. Bishop Horsley preferred the old to the new version; and in this I have seconded him in my introduction to the Psalms: yet excellent, in many respects, as the old metrical version is, who, that knew it not, would ever have supposed that the two following specimens proceeded from the same pen?

'Why dost thou draw thy hand a-backe,
And hide it in thy lap?
Oh plucke it out, and be not slacke,
To give thy foes a rap." -- Psalm lxxiv. 12.

The Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heavens hie;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darknesse of the skie.

'On cherubs and on cherubims,
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds,
Came flying all abroad.' -- Psalm xviii. 9, 10. [26]

The latter is distinguished for true sublimity of thought; but such verses as the former, provoked the epigrammatic lines of Rochester:--

'Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms,
When they translated David's Psalms,
To make the heart full glad;
But had it been poor David's fate,
To hear you sing, and them translate,
'Fore George, 't would made him mad.'

I met with a copy of Rochester's Poems," continued he, "when I was a boy. I never saw a complete copy, except that one: it would have afforded me pleasure to have been permitted to filch [pilfer, steal] out of it for an hour, but I had not the opportunity: enough was seen, however, to give me a taste for the remainder; and I was then too young to receive injury from it."

His love of poetry, and his own compositions in that way, brought him a species of crepusculous [dim] fame among his school-fellows, the day-light of which, was awaiting him in works of prose, for which he was far better qualified.

Among works to which he gave a preference, were "Æsop's Fables;" "Robinson Crusoe;" and "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments." "Robinson," said he, "often sent me to prayer: the work is founded in truth, and has some excellent moral lessons grafted upon it. After having read and profited by it, my father told me one day, that every page of it was written in Newgate: this threw a cloud over the whole in my mind, and I felt extremely sorry for it, as it deprived it, in my estimation, of a portion of its validity. The 'Arabian Nights' opened up a fine field for me: I never regretted the time spent over that work; and took care to put it into the hands of my own children, when they were capable of understanding its contents. It furnishes one of the finest pictures ever sketched of the Religion and customs of the East; and every authentic account we meet with, only helps to confirm its details." It was to this work he attributed the creation of a taste for Oriental literature; it will appear, however, in the progress of the history, that this was only one of the predisposing causes, and not the predominating one either; the taste, in the first place, was of nature's own implantation, and an incident which will appear in its proper place, operated more powerfully than even the perusal of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments to call into activity the already existing taste, and to direct and fix his determination in reference to the study of the Eastern languages, especially to that portion in more immediate relation with the countries in which the scenes of those tales are laid.

It is not remarkable, that a boy possessed of imaginative powers, though not of the highest order, should, on reading the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments, feel a desire to dip into works on the Magic Art, and through which he entertained a hope of being able to perform wonders equal to the most marvelous of any recorded in orient climes. He stated that, at a very early period, such was the effect produced upon his mind, by tales which he had heard respecting enchantments, magic, and the occult philosophy of Cornelius Agrippa, that he walked several miles through a tract of country of which he was ignorant, with a view to borrow a copy of the latter from a schoolmaster, hoping, through its wonder-working power, to be able to return home, either "on the back of an angel, or on the wings of the wind;" and that such was the fame which he and his brother had acquired among the boys in the neighborhood, for their skill in magic, that fruit and poultry, both of which had been subject to depredation before, remained unmolested, from an impression, that spells were placed around the premises, and in every corner of the garden, and that, if even an arm were lifted up, it would remain in that position till the next day, when the release of the culprits could only be determined at the instance of their discovery.

The influence which even this kind of reading had upon him, in his subsequent history, when perfectly able to separate the precious from the vile, is a singular circumstance in the life of a man of God, whose intellect was beaming with light, and whose spirit was glowing with zeal in the cause of truth, either of which, in a thousand other cases, would have extinguished the least

desire to pore over works any way allied to the subjects immediately specified. "What, Sir," inquired the Rev. John Lomas, who heard the above relation, and whose exquisitely-formed, and beautifully transparent mind, was awake to the subject, as a matter of curiosity, "What, Sir," he asked, between fifty and sixty years after this period of the history, "is your serious opinion of magic?" "That is," replied the subject of the memoir, "do you believe in it?" Mr. L. smiled, and the interrogated proceeded: "There is scarcely an error, Sir, but what has something of truth for its origin or foundation; and scarcely a truth, that has not been abused. Magic has been abused." He was about to proceed, when Mr. J. S., who did not perceive his intention, asked, -- "But do you believe that spirits can be raised?" adding, by way of deciding the question himself, which was not the most courteous and judicious method to obtain what was solicited, -- "It is too ridiculous to be believed;" boldly concluding with, -- "I should have no fear." To this, the early disciple of the magician, and of Agrippa, replied, in the full confidence, if not of the truth of the art, of the influence which a person, through its aid, might have over the imaginations of his fellow creatures, -- "I should make you glad to get out of the way, Master Johnny, little as you may think of it." The subject then led him to the following remarks:-- "I visited the father of the celebrated John Henderson, [28] who kept a Seminary near Bristol. He never looked up after the death of John, and never could advert to it without the most acute pain. He had everything belonging to him, locked up. I was permitted one day to see John's library, which was no common privilege. I saw books there, on Magic, &c., which I had never seen before; they were extremely rare; I could almost have stolen them, had I known how to come at them. Dr. Priestly once asked John very pointedly, 'Did you ever see a spirit?' he replied, -- 'I cannot say, I never did.' There the subject rested between them. John used to take the lantern and candle, go out into the fields at night, fix his rods, form his circles, &c." This diversion of the subject from himself succeeded; but whatever degree of faith he entertained in it, as well as in its sister art, it is evident that a latent desire was always in readiness to be called forth on the subject being brought before him, as though it admitted of a possibility of leading him into a knowledge he had not attained, and was anxious to acquire. This is confirmed by the books which he purchased on several of the hidden arts, and which constituted part of his library to the period of its sale, on his demise. His seeking to intermeddle with all wisdom, in the language of sacred writ, and especially with that which many would avoid, will be seen by consulting a few of the lots of the printed catalogue of his books, in which will be found treatises on Alchemy, Astrology, Witchcraft, Chiromancy, Magic, Conversations with Spirits, &c.; [29] which works were never purchased merely to shelve. He was as well acquainted with the contents, as with the title-pages of his books; he purchased to know, as well as to possess; but these purchases would probably never have been made, had not the fire been kindled in youth, which kept the desire in a glow to the decline of life. To condemn such pursuits, in one, who, when Christianized, guarded against the abuses made of them by many others, might perhaps be proceeding too far; and yet to offer a justification of the case, would be to sin against ninety out of every hundred, who might be induced to enter into the spirit of such pursuits, in consequence of their recommendation from such an example. It is one of those cases in which caution would be more frequently necessary than encouragement, -- rebuke than applause; one of those subjects, indeed, from the approach to which, every Christian minister, and every Christian parent, would be inclined to warn away, the young and the devout.

The writer is happy to find some remarks in a respectable Christian periodical, [30] written sometime after his own, in perfect accordance with his views, upon this attempt to acquire useful knowledge, by means of magical, and other works. "This," says the reviewer, "was but a

childish mistake, in an attempt to find out wisdom in a wrong road; but, what is more remarkable, he adds, is, that 'many years after, he investigated the subject more minutely:' so that he did not easily divest his mind of the impression of its being a matter of some importance; nor even at the last, does he speak of it as altogether an absurdity, but only says, that 'he saw all that could be termed the use and abuse of it.' What the 'use' is, he does not specify; but it shows the baneful effect of wrong early associations, that a mind so powerful should have thought the matter worth serious investigation, or that he should have come to the serious conclusion, that there was any good 'use' whatever, in what is only an 'abuse' of reason and common sense, and receives no sanction from Divine revelation."

Upon Adam's "Juvenile Library," some wit has been exercised, and some pertinent remarks have been made by the same reviewer. [31] Among the works were -- The Famous and Delightful History of Tom Thumb; -- Jack the Giant-Killer; -- Jack Horner; -- Rosewall and Lilly Ann; -- Guy, Earl of Warwick; -- The Seven Wise Masters and Mistresses; -- The Nine Worthies of the World; -- Thomas Hickathrift; -- Babes in the Wood; -- Seven Champions of Christendom, &c. His opinion in mature life was, that though the modern mode of education would proscribe books on enchantment, chivalry, &c., yet had it not been for such as are named in the list, he had probably not only never become a reader and a scholar, but doubted whether he should ever have been a religious man, as they kept alive the impression of a God, and of an invisible world, while the present system, in many instances, indirectly excludes both; and of the two modes, he considered the first the preferable.

The remarks, to which the reader is referred, are, in the main, excellent; but there is an objection taken to a part of the statement, which the subject will scarcely warrant. The principle that discards books of enchantment is scripturally correct, but though one method was preferred to the other, it does not follow that there was not a decided approval of a still "more excellent way." That there should be a leaning to a superstitious system, that involved the existence of a first cause, and a future state, rather than to the infidel and atheistical one, that seemed to exclude both, arose from the extreme of evil included in the one, and the possible good that might result from the other, and which, in his own individual case, actually followed. He, by no means, however, "mixed up idle romances, with the work of the Divine Spirit;" nor did he make "the one assist the other," by the establishment of anything in the shape of a co-partnery: they were as distinct in the mind of the subject of the memoir, as they are in themselves. He knew, that God often "makes the wrath of man to praise him;" -- that he often "overcomes evil with good;" but in neither case would he, in an unqualified way, recommend the wrath for the sake of the praise, or push on the evil for the sake of the good; not being able to perceive the result till it arrived, though glad in consequence of its appearance. On the same principle, he would rather have supported a popish ministry, with all its mummeries and superstitions, than none. We all know, that a by-road, leading to a house, constitutes no necessary approach to it; yet although not to be recommended in preference to the regular carriage road, it had better be adopted, -- unpromising, and intricate though it be, than one leading in an opposite direction. The work of the Spirit, and the way or mean that leads to it, are not to be confounded. A profane man, who has neither truth nor grace influencing his mind, and who is as ignorant of the essence of the one, as he is of the operations of the other, may be employed by the Divine Being in the conversion of another, without it being the established order of God to make use of such instrumentality. There is no consistency or agreement very often between the means, and the end: yet the person deriving the benefit, may be induced to speak of the

instrument, in a way which would not exactly comport with the views of a man who had no interest in it. This, if not a justification, will probably be deemed an apology by persons of the latter class.

There have always been persons, though perhaps not philosophers, who have objected to the use of any amusing fiction; but we may safely appeal to the experience of mankind, whether such are invariably remarkable for superior worth or veracity. There is, we know, and ever has been, too much falsehood in the world; but it has not been learned by reading Don Quixote, or the Arabian Nights, -- books too extravagant to pass for anything but what they really are, even to the juvenile mind; nor are the most veracious children those who are ignorant of Jack and the Bean-Stalk, or of his great namesake, the Giant-Killer.

The objection entertained, by many religious parents, to such books as the above, seems not to have been felt by the subject of the memoir. It appears, from the Dr.'s own observations, that his paramount reason for putting this class of books into the hands of his children was, that a broad foundation might be laid for belief; -- well knowing there would be no lack of events in life to cause skepticism, and to remove the adherence of any exaggerations received in early life. If a child read a tale of wonder, his power of belief actually becomes expanded, and thoughts will be created, which will soar far above the ordinary events of daily life. This will equally apply to a perusal of the marvelous works of God, as recorded in the Scripture, -- preserving, in the meantime, the distinction between things sacred and profane. The energy and intensity of faith, depend greatly on the vigor and warmth of the imagination: hence the Puritans and Covenanters fought and bled with quenchless valor: they had faith, -- but it was a faith inspired and strengthened by an imagination which heard voices from heaven, received as especial answers to prayer; and this species of encouragement made them insensible to danger, and lifted them in intensity of feeling far above all earthly attractions. "Indeed," demands the elegant Coleridge, "if imagination is to be withholden from the service of truth, virtue, and happiness, to what purpose was it given, and in what service is it to be employed?" The venerable Wesley felt the force of this, and abridged and published an edition of the "Fool of Quality."

* * * * * * *

SECTION III.

1774.

Adam's thirst for knowledge appears to have been insatiable; nor was he ever satisfied till he could comprehend the subject brought beneath his notice. He was in the habit, as far as he had light to guide him, of philosophizing upon everything. "I was always," he observed, "a curious lad, and extremely inquisitive: if a stone was thrown up into the air, I wished to know why it came down with greater force than it ascended; why some bodies were hard, and others soft; -- and what it was that united various bodies. I was equally curious in gazing at the stars, and in singling out one from another. I obtained the loan of an old spy-glass -- with this, -- often without hat, and bare-legged, I sallied out on a clear frosty night, to make observations on the moon and stars. I was then extremely hardy, and good discipline has enabled me to pass through much toil, both mental and physical. Since that period, I have been constantly learning, and still know but little either of heaven or earth." What would have been the feelings of Newton or Herschel, if, in their nocturnal

observations, they had unexpectedly dropped upon a boy in a state of comparative nudity, lost to everything terrestrial, and gazing through a short tube, a mere apology for one of their own instruments, as if intensely laboring to penetrate beyond every object of actual vision, into the heavens! and there too, in solitude, as though all around, in the neighborhood were indifferent to knowledge but himself! He would have been more than "patted on the head:" he would have become the subject of prophecy, with some of those astronomical seers, and would have had his heart warmed in the midst of the frost from without, by some substantial token of their approbation. He made considerable proficiency in the science of astronomy at subsequent periods of his life, as opportunities were afforded of cultivating this early taste.

The state of the atmosphere was also a subject of constant observation; and like many old people, who, on the first peep of the morning, begin to prognosticate, from the appearance of the heavens, the probable state of the weather through the day, Adam selected a distant mountain, [32] south of his father's residence, for his barometer: upon this his eye, on first passing the threshold in the morning, was bent. "It was," said he, when directing the attention of the writer to it, "my principal weather-piece: if the summit was enveloped in mist, the day was to be distinguished for rain; if clear, it was to be fair and open." This, to a person, who had to attend to the duties of the field, was of importance; and might be of some consequence to little Adam, who, though not an idler, would be enabled to see his way, through the cloud on the hill, to his books, which, to him, were becoming increasingly valuable, and with which, during a day of rain, he was more than ordinarily indulged. This early attention to the state of the atmosphere, grew up with him; and, in the course of time, he published," A Fair and Foul Weather Prognosticator," [33] which excited considerable interest, and was the subject of varied remark. In offering some observations on the subject, his statement is, "I do not remember the time in which I was unconcerned about the changes of the weather. From my earliest childhood I was bred up on a little farm, which I was taught to care for, and cultivate, ever since I was able to spring the rattle, use the whip, manage the sickle, or handle the spade; and as I found that much of success depended on a proper knowledge and management of the weather, I was led to study it ever since I was eight years of age. I believe meteorology is a natural science, and one of the first that is studied; and that every child in the country makes, untaught, some progress in it. I had actually learned, by silent observation, to form good conjectures concerning the coming weather, and, on this head, to teach wisdom among them that were perfect, especially among such as had not been obliged like me to watch earnestly, that what was so necessary to the family support should not be spoiled by the weather before it was housed. Many a time, even in tender youth, have I watched the heavens with anxiety, examined the different appearances of the morning and evening sun, the phases of the moon, the scintillation of the stars, the course and color of the clouds, the flight of the crow and the swallow, the gambols of the colt, the fluttering of the ducks, and the loud screams of the sea-mews, not forgetting even the hue and croaking of the frog. From the little knowledge I had derived from close observation, I often ventured to direct our agricultural operations in reference to the coming days, and was seldom much mistaken in the reckoning. When I thought I had a pretty good stock of knowledge and experience in this way, I ventured to give counsel to my neighbors. For my kindness, or perhaps officiousness, on this head, I met one day with a mortifying rebuff. I was about ten years of age, it was harvest-time, and 'what sort of a day tomorrow would be,' was the subject of conversation. To a very intelligent gentleman, who was present, I stated in opposition to his opinion,' Mr. P., tomorrow will be a foul day.' To which he answered, 'ADAM, how can you tell?' I answered, without giving the rule on which my prognostication was founded,' O, Sir, I know it will be so.'

You know! how should you know?' 'Why, Sir, ' I pleasantly replied, because I am weather-wise.' 'Yes,' said he, 'or otherwise." The next day, however, proved that my augury was well drawn." [34]

This desire of knowledge inspired him with a singular wish, which led to the no less singular request preferred to his parents, that he might be permitted to visit some gipsies [sic, s-pelling i-s c-orrect];" his object was, to perfect himself in the occult sciences. Among these wanderers, he met with a copy of the three books of "Cornelius Agrippa's Occult Philosophy," from which, though but ill qualified to write, he made several extracts for private use. He took up the works of our great dramatist one day, comprised in a thick, closely-printed, octavo volume; and on reading "Coriolanus," in presence of the writer, he paused, and said," Here is a curse, very like an Irish curse, which I heard when a boy, and among the gipsies:' A curse begin at the root of his heart, that is not glad to see thee!' [35] The man's wife," continued he, "had gone into the neighborhood one day, and returned in the evening before I left to go home: she was not the most prudent woman in the world: the man looked at her, and asked, 'Where is the smelting pot?' she stood silent: he demanded again, 'Where is the smelting pot?' there was still no answer. He inquired a third time, with increased energy, 'Have you drunk it?' the same silence was maintained. He then brought out this dreadful execration, 'God be a curse about the fat of your heart!'" This was not a school in which Adam was likely to acquire much useful knowledge; and it is remarkable, when we consider the creed and professions of his "godly puritanic mother," and the knowledge which she must have had of the general character of such people, that she ever permitted the association.

Though Shakespeare, just noticed, is not known to have been an author with whom he was familiar in early life, he appears to have had some knowledge of dramatic writers, and some little insight also into the proprieties of scenic exhibitions. On going to see Mrs. O'Hara, mentioned in a preceding page, he remarked, "There was a tragedy to be acted by her brothers, and some other young people, one night; and the children in the neighborhood were invited to attend: I was one of the spectators. It was in the house of Counsellor O'Neill: and it was certainly," continued he, laughing, "one of the most tragical of all tragedies, that a tragedian, versed in tragedy, could perform. There was one part, the representation of which did not please me; and supposing that I could do it much better, I foolishly expressed a wish, that I might be permitted to go behind the scenes, and come forward to personate the character." Such a wish would never have been expressed, had he not paid some attention to the sentiments to be uttered by the character personified; and although a little indicative of self-sufficiency, it was not a feeling at all cherished by him, as may be fairly inferred from the rarity of its manifestation. It may be remarked in passing, that these domestic pastimes have not infrequently generated a love of the drama; and we are not certain whether Miss H. More's "Sacred Dramas," have not had the same tendency.

Distinguished, however, as Adam was, for the constant acquisition of knowledge, he is not to be viewed in the light of a sedate student, whose face was scarcely ever disturbed by a smile. He possessed amazing buoyancy of spirit, partook of the sports, indulged in the raillery, and excited the occasional laugh at a school-fellow's expense. A friend having slept long and soundly one morning, in consequence of a cold, and being with difficulty awakened, was sportively numbered among the "seven sleepers," by a traveling companion. The subject of the memoir recalling early times, observed, "There was a heavy, yet clever lad at school, when I was there,

whom we called 'Sleepy Davie.' We had a small book among us, entitled, 'The Seven Sleepers, who slept a hundred years.' We compelled Davie to read out of this, for in that way we used to punish each other. He boggled at the title-page a short time; at length he read, 'The Seven Steppers who stepped a hundred yards.' This turned the laugh upon his tormentors. Another boy was a Roman Catholic: we put into his hands a Dictionary published by a person of the name of Browne, which was used in the school, and insisted upon his reading a definition of Purgatory. We had nick-names for each other. There were two brothers, one of whom we called Goat, and the other Turkey. It fell to the lot of the two brothers to insist upon the Roman Catholic lad reading the definition just named. But instead of following the author, he read, 'Purgatory; a place in which to roast Goats and Turkeys.' This again turned the laugh upon his catechisers." In this, Adam often engaged; and there were occasional sallies of juvenile wit and retort, which afforded both pain and amusement. Browne's definition is worth recording, if it were but for two or three forms of expression employed, which show the acuteness of the little fellows on the Protestant side of the question, in selecting materials capable of being converted into ridicule, in order to render those the more ridiculous, who should be simple enough to submit to their repetition. The lexicographer says, -- "Purgatory. A place of purging. An imaginary place which Papists suppose to be in the middle betwixt heaven and hell, wherein men may seem to have a taste of both: of hell, in respect of their grievous torments; of heaven, in respect of the hope of their felicity at the last, which makes them suffer quietly the pains inflicted on them: They say that such as are therein may be eased of, and redeemed from those pains, by the works and prayers of the living." [36]

Amusements like these, puerile [trivial, childish] though many of them be, are still in their proper place, associated with youth; and it is the holiday of boyhood, which here engages attention, that period in which each exclaims, "When I am a man!" which Montgomery, in his Lectures, styles "the poetry of childhood," and towards which stage of being, each is putting forth the character he will probably have to sustain through the whole period of his earthly pilgrimage. There is an alliance too, in such amusements, with something intellectual and though they have occasionally embodied in them "the ingenious art of tormenting," still there is the exercise of mind, and each may commence master in his turn.

It may be further observed, in reference to the amusement above described, that there was always an appropriateness in the passages selected, to some peculiarity about the boy, in his figure, habits, connections, &c.; so Adam, together with his companions, was induced to search for such passages as were most suitable for those upon whom this kind of mental punishment was to be inflicted; and hence an enlarged acquaintance with the books immediately within reach.

There was another amusement calculated to exercise the intellectual faculties, of which he had some delightful remembrances. "It leads the mind back," said he, "many hundred years, to the days of Homer and Virgil. A tune was proposed by one of the boys, familiar to each of the group, to which corresponding words were to be sung. Each boy was obliged to contribute a verse, and he who commenced, gave out a line, the meaning of which no one knew, till the voice was about to be raised: a second was obliged to find another line, suitable in sense and length, while the first was in the course of singing; and so on with the third and fourth, till the verse was completed, and the notes finished."

The song of Deborah was evidently formed on this plan, concerning which Millman [37] has furnished the following just and spirit-stirring description." Deborah's hymn of triumph, was worthy of the victory: the solemn religious commencement -- the picturesque description of the state of the country -- the mustering of the troops from all quarters -- the sudden transition to the most contemptuous sarcasm against the tribes that stood aloof -- the life, fire, and energy of the battle -- the bitter pathos of the close. Lyric poetry has nothing in any language, which can surpass the boldness and animation of this striking production. But this hymn has great historic, as well as poetic value: it is the only description of the relation of the tribes to each other, and of the state of society during the period of the Judges. The northern tribes -- Zebulon, Issachar, and Napthali, appear in a state of insurrection against their oppressors: they receive some assistance from Ephraim, Manasseh, and Benjamin: the pastoral tribes beyond Jordan remain in unpatriotic inactivity: Dan and Asher are engaged in their mercantile concerns; -- a curious fact, for we have no other intimation of any mercantile transactions of the Hebrews, as these expressions seem to imply, earlier than the reign of Solomon. Of Judah and Simeon, there is no notice whatever, as if they had seceded from the confederacy, or were occupied by enemies of their own."

Another striking example of it occurs in the song of triumph recorded in 1 Sam. xviii., celebrating the return of the victorious David from the slaughter of the Philistine champion. And we have also an exquisitely beautiful instance of it, in the dedication of Solomon's Temple, upon the removal of the ark, when the installation of the God of Israel into his appropriate dwelling, took place. "It can scarcely be doubted," observes Millman, "that the 24th Psalm was adopted and used on this occasion: the singers, as they drew near the gate, broke out in these words, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, that the king of glory may come in:' It was answered from the other part of the choir, 'Who is the king of glory?' The whole choir responded, 'The Lord of hosts, he is the king of glory!" The service used in our cathedrals, although somewhat modified, still retains this ancient form of chanting in solemn strains, in strophe and antistrophe, or as they are now called, antiphones, or anthems: one part of the choir answering to the other. D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," furnishes a striking example of a similar custom among the Venetian gondoliers: "They chant," he observes, "long passages from Ariosto and Tasso, sometimes with peculiar melody: there are always two concerned who alternately sing the strophes: it has properly no melodious movement, and is a sort of medium between the canto fermo, and the canto figurato; it approaches the former by recitativical declamation, and to the latter, by passages by which one syllable is detained and embellished. One begins the song, and when he ends his strophe, the other takes up the lay; and so they continue the song alternately throughout the whole of it: the same notes are invariably returned; but according to the subject matter of the strophe, they lay a greater or smaller stress, sometimes on one, and sometimes on another note, and indeed change the enunciation of the whole strophe, as the object of the poem alters."

Amidst other juvenile amusements in which he indulged, there was one which was a deviation from his general regularity of conduct, and over which he seriously mourned, because of its pernicious effect upon his mind: it was a love of dancing. This, however, when he saw its tendency, he severely reprobated; and failed not to employ the influence of his pen in the discouragement of its practice. [38] A love of music was its precursor. "Some of our singers," he remarked, "affect to despise me, because of my aversion to their singing pieces, and to instrumental music in a place of worship: they take it for granted, that I do not like it, because I do

not understand it; but I know the whole theory of music, and could play the violin before many of them were born. I invariably raised my own tunes, till we got singers introduced among us, though now, I can scarcely bear to hear my own voice."

Though the circumstances of the family were far from affluent, the common necessaries of life were cheap, and a family could be supported at a trifling expense. Various items turned up in the course of different conversations, when particular circumstances or remarks led to them, showing the prices of particular articles, which, when contrasted with the present prices, become matters of curiosity. Pointing to a house in the neighborhood of his father's residence, "I have bought there," said he, "seven quarts of buttermilk for a penny; and that, with twopennyworth of potatoes, would have served some poor families a whole day. We could then have purchased salmon for a penny farthing per pound, as good as that which is now sold for eighteen-pence; and rabbits were only sixpence per pair."

Speaking of food, he said, "Cold tea was very much used, when I was a boy; and it was taken without sugar. I was very partial to it; but it often made me poorly; my hand trembled; and yet I was not aware at first, that it was occasioned by the tea." This extract from the page of his own experience, gave, no doubt, in after life, an edge to the arguments of Mr. Wesley against tea drinking, in his "Letter" on that subject, and had a share of influence in the abandonment of it, by the subject of the memoir, in 1792, continuing steadfast in his resolution never more to taste it, to the close of life. Among other articles of food in which Adam delighted, was a thing called by the natives, sloke. This is a kind of sea-weed, which grows upon the rocks at Portstuart, and which he was in the habit of collecting. To the writer, even in its prepared state, it was neither pleasant to the eye, nor agreeable to the taste, though considered by some persons a delicacy.

There were two or three enjoyments connected with the gathering of the sloke, in the more boyish days of Adam's residence near Portstuart. (Port as it was, it was with difficulty fishing boats could land, till sometime about 1830, when J. Cromie, Esq., occasioned a kind of basin to be hewn out of the rocks, large enough to admit a small sloop at high water.) To watch the fishermen coming in, when the tide was up, and had covered the weed, was one of his gratifications. This was not unaccompanied with difficulty; "For they had to drag the boats up from the water," said he; "and such was the constant wear attendant upon this, that the rocks over which they were drawn, were fluted in long lines, being completely worn down by the friction." As the tide was often at its height, on these occasions, there was another object which he was accustomed to sit and watch, and which he used to go on purpose to witness, during a storm. It was called the clunk; and its destruction by Mr. Cromie, when he formed his miniature harbor, was a source of regret to the subject of the memoir, in old age. A high cluster of large broken rocks, forming a tolerably sized mound, and apparently thrown together in a state of confusion, by some violent convulsion of nature, was presented to the eye. At the base, and towards the sea, was an opening into a kind of cavern, leading up to the center, and closed at the end, except an aperture, like the rugged shaft of a pit, which terminated at the summit. When the sea was violently agitated, the heaving billows rushed into the entrance of the cavern, with tremendous violence; and carried by the impetus given, to the end, without the possibility of receding, in consequence of rapidly succeeding waves, the foremost were naturally forced upward through the central opening, which being very jagged, the column of water became beautifully divided, as it continued to play and shoot upward, feathering, curving, and falling in graceful showers and streams, round the main body of the current, till the

strength of the last drop was expended in the air. Column succeeded column; and, accompanying each rush of water, was a deafening roar, but perfectly dissimilar from the loud and dissonant dash of kindred surges along the rocky coast. Here Adam had often gazed on Nature's water-works; but scrambling up the cliffs, in company with the writer, in 1830, to look for the clunk, as if to invite back some of his early joys, he found that it had disappeared, in order to make way for the work of art which had been formed at its base.

Let the reader pause a moment, and bend the mind's eye upon the ground over which he has been brought, and let him select a few particulars from what has been advanced. He will soon perceive, that when concentrated in "little Adam Clarke," they will form so many scattered rays of light brought into a focus, all contributing, less or more, to point him out as a luminary emerging from obscurity, and ordained to shine beautifully bright with other stars; either singly, or amid the galaxy, contributing to the splendor of the midnight heavens. There is scarcely anything ordinary in his movements, even in ordinary cases and circumstances. His parents, though dignified in ancestry, and respectably connected with the living, are in a comparatively humble station in life, in consequence of which he labors under many disadvantages. They, nevertheless, direct their attention to the cultivation of his mind and of his morals -- the father severely intent upon the improvement of the former, and the mother sedulously engaged in grounding and perfecting the latter. But however well qualified for their separate tasks, they find, that while their tyro [beginner, novice, recruit] manifests good moral feeling, and amazing precocity for other things, he evinces, till some time after other children have made considerable progress in letters and figures, an utter inaptitude to take in the commonest elementary principles of education. Suddenly, a change takes place, -- a change somewhat analogous in letters to that which is styled a "new creation" in religion; after which he strides along the path of knowledge, like Asahel, over the plains and mountains of Judea, who "was light of foot as a wild roe." Continuing to fix our eye upon him, we trace him through the several gradations of childhood, boyhood, and youth, and frequently find unobtrusive intimations of something extraordinary in character: he is inured to hardness, so as to be almost impervious to cold; -- industry and early rising are settled down into the form of a habit; -- amusement is indulged, only so far as it connects itself with the harmless in juvenile pastimes, and the useful in fishing; he has a nature possessed of exquisite sensibility and tenderness, and though liberal in the extreme, is so much of the economist as to mourn over needless indulgence; -- blessed with regularity of conduct, and respect for religion, he preserves the most rigid attention to moral [truth], while ignorant of evangelical truth; -- favored with a buoyancy of spirit which might have proved fatal to others, he is preserved in the midst of it, from intoxication at the fountain of human delight; -- an insatiable thirst after knowledge is perceived, often seeking to gratify itself in the profound and mysterious, being especially inquisitive about everything that seemed to connect itself with the invisible world and the soul of man, subjecting himself to pain, and fear; and inconvenience, in its acquisition; -- a taste for the classics is acquired; -- judgment commences its decisions, in passing sentence upon, and in attempting to improve the literary defects of others; -- improvements are grafted on experience with the wisdom of age; -- a memory is discernible, which stoops and picks up the smallest particles of an incident, conversation, or passing event, bearing about the whole, through every changing scene of life; -- early prejudices are seen to strike their roots, which will afterwards be found to be not only serviceable to him, but to constitute some of the excellences and peculiarities of his manhood; -- a partiality for the antique is visible, at a period when a love of novelty is the predominant passion; -- books are prized above rubies; -- not satisfied with philosophizing on natural objects beneath his feet, he elevates his eye to heaven,

and is enamored with the pure azure and host of stars above his head. Here we have stirring, some of the elements, the peculiarities, the characteristics of genius; and there is scarcely anything allied to the useful, the excellent, and the good, in the great man, in which he did not excel. As the sapling oak virtually possesses the trunk, the foliage, and the acorn-fruit of the mature tree, towards which it is perpetually growing and putting forth its strength, and at which, if its vegetable life is spared, it will eventually arrive; so Adam the younger, bids fair to be all that was actually beheld and admired in Adam the elder, -- being the subject of a special providence, as if spared for important public purposes, in the accomplishment of which, he was to flourish, and tower above his fellows!

* * * * * * *

SECTION IV.

1776.

Unto the period to which the reader has been conducted, it does not appear that Adam had evidenced the existence of any decidedly religious impressions. The effect of moral restraint upon a naturally sensitive mind had been, to protect him from the contamination of gross evil, by placing before him the excellence of truth and virtue; indeed, it must be manifest, that had he thought seriously upon the great subject of personal religion, and with a desire to arrive at a conclusion, the discrepancy existing between the creeds and forms of worship of his parents, must have involved him in a state of harassing perplexity, as both of them were, in "their line of things," consistent and devout; hitherto, the instructions of the mother had, in their "puritanic" austerity, more of the covenant "which gendereth to bondage," than of the one which makes its votaries free: every command was accompanied, in case of its non-observance, with a roll of thunder from Mount Sinai; and with this sounding in his ears, and its lightnings flashing before his eyes, -- no wonder the thought sometimes flitted across his mind, that "religious people must have a painful time of it." Under the stirrings of a spirit touched by, though perhaps not impregnated with genius, his eye had wandered abroad over "the varied field of nature;" the impulse, kindred in sort, though differing in degree, with that which led the immortal Newton to explore the laws of attraction and gravitation, set young Clarke upon the inquiry as already intimated, -- why the stone thrown into the air came down with greater force than it ascended? -- what was the reason of the difference in the consistence of bodies, and by what law particles cohered? and it was this ardor of investigation which impelled him, bare-footed and bare-headed, to sally forth in defiance of the frosts of a winter's night, to contemplate the glory of the firmament gemmed with stars. But, as yet, the eye of his mind had not darted beyond that firmament, into "the heaven of heavens," to search after a higher wisdom, and to behold a more resplendent light, than philosophy can furnish. That divine ray, however, which enlightens every human spirit, began to struggle forth from the cloud of form and ceremonial in which it had been enwrapt. His meditations upon the Divine Being were now to assume the form of a definite subject to his apprehension: the fear of God, and reverence of his word already implanted, were the seed, which, having been "cast into honest and good ground," was beginning to "strike root downward, and to bear fruit upward:" the study of the Bible, was becoming one of deep and intense interest; it was read in order that it might be "marked, learned, and inwardly digested." He could now trace the congruity of religious truth, with the deep and strong emotions of desire, and hope, and fear, by turns dominant in his mind, and thus he began "to feel after God, if haply he might find him:" "the day-star from on high" was arising in

his heart; and notwithstanding the conflicting creeds to which allusion has been made, he at length, in a moment of characteristic independence, which spoke him as a boy what he subsequently became as a man, threw all pre-conceived opinions aside, and formed, from the scriptures of truth alone, the one he held with godly jealousy, and preached with astonishing success, for the period of half a century!

Adam was about eighteen, when at the instigation of Mark O'Neill, he was first induced to hear the Methodists, who came to preach at a village called Burnside. His own account is as follows:-- "The preaching was in a barn; the preacher, John Brettell, was a tall thin man, with long sleek hair, and of a very serious countenance. When the service was over, he, with some persons who had accompanied him from Coleraine, went to the door of a person whose house adjoined the place; I, and several others, followed. On arriving, he turned round, and, with deep solemnity, exhorted us to give ourselves to God; he then entered the house, into which we followed; he spoke a short time to the persons within, and we remained to the close." It appears, young Clarke was much impressed with this first sermon, and continued to be a regular hearer of the Methodists, whenever they visited that part of the country; "for they came," he observed, "frequently, and preached first in one house, and then in another, spreading themselves over the country:" but it was not until Mr. Thomas Barber visited Coleraine, that he became decidedly religious. Through the ministry of that apostolic man, (who was acting as a missionary at his own cost, and emphatically doing the work of an evangelist over an extensive tract of country near the sea coast, in the county of Antrim,) he was brought to a knowledge of the truth; soon after which, his parents also were induced to attend the same ministry. As but little is known of Mr. Thomas Barber, a short sketch of his personal history may prove acceptable to the reader. He is stated to have first heard the gospel preached among the Methodists, at Sidare, in the county of Fermanagh, and to have been brought to a knowledge of God under the ministry of the venerable founder of Methodism, the Rev. John Wesley. Soon after he joined the society, he was enabled to rejoice in an assurance of pardoning mercy; and such was the fervor of his zeal for the glory of God, and his melting compassion for the salvation of man, that he almost immediately commenced the work of a public teacher. A divine unction attended his ministry, both in the awakening of sinners, and the sanctifying of believers. His first, removal from the place of his conversion, was to a part of the Londonderry circuit; which included Coleraine, and the country specified by Adam. He had successively twenty-one stations, of one and two years, in each, and sat down as a supernumerary, at Glass Lough in the county of Monaghan, in 1808, -- dying about the eightieth year of his age, in 1825. In the prosecution of his ministry, he feared no danger, and neglected no opportunity of promoting the religious welfare of his fellows. Instant in season, and out of season, he visited from house to house, and was especially attentive to the classes. He has been known frequently to stop a whole congregation at the close of public service, and speak to them more particularly; and irregular as this might seem, a divine blessing often followed. While his holy example led on the humble and upright in the path of piety, the warmth of his devotion animated the lukewarm. His preaching, though singular, was artless, and instructive. He expatiated on the doctrines of the witness of the Spirit, and perfect love; these he denominated the eyes of Christianity without which man was sure to walk in darkness. In health, he was an example of integrity, humility, and diligence and in sickness, equally remarkable for fortitude, meekness, patience and cheerfulness. [39] One perfection, however, which was remarkable for its prominence, and which threw a charm round him peculiarly attractive to young people, was his simplicity, which reduced him to a child among children. His attention to young people was unusual; he instituted meetings to promote their religious instruction;

and these meetings were extensively useful, not only to children but to parents. Here was a suitable foster-father for young Clarke, -- evidently sent in the order of providence, -- and sent to one, whose docility of mind at the time, was such as to inspire the strongest and brightest hopes. They clung to each other, -- Adam, in consequence of the interest and affection manifested by Mr. Barber in his welfare, -- and Mr. Barber, because of the openness, intelligence, and readiness of Adam to receive the blessings of the gospel.

Mr. Barber, in person, was rather above the middle size -- strongly built -- extremely active -- frank -- generous: he was attired in the general costume of the preachers of that day, and finished off with a short stunted wig. He was at the Manchester Conference of 1795, during the whole of which, his son in the gospel, paid him the utmost attention. There was an appeal on some particular subject, made from the English to the Irish Conference, in which Mr. Barber acquitted himself with great credit, showing considerable force, fluency, and aptitude in the discussion of its several parts. [40]

The Methodists, who had been established some time in Coleraine, visited the parish of Agherton about the year 1777. The account of Adam's conversion will be found to be substantially the same with the one written by himself; but as the extract from the conversations is already before the public in an unacknowledged form, in a sermon preached by the Rev. P. McNicoll, some remark here may be necessary; just so far as to notice, that though the language of the two accounts may be perceived in a slight degree to differ, yet it is but the variation which will generally be found between the speaking, and writing, of the same person, and especially when writing for publication; the one style being distinguished for freedom and familiarity, -- the other for cautious formality and precision: besides, different minor points of a relation are omitted, or elicited agreeably with the occasion, company, or time of delivery, and in the case before us, he tells us himself, that his memory could readily take in great things; not so readily trivial ones; that it could perfectly recollect ideas, and general description; but not particular words; that it could give the substance of a conversation at any time, or at any distance of time, but not the identical terms used in that conversation."

Divine light continued to pour into Adam's mind, while he attended the means of grace, and associated with the people of God; and as that light increased, his distress on account of sin, and his anxiety to know that he was accepted as a child of God, through Jesus Christ, became insupportable, he went out to labor in the field one morning, unusually burdened in spirit. The field itself he afterwards pointed out to the writer, and also the particular spot, in which God manifested himself to him. As a tale of another day is suspended on the connection of this field with his conversion, its precise situation may be noticed. It is situated near the new church, on the right hand in going from Coleraine to Portstuart, and is the next but one to the residence of the late Counselor O'Neill. One side joins the public road, being separated from it by its own hedge; the upper corner of it pointing towards the Gazebo, from which it is only the distance of a few yards. About the middle of the far fence, on a line with the road, and from two to three hundred yards from the Gazebo, Adam was employed as "a tiller of the ground." The labor of the mind could no longer support the labor of the hand. He laid down his implements of husbandry, and in deep anguish of spirit betook himself to prayer; he was now in an agony, and resolved to take the kingdom of heaven by violence. "The ground whereon I knelt," he observed, "was like plowed land." But peace ensued. His soul was filled with joy and gladness, and his lips with praise.

During the visit, to which allusion has been made, he formed, as will hereafter be seen, the design of purchasing the field, and of erecting a house upon it, that, amidst those interesting scenes of his youth, he might spend at least a part of the evening of life. He gazed on the spot, which to him was "holy ground," with deep interest, having been consecrated, like the circle around the burning bush, by the more immediate presence of God, who lit up, on the altar of his heart, an inextinguishable fire.

While the universal church acknowledges "one Lord, one faith, one baptism," the modes of operation of the Spirit of God upon the human heart, are as diverse as the varieties of mental constitution upon which they are brought to act; hence the multiform experiences (yet all substantially the same) which evidence the truth of the great doctrines of our common Christianity. The translation of the subject from the kingdom of darkness to the kingdom of light, is as genuine under one mode of operation as under another, where the heart is sincere, and the faith pure and simple.

In some cases the terrors of the law have to be sounded forth; in others, the "still small voice" of the Spirit is whispered: some need to be aroused as by a trumpet-voice from the death of sin; others are gently led, yet it is the same Spirit which worketh in all. The wisdom of God is made manifest also in that, which, to erring human reason, assumes the character of mystery -- as, in the apparent disproportion between the sense of transgression in any given subject, and the real measure of the offense: mystery, is, however, in this instance as in all others, the result of ignorance; the ways of God are just and equal, and his designs fraught with wisdom. The case of Adam appears to be one of those, in which the depth of sorrow outweighed the number of his offenses [I doubt that this can ever be the case, for there are no sins taken "lightly" by God. But, one can fail to trust Christ's mercy long after God is ready to forgive. -- DVM]: he was still a boy, -- had the fear of God before his eyes -- had been kept from "presumptuous sins" -- and therefore seemed to need only the forgiveness of "private faults:" [no, "sins"] and yet we behold him, for a considerable time, in great agony of spirit, under a sense of the wrath of God; to quote his own deeply emphatic language, -- "Lying upon the ground dumb with grief, and almost petrified with anguish;" but looking onward to the wisdom of the design: we perceive that by means of this severe trial of faith and patience, God was preparing, a minister for his church, who, having passed through great tribulation [not "tribulation" -- "conviction for sin" -- DVM] himself, would know how to advise and help its members, in every variety of Christian experience, and "to comfort them with that comfort, wherewith he himself was eventually comforted of God."

A glance at the two periods of 1760 and 1762, assigned for his birth, may here be necessary, as several forms of expression, appear contradictory of his age at the period of his first becoming acquainted with the Methodists. The introduction of preaching at Agherton, as has just been noticed, was in 1777; and his conversion to God, as will afterwards be seen, was in 1778. Now, though he styled himself "very young," when speaking of the period at which he heard Mr. Brettell, and a "little boy," when writing with a reference to it, yet he must have been, taking either of the periods assigned for his birth, from fifteen to seventeen years of age at the time, and from sixteen to eighteen when he became decidedly religious. The truth is, there was an apparent fondness in him, when adverting to the two extremes of life, in connection with the mercy of God to himself, to minify the one, and to extend the other; -- associating his conversion with the general notion and impression of youth, being thankful to his Creator, when looking back through the vista

of years, for calling him to a state of grace so early, and for preserving him in it so long. Hence, when the two points met in the mind, and were widely sundered by reflection, and any useful object was to be gained, he would speak, as he has written, -- of "the little boy" -- the "lad" -- the "youth," -- and of his "gray hairs," -- the "old man," &c., -- the thirty or forty years between, authorizing the relative terms, and rendering the subject impressive both to the hearer and the observer. A great deal of this too, may be traced to what has been already remarked on in another place, in reference to the beginning of life; -- resolving itself into what Montgomery calls "the poetry of age," whose language is, "When I was a child!" Added to which was his appearance; for when he was on his first circuit, in 1782-3, at a period when he must have been, agreeably to the above dates, from twenty-one to twenty-three years of age, he was still "the little boy;" being thus characterized by the people, who were struck with the amazing difference between his apparent youth, and his wisdom. The appellation thus common among others, might with propriety be employed by, and grow into use with himself.

Mrs. Clarke had attended a class-meeting at a small village called Mullihicall, and approving of it, afterwards took Adam with her, who was not much enamored of personal appeals to experience. He had his name also inserted in a class paper, by Mr. Barber, contrary to his wish. It was not long, however, before he felt the necessity, and esteemed the privilege of Christian communion. In the class in which he met, there was a want, at one time, of perfect harmony; and the manner in which he combated the prejudices of one of the disaffected members, showed considerable adroitness. "I will not," said the person in question, "meet in class with such a person as I. K." "Why not?" inquired Adam; "he is not METHODISM; you cannot consider him as either its doctrines, discipline, or worship." "He is wicked," was returned, "and not fit to meet in class." "I meet with one much more wicked than he is," replied Adam. "That is impossible," was rejoined. After denying and affirming for some time, Adam led him into his reason for taking the defensive, by saying, "I meet with the devil -- he is more wicked than I. K. -- and I am certain he often makes one; but then I know that God is there too, and he is greater than the devil."

When Adam entered properly into the spirit of class-meeting, he was not only constant in his attendance, but complied with all the financial rules with which it stands connected. Urging attention to the class moneys upon the Irish preachers, during one of the occasions of his Presidency, serious objections were raised against it, by the Irish Conference, because of the poverty of the people. "Tell me not," he exclaimed, "of the poverty of the people; I know what it is; but I know, at the same time, that none of them can be poorer than I was; and yet, when a lad, I always had a penny for my class, and a shilling for the renewal of my ticket." This was received much better than it would have been, had it proceeded from the lips of an Englishman.

Notwithstanding he had read his Bible frequently before, yet it was not till sometime about this period, that he began to read with a constancy, intensity, and seriousness, which had not previously been manifested. Speaking on the subject, he said, "No man ever taught me the doctrine which I embraced, I received it by simply reading the Bible. From it alone, I saw that justification by faith, the witness of the Spirit, and the sanctification of the heart to God, were all attainable. These I saw as clearly then, as I do now; and from these I never swerved. I have been confirmed and strengthened in them, by reading; but the light was clear to begin with. I often read the Bible on my knees. When I came to a passage I did not fully understand, I said, 'Lord, here is thy Book, it is given for the salvation of man; it can be no salvation to him, unless he understand it; thou hast the

key of this text, unlock it to me:' and praying thus, I generally received such light as was satisfactory to myself. The sense of the New Testament was perfectly understood by me; I do not mean to say," continued he, "that it was understood in its criticalities, but in reference to the meaning of God in it. In this way I understood the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles, and the three first chapters of the Apocalypse: the remainder of the latter book, I considered prophetic, and rarely meddled with it."

It was not long after Adam received remission of sins, that be began to exhort sinners to flee from the wrath to come. Mr. Moor, who had been the previous year in the Coleraine circuit, observes [41] that after he himself left the circuit, "Mr. Rutherford remained on it another year. Through him," he proceeds, "and through Miss Isabella Young, (afterwards Mrs. Rutherford,) I received an account of our friend from time to time. It seems, he not only received the full and free spirit of the gospel adoption, but, to the astonishment of all, began to preach in some parts of the circuit; and generally to the admiration of all who heard him. His preaching, it seems from the account given, had little more of polish than his personal appearance; but there was a life and energy in his plain, and sometimes rough address, which humbled curious hearers, and greatly edified those who waited upon God in the true Spirit of the gospel. He spoke of this epoch of his life himself with his usual simplicity. After my removal, Mrs. Rutherford used kindly to converse with him, and lend him books; and as the fire was hot within him, a little encouragement caused it to break forth, for which thousands, I doubt not, will have to praise God in the day of assembled worlds." Adam received great benefit from the contact he had with Mr. Rutherford, and the family of Mr. Young; and the genuineness of his gratitude may be inferred from the publicity he has given to its expression.

"My method," said he, when speaking of his labors, "was to ascend a hill; and, surveying the neighboring hamlets and villages, to arrange a plan of visitation: then, proceeding to the first, to enter a house, commonly saying, 'Peace be to this house.' I used next to address myself to the inmates in such language as this, 'Have you any objection to unite with a stranger in praying to Almighty God?' The answer generally -- I may say invariably, was favorable. Having secured their consent, I added, 'Perhaps you have some neighbor whom you would like to join with you?' The answer was in the affirmative, and with almost the same breath, someone of the family received the commission of -- 'Away, fetch Pat such a one, and Betty such a one, and don't forget neighbor such a one.' They came dropping in one after another, and the house was often filled. When all were assembled, I gave out a hymn, -- and in those days, I had a clear, strong, well-toned voice; nor was there a hymn in the large blessed hymn book, to which I could not pitch a tune. Sometimes, I stopped, and spoke about the hymn that had been sung, asking whether they understood the meaning of different lines, -- gave the sense of them, -- and spoke about the good God to whom the hymn referred, and how grieved he was with persons getting drunk, swearing, telling lies, &c. After addressing them, I knelt down and prayed; and then, while they were yet staring at me, and at each other, I was off like a dart to another place. In this way I proceeded, going to Port-Rush and other places, -- six, eight, and ten miles round the country, collecting and addressing eight or nine congregations in a day, and walking occasionally a distance of twenty miles. The people were pleased with me, for I was young, and little of my age." It is not to be supposed, whatever his years or size might be, that he would have been able to have thrown such a charm over society, if he had not had something more than ordinary to offer, as food for the affections and intellects of his hearers.

All these notices of early life, taken from later conversions, were either elicited by direct interrogatories, illustrative of some particular subject under discussion, or occasioned by circumstances and cases which had occurred. Among Adam's school-fellows was a youth named Andrew Coleman; between whom and himself a strong attachment existed, and who, when the former began to preach, heard him; -- became in consequence, deeply in earnest for salvation; obtained the "pearl of great price," and finally became a Methodist preacher. In him Adam found an intelligent and affectionate friend; and from the biographical sketch he has furnished, he seems to have been a facsimile of himself. Society cannot present a more touching, lovely, and interesting picture, than that of two youths, united in affection, virtuous in life, earnest in zeal for the welfare of the human family, simple and impassioned in their addresses, yet modest withal, and constantly repairing to the fountain of knowledge, and sipping of its purest streams. Such were Adam Clarke and Andrew Coleman, -- living and loving like David and Jonathan, -- each preferring the other to himself!

Through the labors of traveling preachers, Adam, and others, the society multiplied so as to render a chapel necessary; and the village of Mullihicall was the place proposed for its erection. This village was seen on the rise towards Portstuart from the house of Mr. Clarke, and at no great distance from it; so far as the writer could judge, about half a mile. Here a class was formed, and here Adam was initiated into this part of Methodist discipline. He continued to meet, till a new one was raised; himself afterwards becoming a leader. The village, in consequence of its more elevated situation, and in contra-distinction to another of the same name, was called Upper Mullihicall. As the place itself was small, and the society poor, all notions of estimates, galleries, and "stones, polished after the similitude of a palace," must be excluded from the mind; it was the day of small and feeble things, and perfectly in character with the circumstances of the people and the place. A humble erection, in the form, and of the height of a single-floor cottage, thatched, and of unsquared stone, lifted up its head with primitive simplicity, -- somewhat similar to one that might be conceived to have been built for the accommodation of a few families, in some retired nook, during the first ages of Christianity. It was chiefly constructed by the members themselves; and in its erection, Adam Clarke took no inconsiderable share of the toil. When opening a new chapel in Halifax, on which occasion the writer was present, he observed at the close, when addressing the audience on the subject of the collection; "It has been one of the most pleasurable feelings of my life, in connection with the worship of God, that I have an interest in a place reared to his honor, by having helped to build it. The good people fixed upon having a chapel, near the place where my father resided. I loved God, and rejoiced in the prosperity of his work. My father allowed me to take his own horse and cart; and, to and from the cart, I carried stones nearly twice the size of what ought to have been lifted by me, in proportion to the strength I had to bestow: but I seemed inspired on the occasion; and if any person had offered me twenty thousand pounds for every twenty pound of stone I carried, as an inducement to abandon the work, I would have rejected the proposal with contempt. Oh, no! I would not have taken worlds for my interest in the work that was unfolding itself to my view, in the salvation of my own soul, and the good of my neighbors, -- so much of which was in all likelihood to be accomplished within that sacred enclosure." On directing the eye of the writer afterwards to the village, from the road leading to Port-stuart, -- "Many a blessed prayer-meeting I have had yonder," said he: and then pointing to a but a little further on, he added, "A good man and his wife lived there; aye, those were the days of the Son of Man!" referring to the innocence, purity, and simplicity of its inhabitants.

The writer being a little solicitous to have a view of this primitive place of worship, was escorted by Mr. Gait, of Portstuart, to the village. But, alas, not a vestige of it was left, as Mr. Galt himself had anticipated. A small barn, in which were some cattle, had been reared on its site. So soon do things rise and fall into decay in Ireland! The village itself was composed of a few huts, indicating great indigence on the part of their inmates. Mr. Galt, who was a local preacher, observed, he had preached the last sermon in the chapel; and although he knew it had ceased to be occupied as a place of worship for the space of at least fifteen years, and had no hope of seeing it in the shape of a chapel, yet he thought a few feet of the walls might possibly remain. When the desolation was mentioned to him who had toiled as one of its builders, he remarked, "It ought not to have been permitted to go to decay; it was settled on the Conference plan, and ought to have stood for the benefit of the people for ever."

Mr. and Mrs. Clarke finding it impracticable to educate Adam for the ministry, as was originally intended, apprenticed him to Mr. Francis Bennet, a distant relative, and an extensive linen-merchant, in Coleraine. Mr. Moor, who entered the Londonderry circuit in 1779, says:-- "It was, I believe, about this time, certainly a very little before, or after, that a Mr. Bennet, a very respectable linen-merchant in Coleraine, with whom I was intimate, offered him a situation in his warehouse, which was accepted by him with the consent of his parents. Mr. Bennet knew that his clerk and overseer was a religious man; but he was not sensible of the depth of principle which actuated him." [42] Had Mr. Moor cultivated an acquaintance amounting to what is strictly implied in "intimacy," with Adam, he would neither have viewed him in the light of a "clerk," nor an "overseer," but simply as an apprentice; as such he entered Mr. Bennet's service, and as such he would have continued, till the term had expired, provided both parties could have agreed, had not Providence designed him for a station more exalted, -- the very one intended by his parents, though not among the same Christian denomination. He must, when Mr. Moor entered the circuit, agreeably to his mother's era of his birth, have been about nineteen years of age; a period apparently late for an apprenticeship: but his parents, as has just been stated, had intended him for something else; and while waiting and watching for favorable openings and better circumstances, time was passing almost imperceptibly on. He was in Coleraine, and with Mr. Bennet, when Mr. Rutherford was in the circuit, and Mr. Rutherford, as we have seen, "remained" a year after Mr. Moor's departure. That it was during the latter part of Mr. Rutherford's second year, he entered the service of Mr. Bennet, will appear pretty evident from Adam's remark in reference to Mr. Rutherford, -- "He was accustomed to come to the parish of Agherton, where my father resided, and to preach in different places. I heard him every where; and in returning from the places of preaching, was in the habit of walking behind him, and took delight in literally treading in his steps."

Viewing Adam Clarke as now removed from beneath the parental roof; -- a member of the Wesleyan body, and an exhorter; -- engaged also in the service of one who sustained the character of master and relative, those who feel an interest in his history, will be anxious to know how he conducted himself in his new employment. The biographers of Milton have been censured for their particularity in reference to his different places of abode; but as the curiosity of a world is at variance with the voice of the critic, the writer passes on as if he heard not, as much delighted with his notice, as the critic with his opinion. On referring to some notes on the occasion of the writer's visit, the following entry appears:-- "We reached Coleraine about five o'clock in the evening. As

we stood at the door of the inn, while the horses were being harnessed to the chaise which was to take us to Portstuart, he who had paced the streets in early life, asked -- pointing towards the place at the time, 'Do you see that white corner house? It is the one in which Mr. Bennet lived, to whom I was apprenticed in the linen trade.'" Being with him in the town, the succeeding week, the writer took a sketch of the premises, with some of the adjacent buildings. Mr. Glen, a spirit-merchant, had then become the occupant. The house is on the left hand in proceeding to the river, and constitutes the corner, which terminates the top of Bridge-Street, and commences Meeting-House Lane. While Adam resided here, he was diligent and faithful, earnest and conscientious.

He has been heard to revert to "humiliating services," which he performed for an aged female; but he was employed in some of these also for the young. One of Mr. Bennet's sons carrying attention rather coldly towards Adam, in the latter part of life, he observed, with reference to the children generally, but involving at the time this special case of neglect,-- "They owe me not a little; I did much for them, when children; I nursed, and carried them about:" then, with one of those implicatory sentences, which conveys half as much more as is expressed, he added; -- "I have done even more than wash their faces."

Mr. Bennet told a friend, when speaking of Adam, that he always carried a pocket Bible with him, and when he heard any of the men swear, or saw them act improperly, he used to take it out of his pocket, and pointing to a text bearing upon their conduct, left it with them as a rebuke. This plan might be safely recommended to all, and would be the best method some persons could adopt; for the wording and manner of a rebuke will very often defeat its design. But the act of carrying about a portable edition of the Bible, not only for private instruction, but for public benefit, might be attended with great advantage. With Adam, it was like a pocket-pistol! His ears were no sooner assailed with the profanity which outraged public morals, than he drew forth his weapon, -- charged, -- pointed, -- and let fly at the transgressor with -- "Thus saith the Lord." Here was an authority against which there was no appeal, and before which most men profess to bow! God himself appeared so immediately present in the words as the speaker, that the agent was lost sight of for the moment. On other occasions, and to other persons, he adopted the general plan of reproof, but always tempered it with the "meekness of wisdom."

Not satisfied with turning men from evil, but solicitous to draw the well-disposed to greater good, he rose at four o'clock on the mornings in which preaching commenced at five, and proceeded in different directions, through the streets of Coleraine, to awaken the people, and summon them to worship. "On these occasions," said he, "I carried small shot in my pocket, which I threw at their windows: the noise sometimes awakened others than those for whom it was intended, who of course were angry with me, and some of them published, that I was possessed of an evil spirit, which would not suffer me to rest in my bed." There is a striking analogy here with the custom of the apostolic Fletcher, at a later period, who used to make a point of arousing the spiritual slumberers of his parish, by going about with a small hand-bell, to call them to church, some time before the commencement of divine worship.

But while Adam was working out his own salvation with fear and trembling, laboring to rescue others from perdition, and conscientious in the discharge of his duty, there were circumstances connected with his situation, which pressed heavily upon his spirit. It is remarked by himself, that "he had begun to doubt whether the business was such an one as would well

comport with his spiritual profit. He thought he saw several things he could hardly do, with a clear conscience:" but the circumstance which led the way to his abandonment of the linen-trade, was painful both to himself and his master. Mr. Moor [43] has given a brief and imperfect account of it; something similar to one which the writer heard from Mr. Myles, in Dublin; but being desirous of accuracy in the case, and an opportunity occurring of obtaining it, he received the following relation from the fountain-head.--

"It was my place," he remarked, "to measure and seal the cloth. One piece which had passed through my hands, came back, being short about six or seven inches, of the length required by law, and of what I before had measured. I tried it again, endeavoring to accomplish the odd inches by the thumb. My thumb was small; but, in order to make up the inch, I placed it in an angular position. Still, however, I could not make out the proper measure: the consequence was, the cloth had to be stretched to the length required; but I could not stretch my conscience in that way. Mr. Bennet came in, and told me to measure the piece; I told him I had done so, and it was short. He then ordered me to stretch it; -- I hesitated. 'You won't do it, then?' said Mr. Bennet, pausing a moment; adding, -- 'You shall never measure another piece for me.' He did not tell me to go away, but took the piece from me, and stretched, and measured it himself: I stood aside, and saw him fail. Well, I thought, God will step in for me in some way. After a few seconds, I said to him, respectfully, -- 'Sir, you cannot charge me with indolence, dishonesty, or disobedience, from the time of my entering your service to the present period; I am ready to do anything proper in itself; but this is not fair measure, and I cannot do that which I know to be wrong.' After this, I saw him, when he found he could not accomplish his purpose, cut a full yard off the piece. I moved a little off, and stood in the door-way, ready to take my departure. Mr. Bennet, apparently relenting a little, asked, -- 'Where do you intend to go?' -- 'Home, to my father, Sir.' He replied, in a subdued tone, 'You may as well stop the night over.' I then went to another job, but measured no more pieces, and was soon after this, set at liberty from the employment."

Mr. Moor's improvement of his own version of the case, is excellent; "These things may be accounted little," he observes, "in the life of such a man; but such instances of tenderness of conscience belong to 'the Book of Life,' and I dare not omit them. Many years after this, I was in company at Bristol, where some friends of his and mine were assembled. The praise of my absent friend was very general; but one of the company observed, that 'Mr. Clarke was very positive, and even obstinate, in his opinion.' Another of the company immediately replied, -- 'If men want those whom they hope to manage, I would not have them meddle with a man of God; he who desires to walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, can never be managed but in and for God.' There was no reply to this." [44]

Notwithstanding the unpleasant feeling excited on the occasion of Adam's refusal to stretch the cloth, Mr. Bennet knew how to estimate real character; and in support of the fact, that he set a high value upon that of Adam, and that they parted on terms of amity, he proposed to advance him money, to enable him to commence business on his own responsibility; and upon coming to England many years afterwards, in company with Mrs. Bennet, with a view to consult some eminent medical gentlemen in reference to his health, Mr. and Mrs. Bennet spent several days in his house. Knowing the nature of his complaint, and with a design to fix his mind on his approaching end, he was accosted by his former servant, and then affectionate friend, with, -- "Mr.

Bennet, I am afraid you have come to seek a cure of seventy-two years of age, and I doubt whether we have any cure for that."

* * * * * * *

SECTION V.

1780.

After Adam had been in Society some time, and given "a word of exhortation," he heard of a Quarterly Meeting to be held at Ballymena, a town midway between Belfast and Coleraine, and about twenty-six English miles from his father's house. Preaching, and a watch-night, were connected with the meeting; and, of the whole, he had formed the most exalted notion; and expecting to reap great benefit from such means, he resolved to attend. John McKenny, who was a classmate of Adam's, accompanied him to the town, both of them walking the whole of the way. The writer having been informed of the fact, inquired of Mr. Myles the particulars, who said, -- "The Coleraine preachers visited Ballymena, and I was at that time on the circuit: I attended the quarterly meeting, and was present when Adam and John McKenny arrived: Adam had on a brown coat with brass buttons: he appeared very young, and was much disappointed, when told that there would be no preaching that night, in consequence of my being obliged to go to another part of the circuit. When I left, he collected the children around him, and addressed them: they were all in tears; and the people were so taken with him, that they got him to deliver an address to them in the evening. He stopped, at their request, over the next day, when we held a watch-night." "And did you not," inquired the writer, "chide the good people, for having pressed him to speak in public?" "Why, yes," he returned, a little embarrassed; "being so young, I was afraid of his misleading the people for want of experience." Passing through Ballymena, some years afterwards, with the once juvenile speaker, the writer took occasion to remind him of his early visit, when he noticed how he himself was affected -- the weeping of the children -- the affection of the friends -- and the displeasure of Mr. Myles. "I could not then," he observed, "recollect much about the persons of any of the people, and it was the first pulpit in which I had spoken." This, it should be remarked, was some time before he went to Mr. Bennet's, but it is noticed here in connection with another excursion, distinguished for public usefulness.

One of those friendships which was of essential importance to Adam, was the one formed with the Rev. John Bredin, who, greatly his senior, directed him in his studies, as well as lent him books suitable for the prosecution of them. Mr. Bredin appears to have commenced his itinerant career some time about 1769, [45] and traveled successively both in England and Ireland. He was a man of considerable intellectual energy and shrewdness; and having command of language, ready utterance, -- and combining with the whole, a stout, well-proportioned figure, with handsome features, he passed with ministerial credit in the different circuits in which he traveled, and was extensively useful in his official character. But he suffered many years under great bodily affliction; and this united to a temper naturally harsh, he was an occasional source of trial to his best friends, and on this account justice was not always awarded to his various excellences. Severe, however, as he was, he was never known to speak to the disadvantage of an absent person. Returning, through indisposition, to second childhood, he died at an advanced age, in Belfast, Nov. 2, 1819. He was in what may be termed the palmy state of life, when Adam Clarke first became

acquainted with him; but even then, before severe affliction had made inroads upon the temper of his mind, his manner and eccentricities rendered him occasionally anything but amiable as a constant companion. "Though he loved me dearly," said Adam, "he often treated me roughly, by placing me under severe discipline."

After Mr. Bredin had been some time in the Londonderry circuit, "He asked my father and mother," observed Adam, "for the loan of me, eight or ten days, and to allow me to spend the time with him at Derry. The distance from my father's house was about thirty miles. Mr. Bredin was at Derry, when I set off; so I walked the whole of the way alone. Just before I left home, these words were impressed upon my mind; 'Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth much fruit, and that your fruit should remain that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.' [46] These words I could not shake off; they recurred again and again, -- nor the thought, that I might possibly be called to the work of the ministry, and that I might be able, perhaps, to preach some time, though hope was exceedingly distant. The day after my arrival at Derry, Mr. Bredin said to me, -- 'Adam, you must preach at New Buildings for me tonight.' I answered, I cannot preach, Sir; but I will speak to the people. 'You must take a text,' he replied, 'and preach from it.' I returned, 'I never did take a text; and cannot consent to it now.' After some other words, he peremptorily said, -- 'I insist upon your taking a text, and preaching from it, -- or you shall see my face no more.' The last sentence, I knew not how to interpret. To pacify him, I went, and literally, in the fear of God, of man, and of the devil. I thought, -- Well, I will go; I can only bring back the tidings, that I went, -- tried, -- failed, -- and brought a disgrace upon Methodism. -- I got to the place some time before the hour of preaching; and not knowing anyone, I wandered down the banks of a river, which connected itself with a beautiful sheet of water. My perplexity was exchanged for heaviness; I lay down on the grass -- prayed, -- wept, -- and read my Bible. At first, there did not appear a text in the whole Bible for me; -- I read, and prayed again; -- at length, these words occurred, -- 'We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness.' My mind settled down on them, as the text. It was not long before a man came up to me, and asked me, (as I had then risen from the grass,) whither I was going? I told him I was a stranger, -- had been sent by Mr. Bredin, -- and inquired for the place of worship frequented by the Methodists. He asked, -- 'Are you the preacher?' I answered, -- Mr. Bredin has sent me; and I suppose I shall have to speak to the people. The man measured me apparently, with his eye, from head to foot, and then, in a tone of despondency, mingled with surprise, said, -- 'You are a young one to unravel the word!' I was struck with the man's manner, for he appeared serious, and with the word 'unravel,' which seemed to have a good deal of meaning in it. He accompanied me to the place, and for the first time, I ventured on a text, which was the one I have just mentioned." James Everett -- pleasantly, -- "And how did you succeed in unraveling the word?" Adam Clarke -- "O, I spoke to the good people about John being thrown into a caldron of boiling oil, and coming out of it unblistered, with whose history I was pretty well acquainted. I noticed also the state of the world, in its hostility to God and his servants, closing with some remarks on personal religion. The people pressed round me after service, one of them saying, -- 'You must preach at the Mount tomorrow morning at five o'clock.' To this I consented, as all seemed pleased; and accordingly, I spoke to the people at the place appointed the next morning." Adverting to some of the bitters mingled with the cup of pleasure in that visit, and also to some of the circumstances of the voyage on which he was, when part of the conversation took place, he turned to the address of Æncas to his conntrymen, when he wished to animate them

to the patient endurance of the hardships connected with their passage to Latium, and, in the true spirit of his favorite poet, said, [47]--

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse jnvabit, [48]--

adding, -- "Though these are the words of a heathen, I have often profited by them." In most trials, persons will be enabled to say, -- "Perhaps it will be pleasant to remember even these things hereafter."

Having addressed the Societies in Derry and other places, with each of which he had become popular, and his allotted time having expired Adam returned home. Among some of his conversational notices of Mr. Bredin, he observed, -- "I picked up an old book one day, entitled, -- 'The Godly Man's Picture; drawn with a Scripture Pencil;' in which was the following metaphor; -- 'Pardon of sin is a fine thread spun out of the bowels of free grace.' [49] I showed it to Mr. Bredin, who took occasion, not only to condemn it, but also all other figurative books. Hervey's Meditations was another which he blew up to the dog-star at once. That work was a favorite with the Antinomians when I was a lad. But Methodism has been the grand counteracting lever, which, by a supernatural force, has removed Antinomianism to the verge of time, and borne it away downward into the gulf of endless perdition." It is to the instructions and hostility of Mr. Bredin probably, supported afterwards by his own good sense, that we are to trace the beginnings of Adam's aversion to "Allegorical Preaching," which, in his "Letter to a Preacher on his Entrance into the Work of the Ministry," [50] he characterizes as a "deceitful handling of the word of God," -- as a "thriftless and unedifying art," and in which letter, Benjamin Keach and his disciples are treated very unceremoniously. [51] Mr. Bredin was so impressed with the piety, genius, and learning, of Adam, that he resolved to employ his influence in aiding each, and enlarging his sphere of usefulness. Mr. Moor remarks on this subject, -- "After an absence of two years, I was again appointed to the circuit. Mr. John Bredin had, in the interval, visited Coleraine. Before he departed, he wrote to Mr. Wesley, strongly recommending that our young friend should be received into Kingswood School, in order to complete his education. A favorable answer was returned, and he set out for that place soon after my arrival." [52]

But before he is permitted to quit the homestead of his youth, a few particulars may be noticed. Between the time of taking his first text at New Buildings, (which was June 19th, 1782,) and his embarking for England, a period only of two months elapsed: but they were mouths of severe exercise. His parents, on learning what was contemplated, were exceedingly grieved; and strenuously, if not bitterly, opposed his departure. When speaking of it to the writer, he remarked,--

"My mother was much grieved: her prayers were against me, as well as her conversation. 'What is this,' said she, 'that has come over you? Your father is advancing in life, -- your brother is gone, -- we have both been looking forward to you to fill his place, -- and now you are going to run up and down in the world like a vagabond.' That," he proceeded, "was her view of the subject. I said to her, 'Mother, I have made it a matter of prayer.' 'And so have I too,' she replied, 'and the curse of God will follow you for it.' This was like a scald upon my conscience for some days.

"She spoke to me again upon the subject. I said, 'I do not wish to do anything contrary to the will of God; and it appears to be in favor of my going.' 'What,' she replied, 'do you think it is the will of God, that you should break the first commandment, given with promise? Honour thy father and thy mother.'

"I continued to pray, to believe, and to fear: but had I known what I was soon to suffer, I should never have left home. Having to go to Coleraine on business, where I stopped a few days, I found my mother had relented. She, in the meantime, said to my father, -- 'I believe we must let this lad go: it may be, the hand of God is in it.'

"Finding the way opening, I made some preparation for going. I had taken leave of several of my friends, and had also privately packed up my clothes. Just before I left, I was walking and praying in the garden, when my mother came to me. I was afraid; for I knew not how it was determined: she submitted to my leaving home, and it was not long before I took my departure."

Forty-eight years after this time, when he was at Portstuart, and conversation turned upon early days, he was accosted by Mr. Galt; -- "I recollect seeing you on the morning you left Coleraine for England."

A. C. -- "Are you correct in that?"

Mr. G. -- "Perfectly so."

A. C. -- "I was not aware of you being so old"

Mr. G. -- "I will convince you of it by a single circumstance. You went into such a shop," -- naming the person to whom it belonged, "and there bought a pair of stockings."

A. C. -- "You are right."

Mr. G. -- "I stood by you at the time; and when you left, I joined with the young men in saying, -- Adam Clarke was a fool to go to England to learn to be a Methodist preacher!"

A. C. -- "I had no notion of being a Traveling Preacher; all I had in view was the completion of my education."

Mr. G. -- "Such was our opinion; and we affected to pity you."

To Adam, in the circumstances under which he must now be viewed, the language of Scripture is by no means inapplicable; for, at the command of God, he was required, in a certain sense, "to forget his father's house; -- to sojourn in a strange country;" and to go forth scarcely knowing whither he went: but he was under the guidance of heaven, -- was encouraged by the voice of the servant of God, -- conducted by an especial providence to his destined place, and though for a time, the subject of severe trial, yet still, under the watchful eye, and tender care of Him, who has encouraged his servants in every season of actual or imaginable trial, by the glorious enunciation, -- "Lo, I am with you always."

Far from resembling one of the silken sons of wealth and pleasure, setting forth upon his travels, in order to enlarge his knowledge of the world without, while ignorant of what has been denominated, -- "the little world within," and furnished with every convenience for his journey, our inexperienced traveler was not encumbered either with purse or wardrobe. It has been stated, that Mr. Wesley sent him five pounds previously to his leaving Ireland, for the purpose of defraying his expenses: but though this was every way worthy the foresight and benevolence of the reported donor, Adam had too much gratitude not to have acknowledged such a gift; and was too much alive to the excellences of Mr. Wesley, to have permitted an opportunity of doing him justice to have passed silently by; to say nothing of his having only three-halfpence when he arrived at Kingswood. When speaking of his leaving Ireland, he said; -- "I brought from home an English Bible, a Greek Testament, Prideaux's Connections, and Young's Night Thoughts; on the margin of the latter, I had written a number of notes. It was a favorite with some of my children; and had remained in the family when the others were gone, and had been replaced. Young, I twice re-captured; -- once from Annie, and once from Eliza; but where it now is, I cannot tell." He embarked Aug. 17th, 1782, at Derry, and arrived at Liverpool on the following Monday, Aug. 19th.

Respecting the period of his short residence at Kingswood, little need be said; that it was, at least, an unprofitable course, there is very sufficient evidence; indeed, so far as the question of study is concerned, we have no record of its being attempted; and the quaint alternative, proposed by Mr. Wesley, that the school "must either be mended, or ended," would indicate not merely the necessity of its reformation, but a considerable degree of carelessness as to its existence at all; at any rate, the pretensions of the place were not such as to warrant the extravagant idea young Clarke had formed concerning it, nor to satisfy the high demands of his active and intelligent mind. As the youthful and inexperienced scholar had imagined this to be a school, distinguished from the Universities of Great Britain only by the superior basis of its discipline, and the higher aim of its instructions, it may readily be supposed, that bitter disappointment would be the result of this inconsiderate, and unwarranted conclusion: accordingly, from his entrance, the bright his of his hope was over-clouded, and his elevated thoughts of classic and intellectual delight were doomed to be overthrown. Considering these circumstances, and the readiness to receive the injury which a sensitive mind would be exposed to, upon having just left home, and the endearments and familiarities of friendship, for strangers and a "strange land," it cannot be matter of surprise, that Adam Clarke should feel pain, and even disgust, in the review of this period of his life.

During his residence at Kingswood, nothing occurred to elicit any important trait of character; nor, with one exception, to determine or incline his future course, or conduct. The exception alluded to, is found in the circumstance of his digging up half a guinea, while working in the garden for exercise, and which he appropriated, under the sanction of his Principal, to the purchase of a Hebrew Grammar. Welcome as an oasis to the thirsty and wearied Arab, was the discovery of this coin to young Clarke, because it enabled him, by the purchase of the above-named grammar, to form the groundwork of his after attainments, in the difficult and important study of biblical criticism. Referring to this period of his life, in conversation with a friend, some years afterward, he remarked;-- "The first act of kindness shown me at Kingswood, was by Mr. Rankin; he conceived a partiality to me from the first: our acquaintance commenced at the close of a band-meeting, which he was appointed to conduct: both in these meetings and at

love-feasts, I always made it a point to speak, but never for more than two or three minutes: I considered them in the light of present-experience meetings, occupying at most, in reference to our spiritual state, the interval of our last attendance; speaking of the varied experience of the week, something in the way in which a journal would be written. When I had said a little, and the exercise was concluded, Mr. Rankin inquired, whether I had ever led a class, or preached? I told him I had led a class in Ireland, and had occasionally spoken in public, but had never dared to call it preaching. He then requested me to meet a class at Mangotsfield, and to preach at Downend, to both of which places I went." Though he delivered an address to the congregation at Downend, it would seem that he did not take a text that time, unless there is a mistake in the name of the place. On the occasion of one of his latest visits at the house of R. Scott, Esq., of Pensford, several of the preachers were invited to meet him, among whom was the Rev. G. C____, who narrated the following fact; -- The attention of the company was engaged for some time, only upon ordinary conversation, and in that, the subject of these pages took no share; at length, coming out of his retirement of soul, and directing his eye to a young lady on the opposite side of the table, he said, -- (to the surprise of the company, who did not expect her to be known to him,) "A glass of wine with you Miss Wiltshaw, in remembrance of old times: it is now upwards of forty years since I came to this country, -- a raw lad. At this place, I first opened the book of God in this island, for the purpose of taking a text, and preaching on it. I had a good season, but was ashamed of my work as a performance, and was just going to slink away, when a venerable man, from whom I expected a rebuke, came, and laid his hand upon me, looked seriously, yet affectionately at me, repeating three times, -- 'Christ bless the word! Christ bless the word! Christ bless the word!' It was perfectly unexpected, and afforded the great encouragement; that venerable man, Miss Wiltshaw, was your grandfather."

This address of the old disciple, was like a gleam of sunshine beaming upon the spirit of Adam, and assisted him to support the gloom which overhung his sky. Mr., afterwards Dr., Bailey of Manchester, was, at the period of Mr. Clarke's sojourn there, one of the masters of Kingswood School. He published a Hebrew Grammar, to which Mr. Clarke subscribed, and to the study of which, as above hinted, he attributed the voluminous and erudite Commentary upon the Holy Scriptures, which has since appeared: for he observed, -- "By means of that grammar, I was enabled to pursue a critical examination of the Old Testament, and while doing so, made the short notes which formed the ground-work of my Commentary."

In the early part of September, Mr. Wesley paid a visit to Bristol, and sent for Adam, who left Kingswood, and was indulged with a kind greeting from that apostolic man, who, learning the desire of his young friend, "to do, and be what God pleased, laid his hand upon the head of the future minister, -- prayed with him, -- gave him his blessing, -- and sent him forth an early laborer into the vineyard of his Lord and Master. The immediate occasion of his appointment, is thus narrated by himself:-- "I was sent to Bradford, Wilts., in consequence of the rejection of a young man of the name of E. R____, who had been prematurely chosen, upon the recommendation of some of the aged matrons, who assumed a good deal in those days, and had not a little power. As the young man had, what is termed, an excellent gift in prayer, they thought he ought also to preach, and accordingly appointed a place and time in which to hear him: having sat in judgment upon him, the decision was favorable: they forwarded it to Mr. Wesley, employing this remarkable word in their recommendation, -- That the young man was a good ling-gwillen. On their recommendation, his name was entered 'upon trial,' in the Minutes, where it still stands." On being asked by the

writer, what the old ladies meant by the singular expression they employed, he replied, -- "I cannot tell, unless they referred to his readiness in speaking, and meant a linguist. However, it was afterwards found," continued the narrator, "that he was not qualified for the work; and I was sent to the place, to which he had been appointed. About four years after that, I was in the Plymouth-dock circuit, and in giving tickets to one of the classes, found E. R____, as the leader. I did not recollect him at the moment, yet it occurred to me from the name, -- the place, -- and the demeanor of the man, that I had heard something of him, and hence inquired, -- 'Were you not appointed to a circuit once?' 'I was, Sir; and am the man in whose place you went out to travel.' Several years after that, I again visited Plymouth-dock, when I inquired from a friend after the welfare of E. R____, and found he had been dead some years."

On the subject of A. Clarke's appointment to his first circuit, Mr. Moor remarks:-- "The intelligence of this change soon reached his native place, and his father, who had no objection to his being a linen merchant, and who, after the failure of that scheme, had rejoiced in the prospect of his son completing his education so as to be received into one of the Scotch Universities, was utterly confounded at the issue. He wrote to me, bitterly lamenting his disappointment in the blasted prospects of his son. This letter was followed up by a visit, during which I was obliged to listen for some time to his mournful strains. I had little hope of giving satisfaction to so disturbed a mind; and therefore briefly replied, I doubted not the day would come in which he would thank God for what he now deplored; adding, -- Mr. Wesley, Sir, has put great honor upon your son in appointing him to a fellowship in the ministry, without the usual preliminary trial; there are few persons whom he would thus distinguish." This touched the chord which made most harmony or discord within; and he departed, seemingly determined to hope the best; -- and that hope was verified. I afterwards saw this disappointed father himself at the head of the seminary, from which he had thought his son had been dishonorably removed."

* * * * * * *

PART II. 1782. -- 1794.

SECTION I. 1782.

"The bark of a tree contains an oily juice, which, when it is in greater plenty than can be exhaled by the sun, renders the plant evergreen. Such is the state of the man whose virtue is proof against persecution: he is like a green olive-tree in the court, of the temple, 'his leaf shall not wither.'"

A degree of colloquial familiarity has hitherto been indulged, in the use of the name of the subject of these pages, giving its simple baptismal form, without the usual appendage. For this, the writer will be excused, because of the age of the subject, -- the circumstances in which he was placed, -- the sphere in which he moved, -- his own familiar use of it to the close of his days, -- and its peculiar adaptation to familiar discourse. Henceforth, he will take a more elevated stand, as a minister of the gospel, with whose sacred office, terms of respectful distinction will best comport.

On the arrival of Mr. Clarke at his new destination, of which Trowbridge* was the first place, he found the advantage of a constitution inured to toil, and the necessity of upholding industrious habits previously acquired. "The circuit," said he, "was very laborious, and I worked hard." But besides the presence of his Divine Master, success in his ministry, and favor in the sight of the people, his heart was touched on another subject:-- " It was there," he observed, "that I met with my Mary." His colleagues were Messrs. Wrigley, Poole, and Algar; the first of whom entered the itinerant field in 1769, -- the second in 1759, -- and the third in 1780; all of them considerably his seniors, not only in their standing in the ministry, but likewise in age.

[*In the year 2000, Trowbridge, is a busy industrial, commercial and administrative center, situated close to the western boundary of Wiltshire, 100 miles west of London, and 20 miles southeast of Bristol, and ten miles from Bath. Trowbridge has a population of about 27,500, making it the third largest town in Wiltshire. -- From the Trowbridge Town Council Web Site -- DVM]

Though Mr. Poole was the senior preacher, Mr. Wrigley's name stood first on the Minutes; an arrangement by no means uncommon during Mr. Wesley's life. Speaking of his colleagues, Mr. Clarke said, -- "My first superintendent was a man of experience. He said to me one day, 'Adam, take care of your horse.' This advice he needed not to have given, for I was always careful to see my horse cleaned and fed. On another occasion, Mr. Poole observed, -- 'Could horses speak, Adam, they would say to their riders, -- Up the hill, spur me not; -- down the hill, ride me not; on the plain, spare me not; -- to an ostler [a stableman at an inn], trust me not.'" These little advices, whether direct or indirect, were deemed important to the novitiate in itinerancy, when -- from the extent of the "rounds," as circuits were then denominated, horses were in fashion in Methodism; and although he intended the term "experience," in the case of one of his advisers, to be emphatic, and in contradistinction to knowledge, as acquired by close application to books, yet, whenever a hint was kindly intended, whether necessary or not, it was always kindly taken.

A "horseman," in those days, whether among clergy or laity, was an object of interest to a highwayman, especially if a pair of saddlebags happened to bolster out the top-coat, or peep from beneath its skirts. A somewhat humorous occurrence happened to Mr. Poole, which Mr. Clarke related with unusual pleasantry. The preachers, who were generally early risers, furnished themselves with tinder-boxes [tinder-box hist. a box containing tinder, flint, and steel, formerly used for kindling fires. -- Oxford Dict.]: Mr. Poole's was in the form of a pistol. Having to cross Sherwood Forest once, he found this innocent household utensil of considerable service. He saw a man coming towards him, whose appearance produced an unfavorable impression; upon which he took out his tinder-box, -- concealing the whole, except the lock, which was cocked. The man did not perceive it at first, having his eye fixed on the saddlebags, which, from their bulk, appeared full of promise to his hopes. He passed a few paces, and then returned. Mr. Poole, seeing this, quickened his speed, which was no sooner observed by the man, than he added to the fleetness and length of his strides; and was speedily along-side of the horse; but suddenly casting his eye upon the tinder-box, which Mr. Poole still preserved in a state of full-cock, and mistaking it for a pistol, whose muzzle was directed towards him, and whose contents, he thought, were just about to be lodged in him, he, with unusual presence of mind, though with a miserable excuse, said, -- "O, Sir, I only wished to ask you the hour of the day." "Begone, Sir," returned Mr. Poole, "or you shall

have the contents of this." The man instantly departed; congratulating himself, in all probability, on his narrow escape from danger.

Mr. Poole had been on terms of friendship with the Rev. George Whitefield; and his notices of earlier times, rendered his company very interesting to Mr. Clarke. There was one anecdote which the latter was not likely to forget, owing to his admiration of Mr. Wesley, but which reflects honor alike on Mr. Whitefield's candor, and on the wisdom of the Founder of Methodism. Mr. Poole, he observed, was one day met by Mr. Whitefield, after a long absence, and accosted by him, with -- "Well, John, with whom are you now?" "With Mr. Wesley, Sir." "That is right," replied Mr. Whitefield:-- "Mr. Wesley has given laws, and so has retained what he won; I have not; and therefore cannot keep the people who have been brought to the truth by my ministry." This is a fact, the truth of which is supported by the separate state of the Societies of the two leaders in the present day, -- and must have been painfully felt by Mr. Whitefield towards the close of life, he having been both earnest, zealous, and laborious.

Repetitions in singing, being noticed one day, it revived another reminiscence in reference to Mr. Poole.

"He professed," said Mr. Clarke, "to have a tune revealed to him in his sleep. On awaking, he started up, and penned it; the people got hold of it, and it went round the country as inspired; and yet it was so wretched, that it would have disgraced a suckling angel to have composed it." He then sung the four following lines belonging to it, in a way as little calculated to enrapture his hearers with the tune as with the words, stamping the whole, -- as was meet, with disapprobation, and showing how even good men may be mistaken, and draw upon each other's forbearance.

"But I heard a voice say,
Without money you may
Receive it, with nothing at all for to pay;
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!"

Mr. Algar being nearer the age of Mr. Clarke than either of the other brethren, a closer intimacy subsisted between them. "We often rode four or five miles to meet each other," remarked the latter, "when in the country part of the circuit, in order to converse respecting the state of our souls. Algar was in a good state of mind: but he had no system; he remained too long, when invited out to dinner, and was always late at his appointments. He was one of the chief speakers at the Leeds Conference, of 1784, respecting the 'Deed of Declaration;' and it was before him, Mr. Fletcher dropped upon his knees, entreating him not to divide the Societies, but to permit love to bind the whole. 'Yes, Sir,' said Algar, 'love shall bind, but it shall not blind us,'" [53] Some questions being proposed respecting Mr. Algar, by a person to whom the name only was familiar, Mr. Clarke gave a relation somewhat in substance as follows, in order to convey a notion of his manner and peculiarities:-- "Mr. Algar and Mr. Jeram met each other once on an extensive plain between Axminster and Bridgewater. The dress of the preachers was peculiar in those days; and, although personally unknown to each other, the costume led to a suspicion of profession on both sides. They saw each other at a distance. On coming up, they made a full stop. Algar at length broke silence, by saying; -- 'You are a Methodist preacher, I presume, Sir.' 'I am,' returned Jeram: 'you are the same, I suppose, Sir,'" (Here, the manner of each, together with their tone and accent,

was imitated by the narrator; -- that of Algar's being grave, deliberate, and pompous; while that of Jeram's was exceedingly quick.) -- "I have the high honor, Sir, to be a Methodist preacher: pray, how long may you have been doing anything for the Lord?" "I have been doing what I could for God more than twenty years," answered Jeram. "Doing what you could!" said Algar; "that is more than I can say." "Possibly so," returned Jeram; "but I never took you for my example." Here the worthies parted. Mr. Clarke wrote this singular rencounter down on hearing it; and seeing Mr. Algar afterwards, showed it to him, asking, -- "Is this true?" After hesitating a little, he said, -- "Yes." "If so, then," said Mr. Clarke, "sign your name to it." He afterwards saw Mr. Jeram, -- showed it to him, -- and got it confirmed; and to that document, they both signed their names; "which," added Mr. Clarke, "I hold to this day." Adverting again to Mr. Algar's personal history, and his conduct at Leeds, he observed; -- "He married an estate after that; -- left the ministry, and became a farmer."

But though he left the ministry, it would seem from the circumstance of his building a chapel, when he came into possession of property, that he retained his regard for the Wesleyan body. He ingratiated himself with the daughter of a wealthy farmer, whom he married. The old gentleman was extremely partial to Mr. Clarke, and having yet a daughter, was desirous of promoting a union between them; but "fortunately for me," said Mr. Clarke, "I was not of the same mind." Mr. Algar had a son, who was educated at Kingswood School, -- subsequently became a clergyman, and was resident at Frome; and one of his first acts upon coming into possession of his father's property was, to pull down the chapel he had erected; -- thus destroying the principal monument of his father's pious feeling!

From Mr. Wrigley, whose naturally contracted mind was still more narrowed up by a total lack of education; whose prejudices were strong, and whose religious integrity bore a character of sternness, Mr. Clarke could receive no aid in reference to intellectual improvement:-- indeed so far from it, that when, on a certain occasion, he had written upon the wall of a room in which he was lodging, some lines from the *Æneid*, corroborative of a sentiment already noticed, Mr. Wrigley, whose turn it next was to occupy the same apartment, seeing what, in his untutored mind, he termed "the sin of human learning," wrote under them, a rebuke in such style, as might worthily compete with an effusion of Zachary Bogan: [54] however, it had the desired effect. Mr. Clarke, whose conscience was sensitive, almost to morbidness, received the check as it was intended, not calling to mind, at the moment, the severe and caustic satire of [Mr.] South upon such men; and yielding submission to the rebuke of his senior, vowed upon his knees, to repudiate Latin and Greek for ever; and thus he cut himself off, for a period, from that description of study which would have materially promoted the efficient discharge of ministerial duty. Four years his intellect lay, in this department of study, under the ban of ignorance; but at the expiration of that time, he began to see, that "the best thing to do with a vow thus forced upon him, was, -- to break it," and accordingly he did so; but he deeply regretted the time thus irreparably lost. In referring to this circumstance, in subsequent years, he ever spoke of it with a feeling of soreness. It appears strange, that he should have been overcome by this infatuation, when it is remembered, that some years anterior to the period of which we are now speaking, he had avowed his solemn conviction, -- "That learning and science came from God; -- that He had created them not for angels, but for man;" and that consequently, he who neglects them, sins against his mercies, and frustrates, in his own case, the benevolent design of his Creator towards him: that he should have come to this determination, -- that up to the moment of its interrupted effect, he had diligently acted under the

influence of it, and yet, that he should yield to the suggestion of a man, who, from his very ignorance, was incapacitated to judge in the case; and who, to quote Mr. Clarke's own testimony, "was a proud man, could ill brook an equal, and never tolerate a superior;" furnishes forth a strong instance of the power of spiritual despotism, over a scrupulously tender conscience. Mr. Wrigley was his senior, and his master; and he spake to him with the arrogance of Diogenes, though without a particle of his wisdom. The name is now given, because justice demands the exculpation of Mr. Clarke's other colleagues, -- who, though not remarkable for ardor in literary pursuits, were, nevertheless, innocent of the above montrosity. [55] Still, Wrigley was a man of great integrity.

In this circuit, though cramped in reference to intellectual improvement, he made great progress in piety. With Mr. Algar, in consequence of greater similarity of age, he formed an intimate and spiritually profitable friendship: hallowed must have been the feeling, and deep the communion of soul, which each had with the other, when it could lead them, in addition to their daily toil, to ride some miles across the country, for the purpose of spiritual fellowship.

But though Mr. Algar was one with whom Mr. Clarke could take sweet counsel in religious matters, he was not one from whom he could derive much advantage as a minister. It is to Mr. Algar he refers, in his "Letter to a Young Preacher," where he guards his friend against appearing "to contradict the Holy Ghost, by what is called treating a subject negatively and positively." After giving different "instances of this injudicious and dangerous mode of handling the word of God," which had "fallen within the compass of" his "own observation," he comes, concealing the name, to his early colleague, and says, "Another took Luke xiii. 32. -- 'Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' In opposition to the letter of his text, the preacher labored to prove, that the flock of Christ is not a little, but a very large flock: and in order to do this, brought in multitudes of pious heathens, vast numbers who sought and found mercy in their last hour, together with myriads of infants, idiots, &c." [56] From this specimen, it should seem, that, with an intellect such as that possessed by Mr. Clarke, piety alone must have been the bond of union between them.

The extent of the circuit, he considered as "advantageous to a young preacher, who could not be supposed to have any great variety of texts or of matter." The advantage of such a circumstance, would be variously viewed, as it would be differently felt -- some availing themselves of it as an incentive to indolence rather than industry. But with Mr. Clarke, all places and situations were alike; he looked only to the opportunities they offered, and sedulously [diligently, painstakingly] improved them. He remarks, that he "diligently read the Scriptures." A rather singular corroboration of this fact, appears in a letter from Thomas Marriott, Esq., to the writer, dated Sept. 6, 1833, in which he observes, "In the first volume of Dr. Clarke's life, he speaks of his pocket Bible at Kingswood. That identical book is now before me, and is probably the same which the magistrate in Jersey requested to see. It has the name of Adam Clarke affixed by a stamp which he appears then to have used. It was bought for sixpence at an old rag and iron shop, Spitalfields, by Mr. Gaudy, of Princes-Street. On the title-page is the following Inscription, by Dr. Clarke, -- 'Bene orasse, est bene studuisse, -- LUTHER;' which may be translated, -- Prayer is the best kind of study. Also, 'Trowbridge, Wiltshire, Aug. 9, 1783.' At the end of the Old Testament he has written, 'June 10th, 1784, read through.' The following day he recommenced, as appears by 1 chap. Gen. -- " Incoepi, June 11, 1784.'" [57] Perhaps the literal English of the

quotation from Luther, will please some ears better than the above rendering, as it contains a beautiful quaintness, -- "To have prayed well, is to have studied well."

The texts which he appears to have selected, as shown in the note, are not without their bearing on his religious and intellectual character, being expressive both of piety and good sense; nor are the texts which a minister selects for ordinary discussion, a bad criterion by which to judge of the general state of the "inner man," in most cases that may occur. On adverting to the passages, they will be generally found to be plain, embodying a great deal of experimental truth, embracing all the leading and essential doctrines of the gospel, and of a good, stirring, practical tendency. Connecting with them, his general manner of treating a subject, it was impossible for his congregations, to remain unmoved and uninstructed. He was himself apparently, from the very first, a beautiful exemplification of what he wished others to be, (without holding himself up as an exemplar,) and of what he recommended many years afterwards, in "A Letter to a Preacher on his Entrance into the Work of the Ministry." He appears never to have taken a text which he did not fully understand -- rarely chose short ones -- avoided allegorical preaching -- shunned all parade -- and conscientiously guarded against taking a text, which, out of its proper connection, could mean nothing. On the latter subject, he says, "I traveled once with two preachers who trifled the whole year in this way. Their texts were continually such as these, 'Adam, where art thou'? -- 'I have somewhat to say unto thee.' -- 'If thou wilt deal justly and truly with my master, tell me.' -- 'I have put off my coat, how shall I put it on?' -- 'Thy mouth is most sweet, &c.' I need not add that these solemn triflers did the people no good." [58]*

[What would Adam Clarke THINK of MODERN HOLINESS PREACHERS who preach topically from such texts nearly all the time! How times change! and preacher's opinions about such matters. Many souls have been saved and sanctified using the very type of sermons that are denounced by Adam Clarke in the above paragraph. Yet, it is doubtless true that there is too much topical preaching as compared with expositional preaching in most holiness churches in our times. -- DVM]

After having labored with great success in the Bradford circuit, for the space of about eleven months, he attended -- by special request, the Conference, at which he was taken into full connection. His name had not as yet appeared upon the minutes, in consequence of his having gone out after the Conference; and this year also, it was on the point of being omitted. "Mr. Wesley," he observed, "was, as usual, in the chair; the list was read; my name was not mentioned, owing to the list having been made out from the year preceding; Mr. Rankin not having heard it, directed his eye to the chair, and asked, 'Are there any objections against brother Clarke?' Mr. Wesley instantly perceived the omission, and replied, 'I know of none;' and the name was immediately inserted."

It was somewhere about this period, that a rather curious scene took place, in which Mr. Charles Wesley was the principal actor. The whole was narrated on two different occasions, and the following is the substance of what was said.

James Everett. -- "Were you personally acquainted with Mr. Charles Wesley, Sir?"

Mr. Clarke. -- "I was; and a singular occurrence took place in the city of Bristol, on the occasion of one of my visits there."

James Everett. -- "Will you have the goodness to relate the case, if there is no impropriety in giving publicity to it?"

Mr. Clarke -- "The case itself was public, for it was before the whole congregation. He was expected to preach, and for that purpose ascended the pulpit. I sat behind him. He gave out a hymn, and prayed; but was completely in the trammels, where he had often been before. He then took a text, spoke a little, but soon found that he could not go on. He tried to relieve himself by praying; when he rose from his knees he took another text, but that also was as fruitless as its predecessor; on finding it so, he took up the hymn-book, and beckoned me to step forward. On giving me the book, he left the pulpit, and retired to the rooms over the chapel. Though I had no promise of his return, I indulged a slight hope that he would not disappoint the congregation, by leaving the service to me. I turned to a hymn, (sixes and sevens,) and gave it out: I trembled for fear. Had it been left entirely to my own judgment, I could have done well enough; but his intentions and return were alike unknown: I did not even know, till afterwards, where he was. I went leisurely on with the hymn, giving out verse after verse, till I came to the sixth; and just at the moment I was giving him up for lost to the people, he made his appearance."

James Everett -- "Did he make another attempt to preach?"

Mr. Clarke -- "He commenced by telling an anecdote about Mr. La Trobe, who was then not expected to live long: after which, he exclaimed with a strong voice, yet a little drawling, -- 'Believe -- love -- obey. He then proceeded in the following strain: 'Who are they that believe? All true Christians. Who are they that love? All those that believe. Who are they that obey? Such as believe and love. Can a Heathen be saved? Yes, if he is capable of believing, loving, and obeying. But he must first be taught before he can believe, believe before he can love, and love before he can obey. Can a Mahomedan be saved? Yes, if he can believe, love, and obey. Can a Roman Catholic be saved? Yes, if he believes, loves, and obeys. Some persons may object to their salvation; but they must first prove, that they cannot believe, love, and obey.' After making a few remarks, in abrupt and broken sentences, on faith and obedience, he then came to love again, and said, 'We ought to love Jews, Turks, heathens, and Roman Catholics, -- the latter especially as brethren; for if you can prove to me, that they cannot be saved, I insist upon our ceasing to love them; but then they may be saved; ergo, they ought to be loved.'

He was fast in this way in the North once, and it was the salvation of one of the preachers. A young man had run away from his circuit; he had an opportunity of hearing Charles on the road; Charles, alas! was in the trammels, and was obliged to give up; the young man thought, 'Well, bad as I am, it never was thus with me: ' he took courage, and returned to his circuit."

James Everett. -- "Had you other opportunities of hearing him?"

Mr. Clarke. -- "O yes, I have not only conversed, and been in the pulpit with him, but have heard him elsewhere than in a Methodist chapel."

James Everett. -- "What was his general character as a preacher?"

Mr. Clarke. -- "I did not hear him often enough to give a correct opinion; but I have a strong impression on my mind, from what I heard, that he was very unequal in his preaching, and in no way to be compared with his brother John."

James Everett. -- "His preaching, then, was something like his muse; he had his moments of inspiration, when he excelled?"

Mr. Clarke -- "He was always harping upon the Established Church, exhorting the people to keep close to it, and observed, he would sooner see his children Roman Catholics, than sectarians from the Church of England."

James Everett. -- "He was either blessed or punished by the circumstance of his son Samuel becoming a Roman Catholic; and whatever charity he had for Jews, and Turks, he seemed to have little for separatists from the Establishment.

Mr. Clarke. -- "Samuel, after his conversion to the popish faith, set the Roman Missal to music, and made a present of it to the reigning Pope, who, in return, sent him a letter, enclosing in it his apostolic benediction."

James Everett. -- "His composition, I should suppose, was intended as a proof of the sincerity of his conversion."

Mr. Clarke -- "Possibly so. His father often preached and talked on, 'And I will bring the third part through the fire.' This he applied to our people, who should be saved from sectarianism, as though the prophet Zechariah had nothing to do but look at the poor Methodists in his visions. I heard him, on another occasion, in one of the churches in Bristol. His text was, 'The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them.' He always carried a little pocket Bible of Field's with him. This, he took up -- fixed his eye -- placed the page close to it, being short-sighted, and able to see better with one eye than the other, -- read his text -- and then laid his Bible on the pulpit beside him. He next inclined forward, lying, in a lounging position, his arm resting upon the pulpit Bible and cushion."

James Everett. -- "Similar to the attitude given to him, perhaps, by the engraver, in the Conference Print?"

Mr. Clarke -- "Much the same. He took the words in the order in which they lay before him -- delivered a hasty sentence on each -- rather harsh, and usually abrupt. His general delivery was careless and drawling. After a passing remark on the separate terms, he observed, that some were 'blind,' (and gave a side blow at lay preaching;) then proceeded more largely to treat on the subject, illustrating it in a way in which any plain local preacher would have done it. He concluded the whole by showing the danger of separating from the church -- exhorting his hearers to abide in the good old ship -- breaking instantly off in a tangent, -- 'Some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship' -- intimating by the expression, that 'some' would be saved -- if at all, with the utmost difficulty, if they separated from the Establishment."

James Everett. -- "That was rather an unhappy illustration, for it was owing to their separating from the vessel, that they were saved."

Mr. Clarke -- "He loved the church, and had the most contemptible views of lay preaching, -- looking upon lay preachers only as necessary adjuncts, in order to support his brother's influence. It was his opinion, that they should be kept out of all the large [places], and only employed in the small places: he often made his brother uncomfortable on this subject, and if John had adhered to his advice, there would not have been a particle of Methodism in the land at this day."

James Everett. -- "Your declaration is confirmed by some of his letters, which I hold, and which were never published." [59]

Mr. Clarke. -- "He undoubtedly believed in his doctrine, and acted from conviction; still it cannot but be lamented, that he thwarted his brother in many of his purposes, and stood in the way of his own usefulness. Take the case of the Rev. E. Smyth, afterwards of Manchester, as an illustration of some of his prejudices, and their effects upon his brother, the preachers, and the body. Mr. S. wrote an inflammatory letter to one of the Irish bishops; and bringing himself into hot water through it, he went to Bath, and then to Bristol, when Mr. McNab had the care of the circuit. [60] Mr. S., according to the plan of Mr. Charles Wesley, was to be the officiating clergyman in the Bath chapel. Mr. McNab who was a sensible man, and one of the first preachers of the day, said that Mr. S. had neither gifts nor grace for the Bath society; and as he had the care of the circuit, objected to the measure. Charles, heated and prepared for the work by his pre-possessions, wrote immediately to his brother John, [61] telling him, that "the lay preachers would soon be masters in their turn -- that they would destroy the work which both had wrought -- that his influence in the body would soon be lost -- that the conduct of McNab was only a specimen of what he had long feared -- that the sooner it was broken the better -- and that he ought instantly to proceed to Bristol," -- interlarding [interlard v. tr. (usu. foll. by with) mix (writing or speech) with unusual words or phrases. -- Oxford Dict.] the whole with strong inflammatory language! On these representations, John came down to Bristol; Charles got to him, and on the strength of his ex-parte statement, influenced by his own veneration of the clerical character, he ascended the pulpit at Bristol -- preached -- and after the sermon, published to the congregation, that Mr. McNab was no longer a preacher in connection with him. Mr. McNab was in the pulpit behind him, and not knowing anything of his intention, was thunderstruck at the announcement. He instantly stepped forward, and requested to be heard in self-defense, but was told he had no right to speak there, as he was no longer a member of the body."

James Everett. -- "Has not this the appearance of precipitancy?

Mr. Clarke. -- "It has; but he had the representations of a brother, and Mr. McNab's objection to Mr. S., trenched upon the prerogative of Mr. Wesley. There was wisdom in all Mr. Wesley's movements; even here it is seen. Had he done it at Bath instead of Bristol, the consequences might have been serious. The people in Bristol considered the question as one which did not belong to them, and prudently kept it out of the society. It was the occasion of a separation at Bath, and I doubt whether the wound has been healed to this day. Mr. McNab went to Sheffield,

where he had a congregation and chapel of his own. I have often wished to know whether Mr. Wesley, in his visits to that place, ever met with him. You can perhaps
inform me, as your residence and Methodistical researches there would furnish you with the opportunity of ascertaining the fact."

James Everett. -- "There is not an instance of it presents itself for the moment to my recollection; but I know he was useful, and much respected in Sheffield among the most intelligent and pious members of our society, many of whom were in the habit of attending his ministry.

Mr. Clarke. -- "If Mr. Wesley had met with him, he would have shown him nothing but kindness. I am persuaded he was much grieved, and would have undone what he did, if opportunity had been given; but he was goaded into it by Charles' statements and fears. Charles' prejudices were strong."

Charles Wesley appears to have stood a little below his proper standard in the estimation of the subject of this memoir, which may be partly accounted for from his having heard him in some of his worst preaching moods -- his conviction of the immense harm his prejudice against a lay ministry had wrought -- his associating with the lay brethren, who were objects of disrespect, and would only be familiar with the most unfavorable side of his character -- and above all, from the brilliancy with which Mr. John Wesley shone, -- whose powerful lights only contributed to deepen the shades produced by any unfavorable prominence, and compared with whom, all, in his esteem, were inferior beings. -- Charles, too, it should be observed, was not only strongly attached to the church in general principles, but he had some sturdy characters, of dissenting views, who labored to counteract his influence, and thus aggravated his opposition to the preachers. Two of the most eminent of these were Messrs. Edward and Charles Perronet, brothers; sons of the Venerable Vincent Perronet, vicar of Shoreham. They were both itinerant preachers, and labored some years in union with Mr. Wesley. Edward possessed considerable intellectual powers, and could boast of a large fund of wit. Through the influence of the latter, which must ever be dangerous to those who do not live under the sacred and benevolent influences of the Spirit of God, he was led, not only by playful sallies, but occasionally by some of the keenest strokes, into various freedoms, which but ill became the sanctity of the ministerial character, and were not at all adapted to promote the sublime ends proposed by the gospel of Jesus Christ. It is to this talent, that 'The Mitre' is to be attributed -- a poem which is said to have been written by him, but the publication of which was suppressed by the influence of Mr. John Wesley, because of the bitterness of its satire against the National Establishment. Charles Perronet was particularly distinguished for his strength of understanding, feebleness of constitution, and a profound acquaintance with the mysteries of the kingdom of God. He was, if possible, more alienated from the Establishment than his brother. Though characterized by Mr. Clarke, as one of the most holy men that ever lived, he gave the following instance of some of the conflicting feelings which stirred within him:

"Charles Perronet was once standing beside City Road chapel, and on seeing Mr. Wesley at a distance, he said to those around him, 'Yonder is John Wesley coming, whom I honor as a man and as a Christian. I venerate him, indeed, as an apostle of God, above all the men upon earth; but as a member of the Church of England, and a clergyman, I hold him in sovereign contempt.' The embers spread by these, and others, at different periods, kept the fire glowing, in all likelihood in the breast of Mr. Charles Wesley, and with his opinions and attachments, had an unhappy influence

upon his spirit in reference to lay brethren in general. But as Mr. Clarke could give Mr. Charles Perronet credit for eminent piety, notwithstanding his hostility to the Established Church, so he was equally ready to give Mr. Charles Wesley his due on general principles, with all his prejudices and prepossessions, and apparent unkindness. Hence, in a summary of his character, he observes, 'He was a good man, a powerful preacher, and the best Christian poet, in reference to hymnology, that has flourished either in ancient or modern times." [62] His character, as a "powerful preacher," cannot have been given in this case, from the specimens with which Mr. Clarke had been favored, but from general report, and a firm belief grounded on the correctness of that report.

The case of Mr. McNab, as given by Mr. Wesley in his Journal, [63] though differing in some particulars from the account detailed by Mr. Clarke, is nevertheless capable of being reconciled with it. 1. On one side of the question, Mr. Smyth was under the direction of Mr. Charles Wesley; on the other, Mr. John takes the credit of his appointment. The probability is, that they acted mutually in the case -- that the one maintained what the other had ordered. 2. Mr. Wesley informed Mr. McNab, "at a meeting of the preachers in the morning, that he could not acknowledge him as a preacher, till he was of another mind." This might be taken by Mr. McNab as the only form and place of dismissal; and hence -- supposing the business concluded in that more private meeting, his utter surprise on hearing it brought before the public. 3. The "paper" relative to the "rule," which was supposed to have been violated in the case, was "read" both to the Bath and Bristol Societies, but the act of expulsion was reserved for the latter place. It is possible too, that Mr. Wesley had no intention, when he left Bath, to give public expression to his decision; but finding that "the flame had spread further," he was absolutely driven to it; and in order effectually to quench it, prevented Mr. McNab from speaking, which would only have provoked replication, and so have added fuel to the fire. At all events, we have, between the contending parties, both the lay and clerical sides of the question, and the jealousies that had crept into the breasts of otherwise excellent men -- jealousies which would be as likely to subsist under Mr. Philpots' proposed union of the Methodists with the members of the Establishment, as when the former had the hand of their founder to rivet the chain. To return:

Although the circuits at the commencement of Methodism, embraced a great number of places, and involved much painful and wearisome traveling, personal inconvenience, and heavy work, there were some ameliorating circumstances: the people, though poor, illiterate, and in a few cases selfish and unfeeling, were upon the whole, ready to minister to these early messengers of Christ, a portion of such things as they possessed; and in Mr. Clarke's case, the universal favor with which he was received, and the especial influence which attended his ministry, even in its earliest exercises, must have been, to his mind, a source of great encouragement, as well as an occasion of gratitude. His extremely youthful appearance, which to himself was a subject of occasional regret, must, on the contrary, have generally operated in his favor, keeping in mind, that the exhortation of St. Paul to Timothy, "Let no man despise thy youth," was likewise engraven upon his heart by the finger of God, and that he ever set before him the dignity and solemnities of the ministerial office, and the awful possibility there was, of bringing the message into contempt, by the unskilfulness, carelessness, or other fault of the messenger. Mr. Clarke spoke and walked among the people, as one to whom had been committed "a dispensation of the gospel." To this were added, a fervid and glowing piety; great readiness of utterance; a ceaseless flow of original and powerful ideas; a general knowledge of the scriptures; an aptitude to avail himself, with

singular felicity, of any peculiarity of place or circumstance, by which for the time he was environed; a heart naturally glowing with the warmest affections, and the largest benevolence, enriched by the fear of God, and by a quenchless zeal for "the souls redeemed by his blood:" and when we add to all this, a voice, which, though neither rich nor mellow, was however free from all fault of intonation, -- was clear, and of full volume, we shall not wonder, that he was unanimously well received; -- that his preaching was attended by the "unction of the Holy one; -- that "great grace rested upon the hearers;" -- that whenever he appeared, "the sound of his Master's feet was heard behind him;" -- that men, women, and children, were first subdued into attention, and then many of them dissolved into tears; -- that in numerous instances, those who came to "persecute and take him," were arrested by the simple fervent power of his appeals; that the instruments of injury dropped from their hands, -- in many cases, the scales from the mind's eye; -- that the lion was transformed into the lamb; -- and that "he who came to scoff, remained to pray!" In some parts of these extensive circuits, it must also have happened, that Mr. Clarke met fellowship of mind in a greater or less degree: for on the principle of allowing to human intelligences only so much intellectual capacity as goes to constitute them such, there must have been many, with whom he could converse upon subjects of common interest; for it is to be remembered that the motto of Pittacus, -- "Learn by every event" -- was engraven upon his memory and his heart from early years, and that in fact, such was his intellectual power of absorption, that, go where he would, and be placed in whatever society he might, he was nearly certain to have added something to the previously acquired stock of information.

Besides, in this school of infant Methodism, though there were "many weak and feeble among them," he learned, that valuable portions of human mature may be found in disguise; and that the virtues which ennoble man, may co-exist with what, from ignorance of peculiar circumstances, a common observer or indifferent looker-on, might designate as meanness; -- for the history of human society will furnish man such instances to the philosophic investigator. Allowing such incidental occasions of profiting, the value attaching to them, Mr. Clarke was favored with positive sources of rational improvement and pleasure; especially in the town of Trowbridge, where the Methodist society could boast of individuals of considerable respectability and cultivated intellect.

At the head of these, stood a portion of the family of Mrs. Cooke, a widow lady, herself a rigid member of the Establishment. As a clergyman of the Anglican church, she invited Mr. Wesley to the hospitalities of her house, when ministerial duties pointed his course in the direction of Trowbridge, and perceiving that Mr. Clarke was a young man of education, he also became an occasional visitor. Of this lady's five daughters, three, were at this time members of the Methodist society; with all of whom he occasionally corresponded after he left the circuit, but with the second, [64] an epistolary correspondence was maintained for several years, upon subjects of deep and varied interest. She was a woman of strong mind, dauntless spirit, untiring energy in the pursuit and acquisition of knowledge; added to which, was a heart deeply imbued with the eternal verities of the gospel. His correspondence with this gifted lady must of necessity have been of real service to Mr. Clarke; it called forth his intellectual energies, gave tone and vigor to his thinkings, refined his taste, improved his style, and doubtless contributed to that charm and freedom, which are thrown around the whole of his correspondence in all the succeeding years of its exercise. To complete the notice of his interest in this family, it may be told here, that his introduction to it, was judiciously and wisely improved, into such an ingratiation of himself into the good opinion of the

eldest daughter, Mary, as to lead finally to a marriage, which made up the sum of his earthly felicity, because the source of the highest pleasures of reason and taste, as it was the offspring of the purest motives, and the satisfied sense of worth in its object!

Any lengthened notice of Mrs. Clarke's intellectual and moral excellencies is superfluous here, as they have been ably portrayed by another hand: she possessed a mind of strong and equal reflective power, producing a decidedly philosophic and contemplative taste, and ability; -- deep and intense feeling; -- was firm, though not obstinate of purpose; -- had a judgment calm, deliberative, and seldom mistaken; -- and a depth of piety which entered into all her movements -- actuated every purpose -- beautified her "walk and conversation" through life, and shone with steadily increasing splendor, till it became absorbed into the Source of unoriginated light, from whence it drew its being, and to which it was uniformly and steadily approximating!

Mr. Clarke left the Bradford circuit, after the successful ministrations of a year, amid the regrets of those to whom the word of truth, as dispensed by him, was made a blessing, and followed by the good-will and respect of all classes, in order to enter upon his second course of labors in the Norwich circuit.

* * * * * * *

SECTION II.

1783.

The life of a Methodist preacher in those days, included little variety: its general record was, -- travail of soul, and, anxiety of mind; -- hard work; -- much discouragement, by reason of prevailing ignorance and wickedness; -- privations, -- in many cases life itself threatened, being called to furnish that test of faithful adherence to his Divine Master, which required him to go forth at his bidding, "not counting his life dear unto himself." Norwich, like the preceding circuit, spread open an extensive field to the culture of Mr. Clarke and his colleagues, choked up as it was, with the thorns and thistles of the curse: he set out for his station on the 11th of Aug., but as he traveled on horseback, he did not arrive till the 16th.

He states his colleagues to have been "Richard Whatcoat, John Ingham, and William Adamson:" but in the printed minutes, the station stands, "Richard Whatcoat, Joseph Thompson, William Adamson, Adam Clarke." As it is not likely that Mr. Clarke would confound Mr. Ingham with Mr. Thompson, it is probable, that some alteration had been made after the Conference, as in the case of Edward Ripon, the year preceding, whose name stood for Bradford, Wilts., though he never entered the circuit. In the account he has penned, he does not name his colleagues in his last circuit; but in this, he furnishes a characteristic sketch of each.

The picture he has given of the general accommodations for the preachers, his sufferings from intense cold, and his often scanty fare, is truly affecting; but there is much more behind the scene. While lying at anchor in Lerwick Bay, and in conversation with M. Scott, Esq., one of the "Lords of the Isles," the lodgings of the preachers came upon the tapis [on the tapis (of a subject) under consideration or discussion -- Oxford Dict.]. "I have sent off new sheets today, to each of the

preachers' houses," said the subject of the Memoir. "There is a difficulty," replied one of the brethren, who was standing by, "in preserving them from filth and vermin." The great mainspring of the Zetland [Shetland] Mission, who was careful not to give offense in any way, and afraid lest the remark, in the presence of a respectable native, should be felt, as a man finds his nationality roused when a reflection is thrown out against the land of his fathers, dexterously parried off the unintentional insult, and, turning to the gentleman, said, in a jocose manner, -- "Never mind, Mr. Scott; we can match that on the other side of the water; and all that does not belong to Shetland, should go elsewhere."

He then furnished an instance, of which he himself was eye-witness, and to the annoyances of which he was subject, which instantly diverted attention from the Isles, and fixed it upon the mother-country, who herself would find it difficult to furnish a parallel to the example afforded of a person utterly lost to the niceties of taste and cleanliness; the subject of the Memoir, in the midst of all, being lodged in an attic next [to] the thatch [roof], spending the night in wakefulness, while his clothes were suspended on the pointed boughs that fastened the thatch to the timbers.

Mr. Clarke entered upon this circuit in the genuine spirit of a missionary, seeking out "several new places;" among others, Diss was one. He spoke of having gone frequently thither, putting up his horse at an inn, -- preaching, -- paying for his horse, and riding several miles to preach at some other place, without any person offering him even a morsel of bread. He observed, "The scene, in process of time, changed, and a man of the name of Clarke, who was a farmer, at length invited me to his house. He might possibly, at first, have been taken with the name; but he soon grew pleased with my company; and, on one occasion, presented me with a piece of money, saying, -- 'You must be at some expense in keeping a horse, and that will help to defray it.' Preaching, after this, was established in Diss."

When he visited Yarmouth, which was then in the Norwich circuit, he lodged at the house of Mr. King, whom he described as a "sensible, religious man." On one of his visits to this place, he had the happiness of witnessing a remarkable answer to prayer, which he related to the writer and others, and to which the employment of the phrase, -- "a thousand to one, by one of the company, gave rise, -- bringing a "million to one," to bear against it. But as he gave the same relation in a letter to a friend, his own written statement to that friend, is adopted in the present instance, rather than the memoriter account which the writer had entered in his notebook. Mr. John Sewell, a class-leader, to whom the cause of Wesleyan Methodism, in Yarmouth, was greatly indebted, was the person, in reference to whom prayer was answered. He "was a warm friend to the cause," said Mr. Clarke, "and an excellent man. While I was in that circuit, he had a very bad typhus fever, and there was no hope of his life. I happened to come into Yarmouth when he was given over by his physicians: they had been expecting his death some days. I went to see him, and meeting one of the friends coming out, I asked 'How is Mr. Sewell?' He answered, -- 'Almost gone.' I said, -- 'Has the physician been here this morning?' Yes. ' 'Did you ask him seriously his opinion?' 'Yes, I did.' 'What did he say?' 'He had no hope; adding, it was a million to one if he recovered.' I answered, -- 'If the ONE be God's, it will outweigh the physician's MILLION.' I went straight up stairs to his bedroom, and found him scarcely able to speak. I thought, -- 'What a pity so good and useful a man should die, and particularly, in the present weak state of the Society.' I said, -- 'I will wrestle with God for his life.' I did so; and while praying, these words came with mighty power into my mind: 'He shall not die, but live; and show forth the glory of God.' In that moment, I

knew he would recover, and said to him, 'My brother, God will raise you up; this sickness is not unto death.' Those around me in the room, seemed astonished at me. In that hour, he began to amend; and I believe was a steady, consistent, useful member of society to the end of his life." Had Mr. Clarke been prone to the indulgence of egotism, here was an excellent subject for autobiography; but in this case, it was withheld; and, in both of the other instances of communication, there was no design on his part of giving publicity to them.

In the month of October, Mr. Wesley paid his annual visit to Norwich, when Mr. Clarke had the high gratification of hearing him preach on nine different occasions, and also of having some private conversation with him on the subject of experimental religion. As Mr. Wesley's account of his visit embodies in it some notices of the state of the Societies, &c., it may here be transcribed:--

"Sun., Oct. 19. -- I took the diligence for Norwich, and preached there the next evening, to more than the house would contain; and both this night and the following, we sensibly felt that God was in the midst of us.

"Wed., 22. -- I went to Yarmouth. Often this poor Society had been well nigh shattered in pieces; first, by Benjamin Worship; then a furious Calvinist, tearing away near half of them; next, by John Simpson, turning Antinomian, and scattering most that were left. It has pleased God, contrary to all human probability, to raise a new Society out of the dust; nay, and to give them courage to build a new preaching-house, which is well finished, and contains about five hundred persons. I opened it this evening; and as many as could get in, seemed to be deeply affected. Who knows but God is about to repair the waste places, and to gather a people that shall be scattered no more." [65]

This extract furnishes a noble instance of the openness and candor of Mr. Wesley. He had no disguise; but was like a piece of beautiful rock crystal, showing its transparency to the eye of the beholder on every turn of the hand; and he was as open to conviction, as the same body is to the admission of the rays of light. He makes no scruple of telling his mode of conveyance to Norwich on the Sunday, -- a point which thousands would have left unnoticed, lest it should leave a stain on their religious profession, as many -- from motives of piety, might have objected to such conveyance, under the impression that they would become the abettors of Sabbath-breaking, by encouraging stage-coach proprietors in the work of secularizing the Christian Sabbath, to purposes of worldly gain. But Mr. Wesley himself had nothing secular in view; -- he looked alone to God, and at the sacred cause of that God in the world; -- and he knew, that if "the Sabbath was made for man," it was especially "made" to assist him in promoting the salvation of sinners, in the prosecution of which, even brute strength and brute speed -- with "the diligence" to boot, must contribute their aid; for if men will persist in working their horses, &c., on the Sabbath-day, why may not Providence be permitted to overrule even this evil for good, and the church receive occasional benefit from that which the world is disposed to devote to its own exclusive advantage! There are persons to be met with, who are more scrupulous for others than themselves, and who bring much more conscience to bear upon the church, than the world. They raise an outcry against a man for engaging a horse to convey him to a distant place to preach the gospel; and yet they would admit of horses being yoked to the fire-engine and the cart on the Lord's-day, the one to expedite the business of quenching the flame, and the other to convey the rescued property from the range of

its destructive influence. We should always attend to the moral involved in the question, -- "Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath-days, or to do evil?" and also to the decision of Christ in the case, -- "Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath-days."

Mr. Clarke related to the writer a circumstance which occurred on Mr. Wesley leaving Norwich, on the occasion of the present visit, which shows the character of that great man. "When Mr. Wesley was about to depart," he remarked, "the poor, as usual, flocked around him, and were extremely annoying, by pressing upon him, having only as much money as would defray his expenses to the next place, he turned, and said, rather sharply, when near the carriage, -- 'I have nothing for you; -- do you suppose I can support the poor in every place?' he then proceeded to ascend the steps, in doing which, his foot slipped, and he fell back upon the ground. Mr. Bradford being near, raised him up; and just as he was re-ascending the steps of the carriage, he turned his head towards Mr. Bradford, who stood behind him, and bending a benignant, yet pensive eye upon him, meekly said, -- 'It is all right, Joseph; -- it is all right; it was only what I deserved; for if I had no other good to impart, I ought, at least, to have given them good words.'" The venerable man felt as though he had injured the poor by the sharpness of his manner, and was instantly melted into tenderness in their presence, as well as impressed with a consciousness, that God had permitted him to be rebuked before them by the accident.

The Norwich circuit was very extensive. "It embraced," Mr. Clarke remarks in a letter to a friend, "Norwich, Thurne, Yarmouth, Lowestoff, Cave, Baccles, Wheatacre, Haddiscoe, Thurlton, Heckingham, Hempnell, Loddon, Barford, Hardwick, Stratton, Fasburg, Dickleborow, Winfarthing, N. and S. Lapham, Diss;" adding, in the language of Horace, -- "Cum multis aliis, quæ nunc præscribere longum est. It cost us about 250 miles a month; and I have walked this with my saddlebags on my back."

The city of Norwich itself had long been noted for riotous conduct towards the Methodists; and in it Mr. Clarke had his share of annoyance. "I rarely preached," said he, "in Cherry-Lane chapel in an evening, without disturbance." He then proceeded to relate some of the exploits of Mr. Hampson, who, by the majesty of his person, the roar of his voice, and his menacing attitude, awed and dispersed the mob, relinquishing the arm of Mr. Clarke who, while he hung upon it, looked up to the gigantic figure by his side, and watched the result -- Hampson announcing death to the first assailant.

A friend acquainted with this period of Mr. Clarke's personal history observes, that there were strong indications of future greatness; and also states, that while on the circuit, "he wrote an Answer to the Rev. Mr. Lemon's Remarks on Enthusiasm;" a subject to which Mr. Clarke himself referred, but stated it to be a "long letter" to that gentleman, "occasioned by a definition of the word Methodists, in his Etymological Dictionary, just then published." We are not informed, in either instance, whether the letter written, was printed and published. This early entrance into the arena of controversy is neither to be viewed as indicative of his disposition -- as though delighting in combat, nor as the promise of anything in reversion, (for he had a decided aversion to controversy in every form;) but as arising from, a strong sense of duty, and an ardent love of the Methodist body, which he was anxious should stand fair before the public, and particularly when exhibited in the works of a clergyman of the Established Church. It was rare, indeed, that he allowed himself in the indulgence of humor, irony, or sallies of wit, especially in the pulpit: but in

one instance, having occasion to refer to the acrimonious spirit too often manifested by controvertists, he suddenly broke out thus: -- "Among other things, in connection with religion, we have, what is called, POLEMIC DIVINITY! And what is polemic divinity? Why, warlike divinity! so that, in a church established for the purpose of bringing men into a state of peace and amity with each other, -- in the publication of a Saviour, who is the 'Prince of Peace,' -- with a gospel in our hands, the spirit and letter of which is, 'Peace on earth, and good-will toward men,' -- in the assumption of an office, which, while retained, recognizes us only as the messengers of peace, and of whom it ought ever to be said by the public, 'How beautiful upon the mountain are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace,' -- under the influence of a Spirit that breathes into the soul a 'peace which passeth understanding,' and which ought to 'flow as a river;' -- and the whole of this system of peace originating with the 'God of all grace;' -- in the midst of all this, I say, we have a theology among us, which breathes nothing but war!'

Though he had a pretty keen perception of the ludicrous, and met with various instances for its indulgence, he permitted them to escape only occasionally in the way of communication. A case was noticed, by a friend, when he paired it with the following:--

"I was partly witness of a scene, in the East of England, in a family which duty led me to visit, and which seldom occurs. The husband stood about five feet five inches, and the wife about six feet three; the former was not quite so good as he ought to have been, and the woman had some religion. He came home one night, -- not drunk, but a little inflamed with liquor. He became very abusive, -- first walked up and down the room, -- and then seated himself in a chair. She, in her turn, walked the floor like Juno among the gods; and while moving majestically along on one side of the room, he took care to keep on the other: he at length went to bed in the sulks, where he lay till late in the morning, declaring that he would not get up -- no, not if he burnt forever for it. 'You won't get up, then?' said she. 'No;' was still the sullen reply. She said no more, but walked downstairs, as majestic in purpose as in body; and taking up a very large pitcher, filled it with water, -- returned to the room, -- went to the bed, -- drew down the clothes, -- and pouring the contents upon him, repeated, -- 'You won't get up, then; lie there, till you are weary.' This had the desired effect; he rose immediately; and went about his business as usual." Notwithstanding Mr. Clarke could relate an occurrence of this kind, with occasional humor, he was as averse to polemics in the domestic circle, as in the church.

The time arrived when he had to take leave of his friends in the Norwich circuit; and although the year he had spent with them was distinguished for hard labor, as well as great personal suffering, owing to the severity of the winter, yet he increased his knowledge of men and books, multiplied his friends, and added to his personal piety.

He was appointed at the Conference held at Leeds, July 27th, &c., 1784, for what he denominates the "St. Austell circuit," but what is designated in the Minutes of Conference, "Cornwall East. " His colleagues were Francis Wrigley and William Church. He left Aug. 11th, and arrived at St. Austell on the 28th of the same month. Speaking of his equipment and of his journey, he entered into the relation with the pleasurable feeling of a mariner, who, after the storm has blown over, recounts the perils and privations of the voyage, seated in the bosom of his family, and surrounded by the comforts of home. "I had a guinea allowed me," said he, "for the keep of myself and my horse, to pay the toll-bars, and to meet the other incidental expenses of a journey of

between three and four hundred miles. To this, a good woman kindly added half-a-crown; and with this, I set off, very often either walking about, or remaining in the stable, in the course of the journey, while the horse was feeding, for I could not, in every instance, afford a meal to myself."

At this Conference, the Deed of Declaration occasioned much discussion. Mr. Clarke was not at Leeds to hear it; but he heard much respecting it. "Mr. J. Hampson, his son, and others," he remarked, "took offense, because they were left out of the Deed. I was left out; and so were many more. A reason might be assigned for the omission of my name, as I had traveled only two years: but that would make equally against the insertion of the name of Jonathan Parkin, who had traveled only one. The truth is, the whole was undesigned; Dr. Coke declared, with all the solemnity of an oath, that the names were taken promiscuously from the Minutes, without the least invidious distinction.

As London lay in Mr. Clarke's route he entered that city on Saturday the 14th, and remained there till the Monday. The Sabbath being a day of hard Methodistical labor, he, in common with his brethren, was furnished with ministerial employment. Inquiring of J. Cromie, Esq., whether he knew Moorfields, when speaking of the Metropolis, and being answered in the negative, he observed, -- "I knew it when there was not a house on the ground; and now, I may say, that it is covered with thousands. It was customary, at the time to which I refer, in 1784, for seven or eight preachers, to collect together as many congregations, on a Sunday morning, on different parts of the ground, and publicly to address them. Desks were brought out for the accommodation of the person who had to preach; and on one I stood, at the period referred to, and spoke to the people." He then proceeded to relate a striking circumstance which occurred on the occasion, and which received an illustration at a subsequent period. The same circumstance was narrated by him on a previous occasion; and, on the whole, with greater particularity. The introductory remarks belong to the latter recital.

"While I was thus addressing the people," said he, "out of doors, I perceived two men, whose conduct appeared strange to me; I marked them, but could offer no explanation of it at the time, to satisfy myself. Some years afterwards, a man came to me after preaching, and asked me, whether I recollected preaching at Moorfields? -- specifying the time. I told him, I did. He next inquired, whether I had perceived two men describing their conduct. I answered in the affirmative. He returned, -- 'I was one of those men; the person with me was my brother: we had both heard the truth, and hated you for telling it to us. We thought you were too young to teach others; and therefore resolved to pull you down, and do you injury: for this purpose, we made our way to the desk, taking our stand on each side of it, and encouraging each other: he beckoned me to do it, and I beckoned him; but neither of us seemed to have power to effect our intention: we were secretly and unaccountably deterred: at length we began to attend to what was said, -- were both impressed with the force of truth, -- and I am now, through the mercy of God, a local-preacher in the Methodist Society."

Having given an instance of the force of truth, exciting, in the onset, the hatred of the persons under its influence, he furnished another, exemplifying a native love of it, when in danger of being traduced by those who ought to uphold its interests. "Everett," he inquired one day, when sitting with some friends, "have you any account of Peter Jaco?" "I have, Sir," returned the writer, "but have not yet taken up his character." "You hear," he replied, turning to the company, "the

emphasis he lays on 'yet,' -- telling us in effect, that the way is still open for more; well, you shall have your knowledge enlarged. He was an excellent preacher; and was in London on a particular occasion, about 1777, when Antinomianism was so rife in the land. An Antinomian preacher occupied part of the ground in Moorfields, on which I preached, on my way to Cornwall. There he erected his booth, and told the people, that they had no occasion to fear sin; that though David was both a murderer and an adulterer, yet it made no difference in the sight of God. A person in the crowd shouted out, -- 'This will not do; this man is for murdering our souls; we must have him down.' 'Must we?' exclaimed another. 'Yes,' was the general cry: 'those honest fellows at the Foundry, tell us that sin will bring us to hell, and we know it too; but this fellow is full of falsehood, and we'll choke his breath.' The cry of 'Down with him,' was no sooner heard, than the work was done. News instantly got to the Foundry, that a Methodist preacher was mobbed. Jaco came down, but soon saw it was no one belonging to the body: he asked what the man had done; they told him, adding, -- 'he is for killing our souls, and we will kill his body.' 'Let him alone this time,' said Jaco, mildly; 'he will not come again.' They asked him, -- 'Will you come again?' 'No;' he replied, 'let me go, and I will never return more.' They mauled the poor fellow most unmercifully, tore his gown, and sent him about his business in rags." Truth is upheld, under such circumstances, like an old friend, who, on being recognized -- though in disguise, commands the homage of the multitude; loving what they pursue not, and knowing what ought to be possessed.

The St. Austell circuit embraced forty regular places, besides several occasional ones; but the moral circumstances by which he was surrounded here, were far more encouraging than those of the preceding circuit; for while "his work was before him, his reward was with him;" -- toil of body, and anxiety of spirit, being compensated by universal prosperity. His congregations were overflowing; he was received as a messenger of mercy wherever he went; and while the trumpet he blew, "gave no uncertain sound," the ingathering of the people who became obedient to its call, presented a scene of moral renovation and beauty, in the contemplation of which angels rejoiced, and the servant of Christ became strengthened and encouraged! Here also, he grew in wisdom; and favored by the circumstances of the country, indulged his taste for mineralogy, and fortified his views on divers points connected with the Mosaic account of the creation; observing, "I frequently took my hammer out with me in Cornwall, to examine the rocks, &c., and satisfied myself by various experiments, of the truth of the Mosaic account of the creation, in opposition to the objections of the earth-makers of the day."

With Samuel Drew, and a few other (since) distinguished men, he formed valuable friendships; well knowing that the friction of minds not altogether uncongenial, often produces a light which dispels doubts, that necessarily gather around us in the midst of solitary musings; thus he was ever seeking to enlarge his knowledge, that it might be imparted to others, while it tended to exalt his own contemplations, and to bring him into nearer contact with the wisdom and energy which govern and animate all things: it was in the mightiness of this feeling, that he "sought to intermeddle with all wisdom;" assured that the more knowledge he realized, the steadier and stronger would his faith become, in the great invisible Maker and Director! To this end, he borrowed books upon various subjects, and thus the field of human as well as of "divine philosophy" became expanded to his view, and his eye "wandered o'er the scene outspread, with interest intense: indeed, under the guidance of "the wisdom which cometh from above," and ennobled by the consciousness of a divine expansiveness within, -- his intellectual movements were secreted "as dew, from the womb of the morning;" and his untiring energies, and perpetually

accumulating stores, were concentrated into the spirit of a pure offering, and yielded up to the service of Him, who as "the Giver of every good and perfect gift," was the source and spring-head of all he possessed! With Samuel Drew, especially, a greater than ordinary friendship was established: in this "untutored child of nature," as the Anti-Jacobin Reviewers denominated him, he found a mind in many respects kindred with his own: he had the satisfaction of joining him to the Methodist Society at St. Austell. Mr. Drew did not long survive his friend, for his sun went down only a few months after the brighter orb, had set in this, to arise with increased brilliancy in another hemisphere!

Mr. Drew, writing on the subject, observed, that "multitudes, who scarcely ever visited the Methodist chapels on any other occasion, flocked to hear Mr. Clarke; and, at times, the places were so thronged, that it was with difficulty he could urge his way through the concentrated mass. One instance of this fell under the writer's notice. It was at the town of St. Austell; the room was so completely filled, that he was obliged to enter through a window, and literally creep on his hands and knees over the heads and shoulders of the people, to reach the pulpit. This tide of popularity continued to follow him, without any abatement."

In Dr. Twentyman, of Port Isaac, -- (whose first introduction to Mr. Clarke was of a professional character, the latter having been dangerously hurt by a fall from a refractory horse, which he would continue to ride, both against its own will, and rational entreaty, because it had belonged to Mr. Wesley,) -- Mr. Clarke found an intelligent friend: he represented him as an old man of majestic features. One of his interviews with the Dr. was striking:--

Dr. Twentyman -- "Pray what school were you last at?"

Adam Clarke -- "Kingswood, Sir."

Dr. Twentyman -- "I ask the question because I dreamed that I met you, and saw a school-house and a pump in the yard. I never saw the place in my life, but the whole appeared with great clearness, especially the peculiar manner of pumping."

Adam Clarke -- "Have you no recollection, Dr., of the place having been described to you."

Dr. Twentyman -- "None at all."

We then turned to other subjects; Alchemy was named: he said, "read hermetical books, Mr. Clarke; the knowledge of nature is open to all who fear God, and you will ever find a nearness of nature to its Creator. He then descanted on the working of God in natural things," proceeded Mr. Clarke, "and to heighten my relish for this subject, he took me into his laboratory, showed me his furnace, -- kindled his fire, took up some things which I very well knew, calling them by the allegorical names by which they were designated in his hermetical books, and trying several processes, explaining them as he proceeded; thus he deeply interested me for a while; at the conclusion of the experiments, I hinted, as delicately as I could, a wish to be permitted to share in the expense incurred by them, intimating that it had all been done on my account, and for my benefit; he replied, 'Friendship, Mr. Clarke, will not admit of any price.'" This acquaintance was

maintained by correspondence as long as Dr. Twentyman lived. And, observed Mr. Clarke, in closing this account, "I never visited him without being the better for it."

An amusing circumstance took place, while in this circuit, between himself and one of the "gentle craft." He ordered a pair of shoes, and gave particular directions, while the man was measuring the foot, how he wished them made: on the maker presenting them to him, he looked at them, and pronounced them not according to order.

Shoemaker -- "They have been made according to the measure, and your own directions."

Mr. Clarke -- "That cannot be; if you had worked according to my directions, the shoes would have fitted."

Shoemaker. -- "How can you tell they will not do before you try them on?"

Mr. Clarke -- "I am convinced of it from appearance and I know that my eye is pretty correct."

Shoemaker -- "I defy any man to be able to know, in a case where a shoe has been made according to the measure, till he has tried to fit it to the foot."

Mr. Clarke -- "I will try to put it on, in order to convince you of your error."

Here Mr. Clarke made the attempt, but the shoe would not admit the foot. Then, turning to the shoemaker, he said, "I told you they would not fit!" The man was a good deal surprised, and was at a loss to account for it. Mr. Clarke at length relieved him, by first pointing to his foot, and next to the shoe, saying, "The defect is in the instep; you should (directing his eye to the part) have taken, according to my directions, about half an inch from one side, in order to relieve the other."

This was no sooner said than honest Crispin exclaimed, "Aye, I have found you out, -- I have found you out; -- no one but a shoe-maker could have detected that!" Mr. Clarke added, pleasantly, "He might, on the same ground, have taken me for a watchmaker; for finding on one occasion, that my watch did not go well, I took it in pieces -- laid the different parts in a saucer -- cleaned them -- put them together -- and the watch went well afterwards; and this I did though I never had seen a watch taken in pieces in my life." The biographer remarked, "You ought, on the same principle, to have been a tinker in the Norwich circuit, for having mended the bellows, together with some other household utensils." Several instances, (besides the present) but that in particular of taking the watch in pieces, cleaning, and putting it together, go to prove, that Mr. Clarke was possessed of no small degree of mechanical genius; and that if Divine Providence had not assigned another sphere in which he was to move, he might, with his inventive, constructive, combining powers, have risen as high in some of the Arts, as he afterwards did in Literature and Science.

When an opportunity of usefulness presented itself to him, he never permitted appearances or trivial circumstances to turn him aside from embracing it. Among other instances of zeal to

benefit the people among whom his lot was cast, the following is one -- though mixed up with a curious circumstance.

"When I traveled in Cornwall, " he remarked, "I was frequently at a place, in the neighborhood of which was a slate quarry; the men had an hour allowed them for dinner; of this hour, I very often took the one half to preach to them. Among many others that constantly attended on these occasions, was a Quaker, who was a good man. A clergyman, who was remarkably fond of hunting, resided in the same neighborhood. This gentleman was out one day; and coming up to the Quaker, who was passing, when the hounds were at fault, he asked, 'Have you seen the hare?' -- 'Wert thou wanting one?' inquired the friend. 'Yes,' returned the clergyman: 'Well,' replied the friend, 'if I knew, I would not tell thee, unless she were in a place were thou couldst not find her.' 'And where is the place,' rejoined the clergyman, 'in which I could not find her?' 'In thy study,' retorted the friend, -- 'a place which thou rarely visitest.' The clergyman proceeded with the chase, but the word finally fastened: he yielded to conviction, and preached Christ till he died."

This anecdote, though often heard before, was only admired for the truth and point which it contained, and then thrown among the general mass, without an owner, to be received as true or false, agreeably to inclination. But coming in this shape, with such associations, and through such a channel, its authenticity gives it an interest which it did not before possess.

Just as Mr. Clarke was on the point of leaving the circuit, (being appointed for "Plymouth Dock" at the Conference held in London, 1785,) Mr. Wesley paid it a visit. The latter remarks in his Journal, "Monday, August 22. I took a cheerful leave of our brethren at the Dock, leaving them well united; and on the following days preached at Liskcard, St. Austell, Sticker, (a new place near it,) Helstone, Marazion, and Penzance." The three first places were in the St. Austell circuit; and as Mr. Clarke did not leave it till three or four days after Mr. Wesley's arrival, the probability is, that he enjoyed his society on the occasion: his own silence on the subject may be resolved into the act of reserving everything he could prudently omit, and that would serve a better purpose in another place, for his intended life of Wesley: and as they were both geographically and chronologically thrown together, the writer would introduce on the present occasion, two or three notices respecting that great man, particularly as they belong, according to the best calculation he has been able to make, to somewhere about this period. "To give you," said Mr. Clarke, "an instance of Mr. Wesley's punctuality, being with him one day, when his chaise was not at the door at the time he had ordered it, he immediately set off on foot, and I accompanied him: it was not long, however, before Mr. Bradford overtook us with it:

Mr. Wesley inquired, 'Joseph, what has been the matter?'

Mr. Bradford -- ' I could not get things ready any sooner, Sir?'

Mr. Wesley -- 'You should have urged the people to it.'

Mr. Bradford -- 'I spoke to them to be in readiness, Sir, no less than nineteen times.'

Mr. Wesley -- Pleasantly, 'You lost it, you blockhead, for want of the twentieth.' Thus giving both Joseph and his young friend a gentle hint on the propriety of perseverance." It is very

likely, if Joseph had even gone to the twentieth, or to a still further extent, that he would yet have lost it for want of the succeeding number." [66]

Adverting again to Mr. Wesley, Mr. Clarke observed, "I was present on the occasion when he had an interview with an Italian Count, who was also a priest. Mr. Wesley could not converse in Italian, and the Count could not converse in French; and the Latin pronunciation of both differed somewhat from each other: Mr. Wesley had permitted his Italian to rust, and felt unusually awkward. The subject was chiefly the witness of the Spirit: there was one point which Mr. Wesley could not correctly catch, where the Count intimated that he had no well-grounded hope: it was referred to me, as I stood, on that occasion, interpreter." He then proceeded to give the following brief history of the stranger.

"He was a priest at Rome: he had confessed upwards of two millions of persons: he, however, had conscience. A lady of distinction came to him, whom he refused to absolve: he said -- (without naming the offense,) that it was the price of blood, and he could not absolve: she said, she would appeal to the Pope: he knew the consequence must be, that he must either violate his conscience, or be ruined in his property, and preferred the latter. He left Italy -- was denounced a heretic -- his next brother seized the paternal estate -- he landed in England -- came to London -- was introduced to Bishop Porteus, and his case inquired into -- it was found correct -- and the Bishop presented him with a living in one of the Norman Isles, where I afterwards met with him, and renewed the acquaintance. I heard him preach, when I traveled in the Islands. He was one of the most extraordinary men I ever heard for taking up the human heart, dissecting it, dividing it into threads, and laying it before the people: he had a son, who was a member of our society."

Either the Count must have been in the country some considerable time at the period of the interview, or Dr. Clarke's knowledge of his son must have been many years subsequent to it, as the former, while a priest of the Romish Church, would be obliged to pay respect to the rule of celibacy. Mr. Wesley's respect for Mr. Clarke too, could not but be heightened by the service he rendered on this occasion; and this, in all probability, induced the venerable man, a little after this time, to urge him to cultivate his mind, " and not to forget nothing he had ever learned;" an advice to which he has referred more than once in the presence of the writer, with unusual pleasure.

A case full as extraordinary as the one noticed respecting the two persecutors, who combined to pull him from the preaching desk, in Moorfields, occurred in the course of his station in this part of the kingdom. "I was preaching out of doors in Cornwall once," said he, "close to some haystacks, when a man brought a pocket full of eggs to throw at me: he was at a distance, when I first noticed him, and although I did not perceive anything in his hand, yet I was persuaded from his various movements, that he had some other object in view than that of hearing the word of life. He took his station on the one side of me, at a moderate distance, where he appeared to consider himself most sheltered from my eye, and could secure a steady aim at the side of my face. A friend, however, suspicious of his intentions, continued to watch his motions the whole of the time.

This friend, though often tempted to go up to him, was nevertheless afraid, as he knew not what additional persecution his interference might draw down upon me: but he still watched his

eye; at length, the man took an egg out of his pocket, and began to square himself for the work, partially raising his hand by his side, and projecting it from him. He looked -- listened -- and dropped his hand. In this way he squared -- lifted the hand -- looked -- listened -- and dropped the arm several times. He then began to hear with deep attention -- seriousness sat upon his countenance -- and as he continued to drink in the word, he stole nearer and nearer to me. His eye soon became fixed, and the hand which grasped the egg no longer retained its hold, but dropped it, as if nerveless: the tears began to start -- he became more and more affected -- and as if unperceived by any one, the same hand which had been raised against me, stole into the pocket -- took one egg out after another, till he cleared away the whole, silently dropping them on the ground. The man received lasting good."

Mr. Clarke further observed, "For thus preaching out of doors, I was taken before Sir Henry Trelawney, the chief magistrate of the place. Sir Henry himself had been a singular character; he had preached all over that country; sometimes in trousers belonging to the sailors, till his own clothes got dried, after being drenched with rain. His friends advised him, on the conviction of his being called to preach the gospel, to get ordained: he did so; and as he had the gift of the living in his own parish, he took it himself, and preached the gospel to the people. He asked me, whether I had a licence? I told him I had not: he then inquired into the reason, when I informed him, that I could not conscientiously take the oath, -- that the law was enacted for the relief of good men, who could not conform to the ceremonies, &c., of the Church of England, -- that I could not take the oath, was not a dissenter, and had nothing in common with the dissenters beyond the general religion of Christ, -- that the law was not made for me, -- that it could afford no relief to me, -- that I was, in short, a member of the Church of England, as I could subscribe to its forms, believed in its doctrines, &c. Sir Henry advised me to go and procure a licence, telling me, that at the place to which he recommended me to make application, I should not be asked any questions, and then I should be protected by law; stating, that I might, under these circumstances, if molested, bring the offenders before him, and he would grant protection.

"Many years after this, I was in company with Spencer Percival, who was of opinion that I might take the oath. I stated the same objections to him, which I had employed to Sir Henry. Lord Sidmouth was present with the Hon. S. Percival, and his lordship fully coincided with me, giving it as his opinion, that I could not conscientiously take the oath; -- and to this day, (1830,) I am without a licence."

The good effected by his unremitted labor, fervid zeal, and increasing growth in spiritual wisdom, in this circuit, was great and permanent. Indeed such was the abiding strength of impression throughout Cornwall, that the writer has been repeatedly told that his [Adam Clarke's] name is held sacred there to this hour, nor ever mentioned either by rich or poor, without the deepest feeling of respect and veneration: the hearts of the thousands of Israel were in his hand, and he might have commanded them as he pleased.

* * * * * * *

SECTION III.

1786.

Cicero defines moral greatness to consist in contempt for external objects; and in the performance of actions abounding in utility, requiring labor, and fraught with peril of life. If to any man of modern times, this definition is literally applicable, it is so to the subject of these pages. "I am ready not only to be bound, but to die for the name of the Lord Jesus," was the spirit, of sacrifice in which, heart and soul, he entered into the ministry, at a time in which Methodism was "a sect everywhere spoken against," and its ministers treated as "the off-scouring of all things." Instances have already met the eye of the reader, in which he has seen the moral courage of Mr. Clarke sufficiently tested; and the passages of the history onward, will discover him dauntlessly pursuing the same path, in defiance of personal hazard, amid great mental discouragement. That was a fine sentence uttered by a soldier in the Parliament army, of our First Charles; "There is nothing, " said he, "that has a spark of God in it, but [which] the more it is suppressed the more it rises." The religion of Christ, indeed, has an immortal life, and even the fires of persecution, may, in a certain sense, be said to be the element in which it lives in its strength and in its purity. Wesley, and the preachers who were his coadjutors, knew, that in commencing their invasion of a comparatively barbarous community, they were addressing themselves not only to a difficult and important, but also to a perilous task; and that, in the majority of cases, they must take their lives in their hand, and preach Christ at the peril of them.

Foster, in his masterly Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance, observes, "The preaching of Wesley and Whitefield, was a test of what the people had been previously taught or allowed to repose in, as Christian truth, under the tuition of their great religious guardian, the National Church: what it was, or was not, would be found in their having a sense of something like what they had been taught before, or something opposite to it, or something altogether foreign and unknown, when they were hearing these loud proclaimers of the old doctrines of the reformation. Now, as carrying with them this quality of a test, how were those men received? Why, they were generally received, on account of the import of what they said, still more than from their zealous manner of saying it, with as strong an impression of novelty and strangeness, as any of our voyagers and travelers of discovery have been, by the barbarous tribes who had never before seen civilized man: they might, as the voyagers have done, experience every local difference of moral temperament, from that which hailed them with acclamations, to that which often exploded, in a volley of mud and stones: but through all these varieties of greeting, there was a strong sense of something then brought before them for the first time; 'Thou bringest certain strange things to our ears,' was an expression not more unaffectedly uttered by any hearer of an Apostle, preaching in a heathen city: and to many of the auditors, it was a matter of nearly as much difficulty as it would to an inquisitive heathen, and required as new a posture of the mind, to attain an understanding of the evangelical doctrines, though they were the very same which had been held forth by the fathers and martyrs of the English Church."

Thus we see, that in disturbing what had been the settled order of things; in endeavoring to relieve truth of the deep shade which was spread before it, and by the intervention of which, its beams lost their brightness, the spirit of persecution was raised against [66] these apostolic men and their associates: wherever they went, a multitude of barbarians rushed together, assailing them with dangerous missiles, and greeting them with profane oaths; and it required more than honest zeal, it demanded "a grandeur of enthusiasm," to stand forth in the service of religion, amid such proofs of the mental and moral ignorance of the people. But Wesley and his preachers knew, that

"ignorance could not annihilate the principle of religion in the spirit of man and albeit its claims were to be advanced and supported at the expense of suffering, and the hazard of life itself, this they endured, under the influence of a solemn and abiding conviction of the paramount importance of the cause they had espoused; -- namely, the waging of an eternal war with "the kingdom of darkness," -- in its desolating reign of ignorance, depravity, and misery!

Mr. Clarke in the prosecution of his high vocation, displayed a strength of mind, a steadfastness of purpose, and an extension of resources, which kept pace with the demands made upon them by the difficulties and perplexities of the path along which he was called to move: in the midst of all the intellectual obscuration at which we have glanced, he asserted the claim of the gospel to be heard and considered, with a power of moral suasion, which, in many instances, dismayed and quelled the most violent outbreakings. Truth, thus declared and inculcated, was, upon numerous occasions, received by the people, who opened their minds to its influence, listened to the things which were spoken concerning the kingdom of Christ, and so, by means of the light which now began to pierce the veil of heathenish ignorance in which the mass of the common people were enwrapt, a new scene of realities was presented to the view; the principles of religious truth were brought home in familiar language, and approachable form; the revealed law of God shone forth in its purity; emanations from the Spirit of wisdom, enlightened the hitherto dark and insensate mind; and the highest interests of the intelligent being were apprehended, and as a consequent, acknowledged, by the anxious and reiterated question, -- "Men and brethren, what shall we do!"

It was not in perfect accordance with his own inclination that Mr. Clarke was stationed at the Norman Isles: but as he made it a point of conscience, neither to choose nor refuse an appointment, and as a knowledge of the French language was an acquisition highly important in the estimation of Mr. Wesley, to the success of the mission, he went in compliance with his expressed opinion. The first year, however, he spent in these islands, he describes as being felt by him to be "days of exile," for he was cut off from former associations, and even from accustomed aids in the pursuit of literature; but in the spirit of his mind, which turned even the bitters of life to profit, he considered that this comparative banishment might be necessary to accomplish ends the most excellent: he knew that, "Where God vital breathes, there must be joy;" and to the eye of his intelligent apprehension, the barren desert smiled, and the dreary landscape afforded pleasing and variegated hues, when gilded by the shining forth of the Sun of Righteousness; and in the sublime elevation of his own mind, while contemplating the glorious work in which he was engaged, he could discern the Spirit of God brooding over the moral chaos, -- reducing disorder and confusion into regularity and harmony, and accomplishing, throughout the whole moral scene, the beauty of a new creation!

Mr. Clarke set sail with Mr. Brackenbury from Southampton, in a Jersey Packet, and arrived in the Bay of St. Aubin, on the 26th of October, 1786, from whence they proceeded to St. Helier's, the residence of Mr. Brackenbury. In this place, as well as at St. Peter's in Guernsey, the people understood English. After preaching a few times in Jersey, Mr. Clarke proceeded to Guernsey, where he obtained a large warehouse, in which he preached occasionally, extending his ministerial exercises to different private houses in various parts of the town. Though he frequently addressed congregations who could understand a sermon in English, yet, generally speaking, he had to resort to his French, and in these instances he observed, "I always read my sermons,

(occasionally quoting the English version,) not daring to leave myself at large, though this plan was far from agreeable to me." He met in these islands with several deeply experienced Christians, a beautiful picture of two of whom he gave in a letter to his "beloved Mary," a few months after his arrival, and concerning whom he observed to another friend; "I have lately visited Jersey, and though my stay was but a few days, yet was my soul much refreshed by the wise counsel of a mother in Israel, and of a daughter in Abraham; from these I discover, with increasing evidence, that whom God justifies, them he also sanctifies; who stagger not at his promise through unbelief. How blessedly is this remarked in Abraham; he staggered not; the original word signifies, he did not fetch a compass, at the promise, through unbelief. How many take the opposite way! -- fetching wide compasses, out of their own, and others' inventions; the way of God not being complete enough, to afford matter of deep research for refined geniuses!"

Other feelings, however, besides that of admiration were occasionally called into exercise: there was a woman who professed, like Mr. Poole, in a preceding page, to be inspired with a tune, which she had received in her sleep: "it went through the congregations," he observed, "and was received by some of the people as though it had been sent from heaven; I was obliged to endure it, but such a con-drizzening piece of stuff I never heard, either before or since; it was indeed a wonderful thing, but like many other wonderful things brought to light, could not, when brought to it, -- endure its flash."

During his ministrations in these islands, Mr. Clarke met with much and varied opposition, in his attempts to "cast that bread upon the waters, which was found after many days:" the description of persons for whose salvation he labored with the greatest earnestness, were the ones most violent in their persecution of him, upon the principle that "Satan rages the most fiercely when he knows his time is short." On one occasion, they drummed him out of the town, having at their head, as patron, a magistrate of the place, whose name ought to be associated with this notice of his disgraceful outrage upon the spirit of his office: at another time, when the mob assembled, most of them, in true Ephesian style, "not knowing wherefore they were come together," he bespake their attention, and in the language of wisdom, and the spirit of meekness, so entirely convinced them of the cowardly nature of their conduct, and the kind intent with which he presented himself before them, that they heard him to the end of the discourse in perfect silence; and from that time they molested him no more, and he continued to preach until every species of opposition died silently away. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

But the instance of opposition on which Mr. Clarke lays the greatest emphasis, on account of the special interference with which he deemed it to have been accompanied, was the one related at length in his Commentary, in the form of a note on Luke iv. 30, and for which reason no more than a reference to it is made in this page, simply for the purpose of pointing the reader to the circumstantial detail of fact and feeling therein given; and we pass on, hazarding, however, an observation by the way, touching the relation above alluded to: wishing it to be fully understood, that we should be the last to limit the interference of God for, we believe it is constantly operating upon human beings in visible manifestations, and therefore ought to be habitually recognized; yet we cannot but be aware, that there is a cast of thought, (and Mr. Wesley himself was an evidence of it,) in which the recognition seems to consist, not so much in the apprehension of the universal and unremitting energy of Divine operation, as in the feeling, that the mighty apparatus in motion, is exercised in individual cases, to save from a trifling accident, in some instances counteracting

even the laws of nature for the accomplishment of such an end; yet this is an error on the right side, far safer and more elevating, than a leaning to its opposite; because, at any rate, it disposes to all that is ennobling. About this period, writing to a friend he says, "Notwithstanding all hindrances and oppositions, there is a good work going on here, though I have many difficulties to grapple with, much ignorance, and much unfaithfulness, and a great devil to combat." He was cheered at this time by news from France of a thorough ratification of all the privileges of the Edict of Nantz being then on foot, and rejoiced in the prospect of the field thus thrown open for the ingathering of a plentiful harvest.

Between Mr. Brackenbury and Mr. Clarke, great cordiality subsisted, and a correspondence at considerable length was maintained, which, on Mr. Brackenbury's part was preserved, and was highly valued by his widow after his death. On three several occasions these letters were named to the writer, by the subject of these pages; "Mrs. Brackenbury," said he, "wrote to me, stating she had several of my letters, written to Mr. Brackenbury when I was in the Norman Isles: these she prized, she said, exceedingly, and should she die before me, she would direct that all should be delivered to the family. If however, (she further observed,) I thought they would be of any service to me, I was welcome to them, and had only to name my wish; but she considered it a duty on her part to inform me that such letters existed." At a subsequent period he remarked, "All letters directed to me, except such as are intended for reference, or literary subjects, are burnt; my Mary and I agree in this:" he then repeated what he had stated before respecting the letters possessed by Mrs. Brackenbury, adding, "If you wish to have those letters, they are at your service;" thus giving liberty to the writer to employ what means he deemed proper in order to possess himself of them. The reply made to this grant was, "I should esteem them a great treasure." On another occasion, he said, "If I had those letters, you should have them." As no means were employed by the writer to secure this correspondence, he is of course ignorant of its character; yet from the letters which have appeared, and which were written about this time, it is but just to infer, that in his correspondence with Mr. Brackenbury, there must have been several points of deep interest.

The two great advantages consequent on Mr. Clarke's comparative "exile," were, that he was thrown entirely on his own resources, -- and that he had leisure for the deeper and more extended cultivation of both heart and understanding. He tells us, he began to rub off the rust from his Latin and Greek; -- to pursue his study of Hebrew, and to combine with these, other valuable requirements: in the process, therefore, he was now undergoing, defects would be supplied, and imperfections removed, and the operations of mind in the circumstances in which he was placed, would conspire to produce "the perfect man," both spiritually and intellectually.

Under the influence of the perpetually "accumulating energies which were gathering within him," he determined on conveying the message of the gospel of peace to the isle of Alderney, at that time in a state of darkness almost without parallel, being peopled chiefly by outlaws. He watched several days unsuccessfully for an opportunity of going over; at length be prevailed upon the captain of a smuggling vessel to take him. On landing, he proceeded to the town, and after having walked about it, in a state of considerable perplexity in reference to his precise mode of procedure, his attention was arrested by a small cottage, which he forthwith entered, with the announcement of peace, on the authority of his Divine Master. Its inhabitants, an old man and woman, bade him welcome; offered him the best food they had, a small chamber in which he might

sleep, and their house to preach in. On the public announcement of his mission, a multitude of persons collected together, to whom he unfolded the gospel of Christ, and who were so much interested, that it was only on the promise of preaching to them the following evening, that they were prevailed upon to depart. He withdrew, much fatigued, to his apartment, where he had not remained long, ere he was summoned down stairs to preach again, to a house quite full, among whom was a "chief man of the island; " who, at the expiration of the service, being perfectly astonished at the phenomenon of an extempore discourse, begged permission to look at the Bible which Mr. Clarke held in his hand, doubtless expecting to find a written sermon enclosed within its covers. The next day he preached again, in one of the large store-rooms, which had been cleared out for the purpose; and here, to gentry, laborers, sailors, and smugglers, he reasoned upon the superior excellence of "the righteous man, over his ungodly neighbor." All heard with solemn attention; many felt the power of conscience, and were deeply affected; and the expression of universal satisfaction, molded itself into the form of earnest entreaty, that he would remain among them. Such was the ultimate success of this truly apostolic visit, that a flourishing society was established, and a large chapel erected on the island. The Sabbath before he left, he was invited to preach in the English church, when he records, in a letter to Mr. Wesley:-- "The Lord enabled me to declare his counsel without fear, and several were affected."

He returned to Guernsey the following day. But this continuous and excessive labor produced a lamentable effect upon the health of Mr. Clarke, and the anxious question of Mr. Wesley, -- What shall be done to save brother Clarke? testifies to the seriousness of the illness with which he was afflicted; and, in writing to him upon the subject, Mr. Wesley suggests the hint, that loud speaking, and long sermons, are to be guarded against.

Mr. Clarke was extremely particular in his person and habits; and was, therefore, still less able to bear the dirt and slovenliness of the islanders, and the irregularity and confusion with which they were mixed up; -- yet in both, (for they generally support a twin existence in the same person,) his patience and forbearance were often called into exercise. "One of Mr. Wesley's mottoes," said he, when speaking upon the subject, "was, -- 'cleanliness is next to godliness.' [67] 'When I went into the Norman Isles, I found French dirt, the worst of all dirt. I have seen a large quantity of butter dashed down on the pavement for sale, and the suet [perhaps meaning: excretion, one meaning of suet being "pudding" -- DVM] of beasts lying in the window in a filthy state. After my marriage, and on Mrs. Clarke's arrival on the islands, she found it equally difficult with myself, to be comfortable, or silent, in the presence of dirt. On one occasion, she took courage to speak to a good woman, whose children appeared never either to have had their faces washed, or their hair combed. 'Do you. think,' said she, placing the subject in the least objectionable form, by proposing a question; -- 'Do you think your children are as orderly as they might be?

Woman. -- 'Indeed they are.'

Mrs. Clarke. -- 'Would it not be better to wash them?'

Woman. -- 'O! away with your English pride.'

Mrs. Clarke. -- 'Does not Mr. Wesley say, -- that cleanliness is next to godliness?' hoping, by this reference, as she knew the woman entertained great respect for him, to win her over to

compliance with more agreeable habits. 'Thank God!' exclaimed she, in return, as though cleanliness had been viewed as an intolerable burden, and deliverance from it a blessing; 'Thank God, that it is not written in my Bible!'

In the spring of 1788, Mr. Clarke made a visit to England; and, on the 17th of April, of the same year, married Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr. Cooke, cloth manufacturer, of Trowbridge; on the 25th of the same month, they set sail from Southampton, and on the morning of the 30th, landed in Guernsey. Of the voyage, he gives the following graphic and characteristic description. "We had the most agreeable passage I ever met with. The sea was perfectly still: such a quiescency sat on the mighty waters, as the oldest sailor on board had scarcely ever seen. What added, in an especial manner, to the pleasure of the passage was, the frequent opportunities we had for prayer-meetings, at which the captain was generally present; and, at particular times, all the sailors, who seemed to unite both body and soul with us, and received the word of exhortation with all readiness of mind, insomuch that we had not a single oath from our departure from Southampton, till our arrival in Guernsey." Proceeding to speak of the reception Mrs. Clarke met, he says; -- "My Mary is received with every demonstration of pure affection; and, if I may trust her own testimony, is perfectly contented. Last evening, she was present at one of our class-meetings; and while she was at prayer, the Lord poured out his Spirit in a manner so abundant, as the people had scarcely ever experienced."

On the first Sabbath after their arrival, he says "We had the privilege of receiving the sacrament of the Lord's supper, from the hands of the Rev. De St. Dalmas, an Italian count, who abandoned his country, his estates, and his religion, for conscience sake. He esteems and loves the Methodists. He is to pay us a visit at Mont Plaisir, in a day or two. What a mercy it is, to find one of his character, and in his situation, solemnly fearing, and diligently striving to serve God, and to save his own soul, and the souls of those who hear him!"

Neither discouragements, nor declining health, could abate the zeal of Mr. Clarke. As the winter wore away, he renewed, in the various parts of this scene of labor, the morning preachings. These early services seem to have been eminently owned of God. They were generally well attended. He speaks, at one time, of "a season of refreshment from the manifested presence of God; several being convinced of sin, and others stirred up to desire the completion of the spiritual edifice." Again, in a note lying before the writer, he says; -- "A little while ago, I returned from the five o'clock preaching at Les Terres. The congregation was good; and we had such another time as when I preached at Contree Mansel, upon the 'Lord's controversy.' Surely all this seed cannot fall to the ground for nought."

On the occasion of the king's recovery from one of those distressing attacks which the nation had frequently to lament, the island of Guernsey manifested its loyalty by a general illumination. No man was more warmly steadfast in his attachment to that best of kings, than the subject of this Memoir, and none would have gone farther in serviceable demonstrations of loyal duty than himself; but, at this period, many of the best people in the island were writhing under the grip of poverty, and the meltings of his heart in tender sympathy for the poor of Christ's flock, rose in opposition to what he deemed the sinful outlay consequent upon this display of general feeling; and, in a vein of humor, attempered by the sober genius of religion, and the tender yearnings of his benevolent nature, he thus enters upon a description of the scene.

"They have had a day of rejoicing (as it is called,) here, for the king's recovery; -- fine illuminations in all parts. Old Mr. M. had, I am told, every pane of glass in his house, above and below, illuminated by a candle. Mr. M. junior, had, besides every pane's illumination, 'Long live the king,' in letters of light on the ridge of his house: 'tis true the candles would not burn well above, which caused them to be taken down, and placed in the same order before the house. These things have offended many upright persons, and I have preached a whole sermon against them, and I believe all who heard me, thought my way the best. If Christianity can make no greater difference betwixt us and the world than this, pray how shall we know the spirit thereof, from its opposite? Oh! what crying sins are these before God! The poor, -- the representatives of Christ, -- the best friends of God are starving, while this unholy waste is made.

"William Mahy, our local preacher, was obliged to put his four or five little innocents to bed in the day time, and cover them up to prevent them from starving, not having a morsel of coal to burn before them, nor money to purchase any! Had a portion of the cash wasted in the above illumination, been appropriated to the relief of this distressed good man, how gladly would the first scribe in heaven have registered it, in the annals of eternity! When I consider the suffering state of these more righteous than I, I can scarcely eat my morsel with contentment; if there is meaning in the expression, 'a bleeding heart,' I do think I have it for the poor: my very soul seems to feel for the whole of them throughout the world, as my father, my sister, my mother, and my brethren!" And then, in a strain of the deepest pathos, he concludes; -- "Forgive me, if in dilating on the subject which oppresses my heart, I have forgotten to write about the full salvation you inquired after; -- but is it not found in the bowels of Christ? and were not these exercised in continual outgoings for the poor? He lived for the poor; he died for the poor; and blessed is he who remembereth the poor, even supposing he is not able to help them. I know I feel the spirit and power of Christ, in proportion as I feel love, modified into compassion and pity."

We have already seen, that amid various hardships and continuous labors, the health of Mr. Clarke seriously gave way. The climate did not agree with him; but a fear of its being imagined that he shrank from the cross, united also with his apprehension of grieving the people who were remarkably solicitous about him, -- (expressing their attachment and sympathy by recommending and presenting to him a variety of cures, for which they had searched both hill and dale,) -- he was determined to remain with them until Conference, although Mr. Brackenbury advised him to desist from preaching for awhile, and kindly suggested a visit to England. Agreeably with his resolution, he continued his ministrations among the Islands until the August of this year, and was then appointed to the Bristol circuit. But before he left, he had an accumulation of evidence, of how a single voice, raised loudly and fearlessly in the cause of truth, not only checks evil, but prepares the way for extensive and permanent future good: and thus, while the practical wisdom of this world lays plans agreeably with the impression it has of the exigency of the case, the minister of Christ simply sows the seed of the word of life, and looks to the great Lord of the harvest for its fructification, in reference both to "the wisdom which is profitable to direct," and to "the grace which brings salvation." Mr. Drew, with the characteristic kindness of a friend, and the fidelity of a Christian, has noticed the revolution which Mr. Clarke effected, in companionship with his coadjutors, in the Islands, in his life of Dr. Coke. [68]

There is no subject of contemplation more deeply interesting, than that of tracing a Christian minister, evidently baptized into the sacred office with the Holy Ghost and with fire, in his arduous yet triumphant course; to observe him offering the first fruits of his strength to God in zealous, devoted, and untiring service; going forth like the pupil and spiritual son of the great Apostle, thoroughly instructed from a child in the holy Scriptures, warring a good warfare, no man despising his youth, nay rather multitudes becoming convinced and won over to the truth, by the power and pathos of his ministry, under the commanding influence of which, the stubborn heart bows down, and the faint is upraised and cheered, -- the earnest solicitude of his mind being thus continually evidenced, not only by his zeal and importunity, but by the effects produced wherever the word of the great salvation is by him announced. In the case of Mr. Clarke, the holy effects attendant upon his preaching, afforded the strongest presumption of his divine mission.

An objection has been sometimes taken against the early age at which persons are admitted into the Evangelist's office; but age does not necessarily constitute efficiency for any great undertaking. Aristotle, after alleging the "neos" [neophyte], or young man, to be an unfit hearer and inculcator of his Ethical Treatise, affirms the deficiency in such an one to arise, not from his age, but from his living, and choosing everything in obedience to his passions; even the old man, he tells us, may be "cata to athos," (perhaps meaning something like "aged, well-matured" -- DVM) in moral character. Nothing less than an irresistible conviction of his divine appointment, could have induced Mr. Clarke to have entered, so early as he did, into the work of the ministry, especially in association with a people among whom, in its exercise, difficulties of no ordinary magnitude were to be met and overcome. His first effort was made as a stranger, -- in a strange land, -- and with the heart of a stranger, in all its feeling of desolateness. But the mysterious paradox of the "philosophic apostle," -- "When I am weak, then am I strong," -- was fully justified in his experience; for the Angel of the Lord encamped near him, and what time he was afraid, his soul was delivered from the battle which was against him, because he trusted in God.

There is not enough readiness in ministers in our own day, to surrender everything for Him, in whose service they are professedly engaged. The church and the world must, under all circumstances, be in direct and continued opposition to each other; it is a divine enunciation, engraven upon both, to the end of time, -- "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him:" no amelioration of circumstances, no restraint of persecution, no tolerance of religion, can in any wise alter or commute the meaning of that solemn question, "What concord hath Christ with Belial?" nor qualify that declaration, sounded forth from the lip of eternal truth; "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

So then it would appear, that ministers of religion must not be influenced by considerations of place and ease, because scripture, as well as common experience, establishes the impossibility of a division of heart between two opponent principles: God must be wholly served, and mammon neglected; or, mammon will be fully served, and God neglected. It would be an instructive lesson, and one which no difference of circumstances could render unworthy to be learned, to contrast the self-denying efforts, the untiring energy, the devoted zeal, of the lights of other days, with the comfortable ease, or political bustle of ministers in our own; where the wise and the scribe are too much in request, and their instructions dangerously valued for their reach of thought, or symmetry and beauty of style, rather than for their intrinsic usefulness.

The modest error of Mr. Clarke, in supposing that upon the weak warning of a dull scribbler, he must sacrifice his learning to other duties, is not likely to be the prevailing error in our day, though the pseudo scholar's warning might be less invidiously given, now when learning is esteemed more for its own sake, or for the honor attached to it, than for the preparation and strength in divine things, which it is really empowered to furnish. If we had not the living testimony of a vast majority of cases to support this view, it would, (at least prima facie,) be supposed, that study would be directed with a constant reference to the important end proposed; but it is to be feared that the schools, not the church, -- the obtaining a high place on the class-list, not the gaining wisdom and strength nobly to resist the opponents of truth, as the grand object of instruction with students for the ministry, who thus barter the honor which descends from God, for that which comes from man.

That such was not the aim of Mr. Clarke, will appear in still clearer light, as the reader advances in the perusal of this history of his life; for it will be observed, that he practically contradicted the heathen maxim, "nous pantown Basileus," ("Intellect is the king of all things"), by "bringing every thought into obedience to the gospel of Christ."

'The experience alike of nations and of individuals proves, that learning cannot long survive the decline of spiritual light: and it will be well if its lovers recollect this, before the bitter and sophistical disputes of churchmen, upon mere technicalities, shall have dimmed truth's radiant beam, or extinguished her pure and hallowed splendor!

The determined perseverance with which Mr. Clarke directed all his acquirements towards one grand object, that of the spiritual advantage of mankind, may be observed by following out a parallel between his ministerial and literary career. In his scientific researches, for example, he would experiment upon the refinement of silver, for the purpose of illustrating the important work which the Holy Spirit, under this figure, effects in the human heart. But nothing, of course, could more decisively prove the concentration of power, perseverance, and learning, into one grand focus, than his Commentary upon the Holy Scriptures, which will be noticed in the proper place.

On Mr. Clarke's return from the Norman Isles, he attended the Leeds Conference. Noticing this some years afterwards, at the close of a public service, he observed, -- "I have, for the second time in my life, forgotten to pray for the king. The first omission occurred at Leeds, and I am unable to assign any reason for it, unless it were, that the comparatively destitute condition of the islands I had just left, had become associated in my mind with the idea, that neither the king, the government, nor any other power seemed to notice them. However, being reminded of my omission, I endeavored to amend; and, having again to preach, I prayed devoutly, that God would bless the king, and fill him with his justifying and sanctifying grace. But, alas! the prayer now, was worse than the omission had been: the nicely discriminating minds of a few of the sisters, took alarm; I had implied that the king was a sinner. [69] A petition had been previously sent to the Conference, at the request of the Leeds Society, and signed by the whole of the trustees, that I should be appointed to their circuit; but these formal worthies, at the head of whom stood the names of Mrs. Crosley and Miss Trip, got up a counter-petition, strongly remonstrating against the appointment, alleging that my prayer was calculated to lower royalty in the estimation of the people, -- that to have uttered such a petition, argued dangerously democratic principles, and that consequently, I was an unfit person to minister among them. The voice of the women was heard,

and prevailed in the Conference, and my name was transferred (upon the M. S. stations) to Halifax. One of the principle gentlemen of the society invited me to breakfast with him, on the morning after this alteration had taken place and fearing that I might feel hurt by it, most kindly began sympathizing with me, adding, he had no doubt, I should be re-appointed, and expressing a hope, that I would comply with the wishes of the people irrespective of this formidable opposition. Never, I returned, will I enter Leeds, in the way of an appointment as a traveling preacher: I recognize no church, nor will I minister to any, in which my Lord and Master is not king and governor." [70]

The apostolic injunction, "Let your women keep silence in the church," was as strange to the ears of the ladies in Halifax, as it appeared to be to those of Leeds. A local preacher, understanding that Mr. Clarke was nominated to that circuit, reported that he had heard him preach; that he might be learned, but that he was dull, cold, and heavy. The influential sisters on this station also took alarm, sounded a note of disapprobation in the ear of Conference, and, says Mr. Clarke, "I was again displaced. In mitigation of' this second interference, I received an affectionate letter from Mr. Emmett, explaining that a local preacher had heard some minister whose gift corresponded with the above description, and whom he had mistaken for me, and hoped that, upon this showing, I would not object to the Halifax appointment. I replied, that the same principle must guide my movements, on this, as on the former occasion; my call, I conceived, not extending to any locality in which women were the governors, for that I was certain Christ had not the proper management, where women held the reins."

It may be just observed, before dismissing this somewhat singular item in the early economy of Methodism, that Mr. Wesley, in the ardor of a zeal for God which was apt occasionally to blind him to what would be deemed, by cooler and more calculating minds, the minutial proprieties of church discipline, was prone to accept the proffered assistance of any who appeared to possess the "root of the matter," without having sufficient regard to those qualifications, which a calculating policy would have suggested, as indispensable requisites for the proper discharge of duty; and hence we frequently find him, on revisiting the various scenes of Methodistic operation, recording instances of disorganization, imperfect administration of discipline, falling away of members, misunderstandings between his various church-officers and the people; requiring in some cases, all the weight of his astonishing influence, and the utmost exertion of his sagacity, to restore harmony and Christian fellowship among the dissentients. But it is also to be recorded, that at, and about this period, there were added to the Methodist Church, many women eminent for piety, of considerable station in life, and of superior intellectual endowments. These, bringing to the common cause, the advantages of their social position, and the value of their high character as women possessing godliness, were immediately employed by Mr. Wesley, and set prominently forth, as leaders of classes, visitors of the sick, &c. How faithful and how successfully the majority of these devoted women discharged their onerous duties, can be told by hundreds, their successors and witnesses, scattered up and down the land at this day. Miss Johnstone, Miss Ritchie, and the Cookes, together with a goodly multitude like-minded, whose praise is in all our churches, have left behind them a track of glory, by the light of which, if the women of modern Methodism were to walk, it would be immensely to their own advantage, as well as to that of our common Christianity. It was a natural consequence on the success of such instrumentality, that Mr. Wesley should be led to extend his confidence, in some instances, a little further than the event justified: his natural benevolence of heart helping on to the conclusion, that

where so many were excellent, none could greatly fail; and indeed, the necessity of the case, in many circuits, left him scarcely power to choose.

"I love the man," says old Feltham, "who is modestly valiant; who stirs not, till he most needs, and then to purpose:" and we add the sentiment of the shrewd, discriminating German physiognomist, who tells us, that "the firm, without pliancy, and the pliant without firmness, resemble vessels without water, and water without vessels." To all who were favored with the friendship of Mr. Clarke, it will be unnecessary to affirm, that, in the above instances, he was not actuated by a petty resentment for a personal affront; but by a strong wish to show his disapprobation of what he considered to be a growing evil in the Methodist body. In the town of Leeds, during the course of his long ministerial life, he preached many times with pleasure to himself, and much advantage to overflowing congregations; and at Halifax also, upon one or two occasions, he ministered the Word of Life; proving, that while he was firm in principle, he could also be pliant upon all fitting occasions. The remonstrances themselves, like a few jostlings by the way to the traveler, who, notwithstanding, is still proceeding on his journey, were no impediments to the progress or peace of Mr. Clarke, and are only noticed in singular contrast with his future celebrity; affording, also, a proof of how easy it is to mistake, in forming an estimate of principle and character. He lost nothing, however, by these transfers: for though, as fully appears, he was little known in the central parts of the kingdom, Mr. Wesley was aware of his value, and he was ultimately stationed at Bristol.

Occasional visits, some years anterior to this appointment, had made him less of a stranger in Bristol, than in most other places; and casual interviews with several of the members of this Society, prepared the way, on both sides, for that form, and tone, and spirit of fellowship, which cemented itself into strong and abiding mutual attachment. Over the choicest renewals of former acquaintance, there was, however, a shade cast, by the absence of Mrs. Hall, one of the sisters of Mr. Wesley, who was, at this period, in the metropolis. This lady was highly esteemed by Dr. Samuel Johnson. Her philosophic mind, enriched by various reading; her fine temper, and her genuine piety, were duly appreciated and honored by Mr. Clarke; and her absence was consequently felt in the circle which now gathered around him.

Mr. Clarke entered upon his ministerial labors in this city, animated by a deep concern for the salvation of sinners. From the hour, indeed, in which the grace of God took possession of his own soul, everything implied in that sublime form of expression, -- THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN, seemed not only to imbue the affections of his heart, but to influence every act, -- entering into the whole of his pursuits and conduct. He labored to impress all who were either casually thrown in his way, or with whom he had more permanent contact, with the importance of the "Communion of saints." One person who had been in the habit of attending public worship, for the space of seven years, who was of serious demeanor and good moral character, but who had not entered into close alliance with the people of God, was induced to join himself to the Methodist Society, on being exhorted by him, in apostolic language, "first to give himself to God, and then to the church, by the will of God."

Only a few days elapsed between Mr. Clarke's arrival in Bristol, and Mr. Wesley's visit to that city. The latter had entered the 86th year of his age, and on this return of his natal day, wrote as follows; "This day I enter on my 86th year. I now find I grow old: 1. My sight is decayed; so that I

cannot read a small print, unless in a strong light: 2. My strength is decayed; so that I walk much slower than I did some years since: 3. My memory of names, whether of persons or places, is decayed; till I stop a little to recollect them. What I should be afraid of is, (if I took thought for the morrow,) that my body should weigh down my mind, and create either stubbornness, by the decrease of my understanding, or peevishness, by the increase of bodily infirmities; but thou shalt answer for me, O Lord, my God!" Still, though there were evident symptoms of decay, he maintained his general cheerfulness, and occasionally in conversation, gave tokens of vivacity.

His stay was short both here and in the metropolis. "At Seven," he observes "we set out, and about noon, on Monday, August 9, reached Bristol. Finding all things there in a flourishing state, I set out for the West early on Tuesday morning, and had an exceeding pleasant journey to Taunton." He returned to Bristol, September 5, when he remained preaching in the city and neighboring towns, for the space of a month, not excepting out-door services. He speaks, in the course of this visit, of Kingswood being a "sweet recess," and where everything was then just as he wished; -- of spending "an agreeable hour with Mr., Ireland and Mr. Romaine;" -- of preaching three times a day, the first service commencing at five o'clock in the morning, -- of administering the sacrament to multitudes, -- of visiting the classes, -- of keeping a watch night, -- of holding a prayer-meeting in one of the churches, -- of visiting the father of the celebrated John Henderson, at Clare-Hill, (whom he considered to be "the best physician for lunatics in England;") -- of preaching at Thornbury, Kingswood, Pensford, Midsummer Norton, Coleford, Frome, Trowbridge, Bradford, Bath, Churchill, &c., thus filling up each day, notwithstanding his infirmities, with labor that seemed to demand the vigor of youth.

He felt, however, at intervals, the force of his own observations, on the anniversary of his birthday. In commencing his labors at Bristol, he remarks, September 6, "I read prayers and preached, and administered the sacrament to many hundred communicants. I preached in the evening as usual, and spent a little more time with the society than I commonly do: but it was more than I could well do: yet in four-and-twenty hours I was as well as usual." About the close of the month, on the 27th, he further observes, "I doubt I must not hereafter attempt to preach more than twice a day."

The friends perceiving his inadequacy to go through the whole of the above sabbath-day's duty, repaired to Mr. Clarke, and asked whether it was not advisable to engage someone to assist in the service, and so relieve him of part of the labor. To this suggestion, Mr. Clarke, who felt equally on the subject with themselves, readily acceded; and the Rev. _____ Baddily, a clergyman, afforded his help on the occasion. Mr. Wesley, referring to this, remarks, "As Mr. Baddily assisted me in the morning, I took the opportunity of preaching at Kingswood in the afternoon, and abroad in the evening; and was abundantly better in the evening than in the morning." Mr. Baddily was somewhat eccentric. While reading the passages on benevolence, in the communion service, he added, after, "'Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother in need,' that is, and is convinced, observe, in his own mind, that he is really in want." Mr. Wesley, who sat next [to] Mr. Clarke, in one of the pews, turned to him, and in an undertone, said, "What necessity is there for such interlocutions on the present occasion?"

Service being over, a friend suggested the propriety of presenting Mr. Baddily with something by way of remuneration for his assistance: Mr. Clarke, who had, ere this, acquired some

knowledge of him, having preached in his house, (and might, with his good will, have preached in his church, had he dared to permit him,) observed, that as there was danger of giving offense, it ought to be done in a way the least objectionable to his feelings. Mr. Clarke himself was deputed to wait upon him, and prefaced the business by telling him, that he had traveled ten or twelve miles of bad road to serve the good cause, -- that he had to pay toll-bars, -- that the horse might have lost a shoe, -- that he had to pay for grooming the animal, &c. -- and that the trustees, while tendering their thanks for his services, wished him to accept a small donation of two guineas.

Mr. Baddily received them with apparent readiness; and putting his hand into his pocket, took out two of his own, which he placed on the top of those he had received: then looking at Mr. Clarke, he said, "Here Adam, take these four guineas, and give them to Mr. Wesley, with my best respects; tell him to accept of them for the cause in which he is engaged, and for his condescension in employing me on this occasion." "This," said Mr. Clarke, "was an explanation of his remark in the course of the communion service, -- 'and is convinced in his own mind, that he is really in want.'" Mr. Baddily, after this, frequently walked abroad with Mr. Clarke, "he had a word," said the latter, for almost every person he met with;" and this practice was sometimes carried to such an extent, as to render Mr. Clarke a little apprehensive of having a mob collected around them. In some instances, Mr. Baddily was benevolent, in others penurious. He was alive to his besetment, and was no less free in taking vengeance of it, than in its occasional gratification. "Go out of my sight immediately," said he, to a person into whose hand he had pressed a handsome donation for a public charity; "for if you stop here, this heart of mine will be yearning after it, and I shall lose any advantage arising from the act, as a freewill-offering." -- "You are a young man, Adam," said he one day to Mr. Clarke, "and have probably but few books."

Mr. Clarke -- "I have a few."

Mr. Baddily -- "Do you read them?"

Mr. Clarke -- "Yes Sir, over and over again."

Mr. Baddily -- "Here is Beza on the New Testament for you; you will find some good things in it. You can read Latin?"

Mr. Clarke -- "Yes Sir, I think I can manage that well enough."

Mr. Baddily then putting his hand into his pocket, and taking out a guinea, said, "Take that, and buy any other work that may be useful to you." In this way, Mr. Clarke, in his own language, more than once "felt his benevolence."

It will have been perceived, that Mr. Clarke had, ere this, become a favorite with Mr. Wesley, in consequence of the high estimate he had formed of his abilities; in a letter of 1787, he writes, "Adam Clarke is doubtless an extraordinary young man, and capable of doing much good." This led the way to his occasionally traveling in company with Mr. Wesley, on one of which occasions he read to him, "Crousaz's Art of Thinking," in French a work which, if not distinguished by originality of genius, is -- on the testimony of some of the first metaphysicians, [71] at least strongly marked with the sound and unprejudiced judgment of its author, exhibiting everywhere

traces of the influence of Locke's doctrines, as well as the effects of the Cartesian Metaphysics, in limiting those hasty expressions of Locke, which have been so often misrepresented by his followers; and a work, respecting the merits of which, Wesley and his disciple were more likely to do justice, than either Pope or Warburton, -- Pope, who introduced its author into the "Dunciad," [72] among the Aristotelian opponents of Locke, because, as is strongly conjectured, of his acute strictures on those passages in "The Essay on Man," which seem favorable to fatalism, -- and Warburton, who seems to have considered himself specially licensed to defend his poetic friend against all his adversaries, though at the expense of good breeding and Christian character, distinguished Crousaz by the appellation of a "blundering Swiss."

While these readings led to literary conversation, and developed more fully to Mr. Wesley the talents, the acquired knowledge, and the capabilities of Mr. Clarke, they drew still closer the bond of friendship between them, and gave rise to freedoms which unreserved confidence alone could warrant. Some reference having been made to works of a philosophical character, Mr. Wesley pleasantly inquired, "Adam, you dunce, did you ever read Professor Robison's work on philosophy?"

Mr. Clarke -- "Yes, Sir."

Mr. Wesley -- "Do you know the reason why one volume is so much thicker than the other?"

Mr. Clarke -- "No, unless it was, that the volumes were published at separate periods, and that the work swelled in his hand beyond expectation."

Mr. Wesley -- "That was not the case. The professor sent the former part of the work to me; and, resolving to be faithful, I marked what, in my judgment, he ought to omit, as well as suggested what should be added. He very respectfully published it agreeably with my omissions and additions. Afraid, however, to trust me with the other volume, lest it should share the same fate, he published it as it had been originally written." [73]

Adverting to Bishop Warburton, who had treated Crousaz with such scurrility, Mr. Wesley further observed to Mr. Clarke, "He was a gentleman. When he intended to write against me, he sent me the MS.; stating his design, and informing me, that he considered it his duty to show me what he proposed to give to the world; requesting me, at the same time, to notice any errors into which I might conceive him to have fallen. The MS. abounded with quotations from poets, philosophers, &c., both in Greek and Latin. After correcting the false readings, improper glosses, &c., I returned it." Mr. Wesley, in styling the prelate a "gentleman," refers to this special act of condescension, not to his general language and conduct; and it is not difficult to perceive, that the bishop -- knowing his man, might be prompted as much by a desire of safety, arising from some apprehension of a want of solidity in the positions he had taken, as from a feeling of courtesy. [74]

The office of superintendent devolving on Mr. Clarke, he was necessarily much engaged in circuit matters, and it being the time for the quarterly visitation of the classes, Mr. Wesley took his share in the work; observing, in his Journal, "On Monday, 21, and the three following days, I visited the classes at Bristol."

In those days, all minor matters gave way to the renewal of the tickets; and the classes were met, not in so many successive weeks or evenings, accommodating leaders and members, but so as to suit the convenience of the ministers, who had to attend to the concerns of the church. Preaching commenced at five o'clock in the morning, and was repeated in the evening. The classes began to meet at seven o'clock in the morning, continuing till noon. Mr. Clarke stated, that he took one class and Mr. Wesley another, alternately; thus proceeding during the four successive days, till the whole of the members had received their tickets. Dr. Coke was in the city at the time, and having to preach, Mr. Wesley, who had a few minutes to spare from other society matters, said, "Let us hear the Doctor, Adam." After listening awhile, they retired, when Mr. Wesley observed, "You have heard, Adam, how the Doctor mouths his words:" then repeating a sentence or two by way of imitation, he showed where the imperfection lay. He was an excellent judge of public speaking; and as his remark was not in the spirit of fault-finding, it led to some useful observations.

Several friends wishing to possess a likeness of Mr. Clarke, he had sat for the purpose at different times; but each successive attempt having proved a failure, he became impressed with the idea that a correct likeness could not be taken. The celebrated Mr. T. Holloway, then the subject of some promise, and an intimate friend of Mr. Clarke, requested the favor of a sitting; to whom he observed, in the way of antithesis, "I will comply on two conditions; first, that you do not make me appear better than I am, for that will be to reflect on my maker, as though he had not made me good enough; and secondly, that you do not make me appear worse than I am, for that will be to burlesque me."

Mr. Holloway was supported by Mr. Wesley, who wished to have an engraving of it for the Arminian Magazine. This likeness was in profile, and was published in that periodical about the same time. Though the engraving is indifferently executed, the likeness is correct; and yet, little more than an unfinished performance could be expected, for "Holloway," as Mr. Clarke observed, "had only £5 per head, for both painting and plate!" The intimacy between Mr. Clarke and Mr. Holloway, continued through life; and when the latter was employed on his splendid engravings of the Cartoons of Raphael, he invariably consulted his early friend on each subject, as to the precise moment which the painter appeared to seize for the action of his piece, together with time, place, and probable characters -- inviting, at the same time, general advice and criticism, and embodying the whole in his various typographical descriptions.

A long correspondence passed between them on the subject, and the efforts of the pen of the divine, and the graver of the artist, are left upon record by the critic, to illustrate the sublime subject of Paul preaching at Athens, Acts xvii.; where the commentator passes the highest eulogy on the genius of his early friend.

Mr. Clarke's father was in Bristol at this time, and seeing beneath the portrait referred to, "Mr. Adam Clarke, Ætatis 27 [age 27]," said, "You must be mistaken, -- your mother, you know, fixes 1760 for the time of your birth." This was in 1789 [at which time Clarke would have been 29, not 27, according to his mother's estimated year of his birth, 1760 -- DVM]. Some time, however, elapsed between the taking of the portrait, its being engraved, and its publication in the magazine: but there was evident surprise on the part of the father, in viewing the temporary

inclination of his son to his side of the question (though permanently fixed on the plate,) indicating a slight wavering in his own mind, relative to the correctness of the opinion he himself entertained. He took his date from the circumstance, as he supposed, of his being at college when Adam was born: but who would attempt to place this in opposition to all that is implied in the sentence, -- "In such things mothers are rarely mistaken," as noticed in the early part of his personal history!

Mr. Thomas Rankin being at Bristol at this period, also, Mr. Wesley requested him to sit for his likeness, with a view to its publication in the Magazine, together with the above portrait of Mr. Clarke. Mr. Rankin objected, unless he should be permitted to select his own artist, being so much dissatisfied with the likenesses in the Magazine. This was acceded to, and he selected Holloway. Mr. Clarke remarked on the occasion, that "Mr. Rankin had a good deal of sedate majesty about him; every feature was enlarged, from the chin upwards, swelling with apparent importance, even to the eye itself, which was unusually full." On the portrait being finished, Mr. Rankin brought it to Mr. Wesley, who, looking at it some time, and turning it to the light, said -- rubbing his hands after laying it down, "Well, well Tommy, I think it will do, -- do very well;" subjoining, "I think it only wants a pair of whiskers to make a noble Saracen of you."

These antiques in Methodism being the subject of conversation one day, Mr. Clarke descanted on them with considerable humor. Among other playful remarks, he said, "There is one face -- certainly one of the most ordinary ever taken; I am no great beauty myself, -- but that face appears as though it had been put into a mold, and received four or five heavy blows, -- every feature having taken its own characteristic from the strength of the blow imparted. -- Mr. T. is a man upward of six feet, -- very small -- with a face and an eye most singularly formed, and a head like a minikin pin; yet they have contrived to make a rather pleasing face of it at last." He added, "There are some persons who suppose that I have no taste, either for painting, or for instrumental music in a place of worship; and thus attribute to ignorance and a want of taste, that which is a matter of principle."

On the relation of a simple anecdote one day in the unreserve of social intercourse, Mr. Clark remarked, "It is from facts such as these, -- facts characteristic of the man, that the biographer forms a proper estimate of the being he describes; if he do not avail himself of such incidents, he may plod on, in dry detail of facts, destitute of all enlivening circumstances: little pleasing to himself, and unsatisfactory, if not insupportable, to his readers." This opinion stands as our warrant for the introduction of certain incidents in this Memoir, tending to the illustration of character, supported as we are by Coleridge, who reminds us, -- "That all are not trifles which might appear so to those who recognize no greatness of mind, and can conceive no dignity in any incident which does not act on their senses by its external accompaniments, or, on their curiosity, by its immediate consequences. Things apparently insignificant, are recommended to our notice, not for their own sakes, but for their bearing or influences on things of importance; in other words, when they are insignificant in appearance only." "There are some persons," says Knox, "who measure all the energies of a thing, by the sounds which it emits, or the appearances it exhibits; but the intellectual are ever the few, and the sensitive, the many."

Mr. Wesley was characterized by Mr. Clarke, as one who thought deeply on every subject, and who felt himself answerable to his reason and conscience for everything he did; never permitting passion, or natural appetite, to have any peculiar sway.

Mr. Wesley told him, that when he was a child, and was asked, at any time, out of the ordinary way of meals, to take, for instance, a little bread and butter, fruit, &c., he has replied, with cool unconcern, -- "I thank you, I will think of it." He would neither touch nor do anything, Mr. Clarke observed, till he had reflected on its fitness and propriety. By adverting to a letter of Mrs. Wesley, dated "Epworth, July 24th, 1732," on the education of her children, as much credit will appear to be due to the manner of training, as to the natural temperament of the subject. This constraint of the mind to deep reflection, Mr. Clarke further remarked, might have appeared, to persons unacquainted with him, something like hesitation, and sometimes, agreeably to Mr. Wesley's own statement, it puzzled the family. In one instance, his father said, in a pet, to Mrs. Wesley, -- "I profess, sweetheart, I think our Jack would not attend to the most pressing necessities of nature, unless he could give a reason for it." Mr. Wesley gives the following additional remark of his father to himself, in his Works: -- "'Child,' said my father to me, when I was young, 'you think to carry everything by dint of argument; but you will find how very little is ever done in the world by close reason: very little indeed.'"

In his pastoral visits, and especially in his "visitation of the sick," Mr. Clarke was extensively useful. Among other persons, he took an unusual interest in the history of "Dame Summerhill." [75] Her account of herself, as given to him on his first visit, is somewhat extraordinary. She was then in the 104th year of her age.

"You are," said she, "one of Mr. Wesley's preachers, Mr. Clarke. He was my father in the gospel, and a man of God. When he first came to Bristol, I went to hear him preach; and having heard him, I said, -- this is the TRUTH. I inquired of those around, -- Who, and what he was? and was told, that he was a man, who went about everywhere preaching the gospel. I further inquired, -- Is he to preach here again? The reply was, 'not at present.' Where is he going to next? I asked. 'To Plymouth,' was returned. And will he preach there?' 'Yes,' replied the persons, of whom I made the inquiry. Then, said I, I will go and hear him; what is the distance? 'One hundred and twenty-five miles,' was the answer. I went; -- walked it, -- heard him, -- and walked back again." This conveys a cutting rebuke to those to whom the proverb is applicable, -- "The nearer the church, the further from God."

To prevent a recurrence to the case of this interesting woman, a visit may here be anticipated, which took place about two years afterwards. Mr. Clarke having occasion to come to Bristol, made inquiry after her. The first to whom he spoke, replied, that he did not know such a person; the second, that she was "mad;" and the third, that she was "possessed." To the last, he observed, "I cannot conceive how a woman, so holy, can be given up in that way; and this I am certain, that the devil could not get in, till God had come out; -- the one would have to make way for the other. But I will go and see, and hear for myself."

He immediately proceeded to the house, when an infirm old woman, between seventy and eighty years of age, the daughter of Mrs. Summerhill, opened the door. On inquiring after the welfare of her mother, he was shown into a room; and going up to the bedside, he accosted her in the frank way in which he had been accustomed to address her:--

Mrs. Summerhill -- "Who are you?"

Mr. Clarke -- "My name is Clarke."

Mrs. Summerhill -- "Adam Clarke?"

Mr. Clarke -- "Yes."

Mrs. Summerhill -- "Are you the Adam Clarke, who used to visit me."

Mr. Clarke -- "The same person."

On this, she sprung up in the bed, (a thing she had not done for months before,) and grasping him by the hand, poured forth blessings upon him, -- blessings, he observed, in narrating the circumstance, which he believed he had never lost, and he had no doubt, he had received hundreds through her prayers. The conversation proceeded.

Mr. Clarke -- "What age are you now, Mrs. Summerhill?"

Mrs. Summerhill -- "I am in my one hundred and sixth year, and my daughter there is in her seventy-fifth."

Mr. Clarke -- "Though excluded, through infirmity, from the ordinances of God's house, I trust you realize his sacred presence?"

Mrs. Summerhill -- "As a substitute for the public means of grace, I read the Church Service daily. I am not telling you a falsity; I can read the smallest print." So saying, she stretched out her withered arm, and pointing to a sideboard, said to her daughter, "reach me that book here." A small-printed Bible being handed to her, -- "now" said she to Mr. Clarke, directing a pleasant and intelligent look towards him, as he still stood by the side of the bed, "you shall hear me." She then read a portion of Scripture without hesitancy, -- with a firm and audible voice, -- and with a perfectly clear apprehension of the subject.

"This woman, so far from being 'mad' or 'possessed,'" said Mr. Clarke, "was perfectly rational:" subjoining, "she possessed great originality of character; and on anyone visiting her, with whose conversation or conduct she was not pleased, she immediately let drive at them some of her strong sayings; and they, in their turn, and in the exuberance of their charity, charged her with insanity. This poor creature, I am afraid," he added with deep feeling, "died beholden to the parish, in consequence of her real character being misunderstood." Mr. Clarke was a good judge of character; and in his veneration of age, possessed the true spirit of a Spartan; -- a feeling, says Sir William Drummond, dictated by nature, and approved of by morality, which more polished nations have admired, but never imitated. When age is loved, the affections and propensities of men flow in their natural channels; when venerated, youth becomes tractable; and when its experience is consulted, wisdom is practiced. Let the aged and infirm be respected, and then the middle-aged look forward with satisfaction, and without fear, to the decline of years. When feeling runs in an opposite direction, the language of the poet of nature is adopted, -- language which might

have been quoted by Dame Summerhill, had she not been in the habit of solacing her spirit at the Spring-head in heaven;--

Let me not live,
After my flame lack, oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain.

To give a few moments of comfort to the subject of adversity, and to cheer with a transient gleam of joy the evening of life, was among the pleasures, as well as the duties of Mr. Clarke. He took care, however, not to lose in his pastoral visits what it was necessary to secure in the study. While he imitated the apostle's example in going "from house to house," he was not less attentive to his precept -- "give attendance to reading." He had already, as old Bishop Earl would say, "a considerable stock of learning in the ore; to which thought and experience were giving form and adding value." His time was not spent, like that of many of the schoolmen, in puzzling himself, (to employ his own language,) "with hypercritical questions, and endless distinctions, without differences," and by attempting to dive into those vast depths, which no human understanding can fathom, but chiefly in acquiring substantial and useful knowledge; that, in short, which "invests a man with grand and glorious privileges, and confers on him largeness of beatitude."

The sacred writings, and their illustration, were objects ever before him, and from which he never once seemed to avert his eye, following them in all his pursuits as the Israelites followed "the pillar of cloud" in the wilderness. His pocket Bible bore indications of constant use; for though he consulted the original text, and had familiarized himself with it, he was exceedingly partial to the regularly authorized version. He was, in the strictest sense, a reader and a student -- large in the one, and close in the other. His reading was solid and instructive. He was one of those persons who had the excellent faculty of using rightly what they know, -- and such persons can never know too much. For then follows the advantage of Sidney's maxim, "Thinking nurseth thinking;" as well as the full import of Seneca's observation on the student, -- "He that is well employed in his study, though he may seem to do nothing, does the greatest things yet of all others; he lays down precepts for the government of our lives, and the moderating of our passions; and obliges human nature, not only in the present, but in all succeeding generations." This is the way in which a man lives when he is dead; and the literary productions of Mr. Clarke, form an admirable monument of the industry of early days.

One of his own maxims was, -- (and which he once inserted in a lady's album,) -- "Partial knowledge is better than total ignorance: he that cannot obtain all that he would, let him take heed to secure all that he can." This, in addition to habit, and considerable native energy, preserved him constantly on the advance.

While conversing one evening, after supper, respecting the literary attainments, unwearied industry, extensive usefulness, and private habits of Mr. Wesley, a friend made some remarks on the principles of conduct inculcated in his twelve "Rules of a Helper;" and inquired whether Mr. Wesley himself, in his intercourse with society, exemplified their practicability.

"Yes;" replied, Mr. Clarke, with some energy, "he was always 'diligent.' I never knew him to be 'unemployed.' I never found him 'triflingly employed.' His own practice was formed on these principles, and if he discovered any of the preachers omitting to 'walk by the same rules,' and to 'mind the same things,' he would send them home -- 'one to his farm, and another to his merchandise.' Looking at his fine powers of mind, his scholarship, and his profound acquaintance with the deep things of God, and above all, the honor which his Divine Master had put upon him as a minister of the gospel, -- (for in the church there never was one above him but Christ its head) -- I am of opinion, that God never made his fellow, and never will."

The close of this eulogy apart, which will be found sufficiently strong for the most ardent admirer of the Founder of Methodism, still we have unexceptionable evidence that the precepts and practice of Mr. Wesley were in perfect keeping with each other; and the example furnished by Mr. Clarke, so far as industry is concerned, is proof sufficient, that he was a disciple of whom the Master needed not to have been ashamed; a living instance of the fact, that life is not a state of rest, but of incessant operation; the most perfect perpetuum mobile; a continual circulation of action and being; a compound of working powers, maintained by one principle, for one end.

His library, at this time, -- though small to what it afterwards became, was highly creditable to him as a scholar. Mr. Henry Moor, who had not seen him for some time, met with him in Bristol, and they received each other cordially. "He took me," said Mr. Moor, in his plain, clear, quiet way, "into his study, and showed me his library, with which I was greatly astonished, for my own would almost go into my saddle bags. He had many choice books, very choice; and among the rest, a large Polyglott Bible. We conversed awhile, and I said, Brother Clarke, you have a nice collection of books, but what can you do with them? How do you command time to use them? On our circuits, where we have so much to do, I find it difficult to keep the doors open that have been opened; and sufficiently hard to retain anything I know of the languages. How will you do?" Mr. Clarke smiled, and said, "I will do as well as I can." Mr. Moor was aware, and therefore told it in his conversations respecting his early friend, that he obtained "all his learning by redeeming the time."

Wherefore, it has been demanded, should a man encumber himself with twenty thousand volumes, when a hundred will answer every purpose, and be full as many as he can digest? The inquirer knows not that even a hundred are necessary, -- if the endless writers of idle imagination and vain disputation are excluded: but choose works with taste and deliberation, and then twenty thousand will not be deemed sufficient for the bibliomanist. The great secret is, be libraries large or small, to know how to make good use of them. The only imperishable monuments of men, are letters; they are not only the foundation of all, but they out-live all others.

Literary pursuits necessarily led Mr. Clarke into other society than that which was strictly Wesleyan. It was here, in the city of Bristol, that Humphrey Davy, Robert Southey, and Adam Clarke, met for the first and last time, at the house of a friend, where they spent the evening; -- three men, comparatively young, destined to arrive at considerable celebrity, though in different departments of study: the first, like Bacon in thought, striking out a new path for science to walk in -- illustrating the volume of nature; the second, in history and poetry, giving immortality to man in his mightiest deeds, and soaring in all the beauties of imagination; and the third, as a linguist, a critic, and a divine, elucidating the oracles of God. Little did Southey, then in the midst of the

buddings of his poetic genius, think that he should ever become the biographer of the venerable Wesley [76] -- just then in mellow age, and like autumn fruit, about to drop off the tree; and as little did Adam Clarke imagine, that, in some of his own productions, he should ever cross the path of the poet, to dispute the propriety of some of his positions. Yet so it was; the men who met in the social circle were destined to engage each other, -- though temperately, at the point of the pen, particularly in the case of Mrs. Hall, in the "Wesley Family."

In directing attention to the ministerial progress of Mr. Clarke, it will be seen that, qualified in an especial manner by the soundness and perspicuity of his arguments, the seasonableness of his advices, and the modesty and firmness with which he proposed and maintained truth, for gaining the confidence of the multitudes to whom he preached, his success became increasingly great, and to his own mind delightfully encouraging. The spirit in which his work was prosecuted will best appear by affording to the reader some extracts selected from minutes in his own handwriting, describing, in his peculiarly vivid and energetic style, a portion of his work, and the success by which it was attended.

He records, "I set out for Westbury, walked thither and preached with great liberty to a large attentive congregation. At five I preached at the room, and the Lord gave me an hour's work of very convincing speech: I felt in my soul that much good was done. I may not know to what extent, but this the Lord has favored me with, a notorious sinner was thoroughly convinced, and has since been earnestly wrestling with God, that he may escape eternal fire. Glory be to Thee, O God! I then met the society, and spoke all my mind; the lazy rich I did not spare. On Monday morning, I had at five o'clock such a congregation as I think I never saw in Bristol; several of the great folks too were hearing for life; these things are tokens for good. Our friends tell me there is a great stir all round Bristol; in such a large place it cannot be so palpable as in a smaller, but thank God -- this is no matter -- glory, glory to God and the Lamb!"

The following Sabbath he says, -- "I preached at Donkerton to a very simple pleasing people, and God was particularly in the midst: at noon and at night -- in Bath, God gave me liberty, and I have no doubt much good was done. I had one soul for my hire at the last preaching; such a power from on high rested on all as I have seldom seen; God seemed to have given the people into my hand. The congregations in Bath are much quickened, and there is a glorious prospect of an abundant harvest."

The following record of a week's work will afford a good view (in addition to what has already been given) of early Methodism. "I am almost wrought out with riding about, preaching, meeting classes, &c.; yesterday I rode from Bath to Bristol, and back again this morning -- met five classes and preached once, -- have yet to preach twice, and meet six classes: tomorrow morning I return to Bristol, as we begin to meet classes at six in the morning, and continue with short intervals the whole of the day -- and this continuing till the latter end of the week; but blessed be God I feel willing to spend and be spent in the prosecution and fulfillment of such a work as this! I am almost totally exhausted for the present."

The additional duties of the Christmas season coming, in immediate conjunction with the labor of meeting the classes, left Mr. Clarke now much of an invalid; yet we perceive no relaxation of labor, no flagging in the extraordinary energy of his devoted spirit: "I went," he

observes to a friend, about this time, "last Sunday to Kingswood, preached twice, gave an exhortation, and met nine classes; and from thence to Guinea-Street chapel, where I preached, met the society, and gave tickets to one class.

On another occasion, he observes, "At seven in the morning I met the Bridge-Street society, and gave an exhortation: then preached at Guinea-Street: thence to Westbury, where I preached at two o'clock, and gave tickets: then back to Bristol, -- fatigued and wet, -- preached at five, and met the society: the next morning at five, preached again, and then rode to the Marsh, where, scarcely able to speak, I preached again, and gave tickets: from Marsh the next morning back to Pensford, -- from thence to Clutton, -- through a severe tempest, wet to the skin: Thursday to Kingswood -- preached at five, and returned home to assist Mr. Hodgson to hold a watch-night at Bristol, but was scarcely able to move for more than an hour after I got home. I at length went to lend some aid, and brother Hodgson and I held on, till about eleven o'clock, when we made an apology for retiring, -- exhorting as many as we conveniently could, to remain, and sing and pray in the new year; -- though preaching had begun at seven o'clock, scarcely a soul attempted to go away: we left them, and one or two went to prayer.

"Just as I was passing to my bed-room, I thought I would go to the lobby window, and take a last view of them, at which moment one of the singers was giving out a hymn; I thought, the meeting will close for lack of persons to pray, I will go down: Mr. H. at that moment joined me, and advised me not; I hesitated a moment, but finding my soul drawn out in pity to the multitudes, I said, I will go down in the name of the Lord; -- Mr. Hodgson would not be left behind. I had before felt much of the power of God, but now it was doubled; we continued singing, and praying, and exhorting, until half-past twelve o'clock, -- during which time, strong prayers, cries, and tears, bore testimony to the present power of God. How excellent the Lord is, in working! How wondrous in his ways of mercy! Lord, I am thine, save Thou me! I am willing to breathe my last breath in Thy work. For some time past, the Lord has been affording me unusual discoveries of the eternal world, -- I feel it, in an inexpressible manner, in and about me, --

'Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only Thou possess the whole.'

"The day will come," says a deeply thoughtful writer, "when it will be better to have preached one useful sermon, than to have had the fee-simple of the solar system." Mr. Wesley's attestation in favor of the zeal of the preachers and the fruit of their ministry among the people, is admirably borne out by the above exhibition of successful labor. Mr. Clarke's colleague, Mr. H., was a man of exalted character; generous, humble, and devout; possessed of considerable information, and by the sweetness of Spirit with which he diffused the truth abroad, recommended his message to the hearts and understandings of the people: between these "true yoke fellows" there was but one grand object, one holy impulse, and one method in its accomplishment, -- "We preach Christ crucified;" -- and, in numerous instances, it became the power of God to salvation, among the multitudes to whom it was thus fervently, fully, and affectionately proclaimed.

Mr. Hodgson was a man who consecrated his knowledge to the Christian pulpit, and this led Mr. Clarke to esteem him the more highly as a Christian minister. In a conversation with a friend who brought his knowledge of agriculture to bear upon different subjects of discussion by

way of illustration, he observed; "There were two preachers in our connection, both of whom I knew, Mr. J. Mason and Dr. Kershaw, as he was called, who had acquired a good stock of knowledge; the one being well skilled in botany, the other in anatomy and medicine: yet their acquirements were perfectly useless so far as regarded their preaching; they never brought them in to elucidate a single subject, or to enlarge the views of their hearers, or to lead them to God the fountain of light, and the Creator of all things."

This was considered a serious defect by him, and it could not be otherwise felt, as he invariably rendered his own information, where at all practicable and proper, subservient to the best interests of religion. He observed, that, while upon the Plymouth-Dock circuit, [77] he laid in a considerable stock of useful knowledge, which was under constant contribution to his ministerial labors; that knowledge had been accumulating, yet, with all this exertion, he felt, at times, a harassing sense of what he termed his insufficiency for the effective discharge of the duties in which he was engaged. This will be evident from the following notes in his own handwriting, now lying before the writer:--

"Of the trials of a preacher, none can form an adequate idea: indeed, to me, the science seems not only very extensive, but very complex; I am in the school, and find a new lesson to learn daily, but God is still with, and instructs me, and on that account there is the less delay in learning."

Two or three additional notices will show, not only the spirit of Mr. Clarke, but the occasion of some future movements. He observes, "I am earnestly entreated to go to Ireland, next Conference. A proposal is made that the kingdom shall constitute three grand Methodist divisions, and three persons be appointed as general inspectors and regulators: I am to be one, if I will go; several motives are suggested in order to persuade me to this; but I fear in my present state of health, this would answer no valuable end."

As Mr. Wesley had made the tour of Ireland the preceding year, it is not improbable that the propriety of the above plan had suggested itself to him, being originated by observations made at that time, assisted by conversations with the preachers assembled in the Irish Conference. As Mr. Clarke was a native of the island, and held in high esteem for his wisdom and piety by the great leader of the body, it was perfectly natural he should be selected as one of the "general inspectors."

In the prosecution of exercises such as we have been delightfully contemplating, the year wore away, and the subject of this history had again to separate himself from a circle of friends, and a scene of duties, consecrated by the purest affections, and the holiest associations: the present field of labor was, in the economy of Methodism, now closing in reference to him, and the object of Mr. Wesley's wish, a station in Ireland, was about to be carried into effect. Two incidents, however, before we follow him to Dublin, may be noticed, one connected with Mr. Wesley, and the other with his ministry in the Bristol circuit.

No man ever held the person and character of the founder of Methodism in higher estimation than he did; he was full of anecdote respecting him: some of his relations were the result of personal observation, some furnished by Mr. Wesley himself, and others received from

his contemporaries: to which of these sources to attribute the following one, communicated by Mr. Clarke, cannot be determined; but it is in perfect keeping with the character and habits of the British tar. [tar 2 n. colloq. a sailor. Etymology abbr. of tarpaulin -- Oxford Dict.]

"Mr. Wesley," said he, "was traveling by coach, and the outside being full, a sailor took an inside birth; at every stage he regaled himself with rum; on one occasion he offered the glass to Mr. Wesley, saying, as he held it towards him, -- 'Here, old boy, lay hold of that.' Mr. Wesley politely declined taking any; 'what you won't have it then?' said Jack, with a look in which pity and contempt were conjoined: it was again, with equal politeness, refused. 'Hand it then,' returned Jack, 'to that there fellow a-head,' -- meaning the driver."

Mr. Clarke was ever attentive to those delicacies which contribute to the happiness of social life, and it was therefore usual for him to present, upon fitting occasions, those mementos which not only rivet old friendships, but prepare the way for the introduction of graver and more important subjects. He, on one such occasion, presented to two females a small golden ornament; and willing to please them by the gift itself, and at the same time to impress them with the necessity of industry in connection with the blessings of providence, he said to them; "There are many little things associated with these trifles, that are interesting; I purchased these articles from a person in Bristol. He was young, and by trade a watch-maker, when I joined him with the society: he subsequently became a silver-smith, -- God blessed him, and consequently he prospered. He has a son, whom I baptized, and who has now become a Methodist preacher; you see," he added, "that even little things lead to various and deeply interesting recollections."

Immediately on reaching Dublin, Mr. Clarke wrote to advertise his friends and relatives of the safety of himself and family.

"My very dear Sister, -- On Tuesday morning we left our kind friends at Birmingham. After a very romantic journey through North Wales, we came to Conway, an ancient fortified town, on an arm of the sea, where there is a beautiful castle, the walls of which are nearly entire. Here we lodged agreeably for the night, and yesterday morning set off for Holyhead. Seventeen miles from Conway, we came to Bangor Ferry, after crossing which, we found ourselves on the famous island of Anglesea -- formerly Mona, the celebrated habitation of the ancient Druids. I was desirous of seeing some of their monuments, but had not the pleasure, as the land was everywhere cultivated near the road. Through mercy, we arrived safely at Holyhead, and had just time to give the children a little food before we went on board the packet. We had scarcely any wind in our favor when we set off, but in a short time, a very gentle breeze sprung up; the sea was perfectly calm; there was scarcely any motion in the vessel; and, to our great astonishment, we found ourselves in Dublin Bay this morning about six: but through various delays of boats, &c., we did not reach the shore till eleven. A lodging was provided for us, in consequence of our house not being ready. This is all I can write at present. This day eight years, was the one upon which I landed in England! The Lord Jesus be with you! I am yours, with all affection, -- ADAM CLARKE."

* * * * * * *

SECTION IV.

1790.

Having been appointed superintendent of the Dublin circuit, he soon felt the onerous situation in which he stood; and more especially as he was placed between two fires, kindled by contending parties. Adverting to his superintendency, long after these fires had ceased to burn, he jocosely [jokingly] said, "The superintendent of the Dublin circuit had a power in Methodism equal to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Nothing could be done without my permission; I was consulted on every subject: wishing to build a gallery they sought my sanction: I told them, at length, not to trouble me; that, if the congregation was such as to demand one, and they had money, to do so. The aristocratic party carried things exceedingly high. I saw that the friends had given an unenviable power to their superintendent, and by so doing, involved him in painful responsibility; for, under these circumstances, every failure would be laid at his door; I therefore resolved to remove at the close of the year." Though fuel was prepared, and preparing, for a still greater blaze, and some of the materials were discovered, great discretion was required in watching the fitting season for the removal of all which was calculated to excite uneasy apprehensions.

One evil, apart from the causes of dissension, which Mr. Clarke soon detected in Dublin, and which was not so much the sin of the society as it was of the place itself, was that of wine-bibbing; and the more effectually to check it, and prevent further encroachment in certain quarters, he resolved on abstinence, and took only two glasses of wine in the course of the whole year of his residence in the city; thus bearing a practical testimony against it. Some persons blamed him -- others praised him -- a third class pronounced him weak -- while a fourth respected his motives and feelings:-- the majority he left to prove that his practice was publicly injurious.

A person of the name of Thomas Bond was a fine study, and sometimes afforded Mr. Clarke a little amusement. He was never known to speak evil of anybody; a person wishing to test him one day, represented the case of Pontius Pilate in the most aggravated light, and then asked what he thought of him, when he returned, "I dare say he was a good sort of gentleman upon the whole, but I do think he was a little out there." This said Thomas Bond had a small shop at the corner of a street, and was much annoyed by idle, base characters, meeting together, and blocking up his window. He requested them to remove, when they filed off to a short distance, but soon returned. Tired with remonstrating, he at length hit on an innocent device, in which he was assisted -- (no matter whether by divine or philosopher,) -- which had the desired effect. He procured an electrical machine, and introduced a wire through an aperture -- charged -- and then touched one of the fellows, who leaped, but seeing nothing, could not comprehend the cause of the shock: a second, wondering at the unaccountable conduct of his companion, approached and was himself struck, -- a third, and fourth were electrified, -- each amazed, in his turn. Thomas, delighted with his prankfulness, stole out and closed the windows; but all had disappeared, and a report was soon circulated, that the devil was in the habit of visiting Tom Bond's corner.

A somewhat picturesque scene, which will pair with the preceding, was witnessed by Mr. Clarke one day, as he was passing along the streets, and which he noticed as illustrative of Irish character. Two women were seated on the ground at the corner of one of the streets, resting against the wall, with knees nearly up to their chins, and arms thrown around them to enable them to sit at greater ease. One of them had a short pipe in her mouth, which appeared to be all the better for its previous ten years service, being so completely impregnated with the weed, as seemingly to render

an additional charge superfluous. While sitting and looking each other in the face, some horses passed, drawing a low, broad-wheeled, Phoenician cart. No notice was taken of the horses by either of them, but on turning an angle at the corner, the wheels rose upon the causeway, and skimming close past them, placed them in the utmost jeopardy of being crushed against the wall.

One of them, with great presence of mind, started up, and, resting against the wall to escape death, stretching out her arms, with one hand clenched, and the pipe of ebony hue in the other, swore an oath at the man, -- wishing to know, whether he intended to kill them; and then instantly resuming her seat -- wrapped her petticoats around her -- looked her companion in the face again -- and, with the pipe in her mouth, took up the thread of the discourse which had been thus interrupted, without a single word upon their hair-breadth escape, or an additional oath sent after the carter, or apparently any perturbed feeling. This circumstance would have placed others in a state of trepidation for hours afterwards. But here, it was a sudden burst, and over in an instant; and was one of those peculiarities which Mr. Clarke considered as entering into the prompt, impetuous, heedless character of his country-men and, country-women.

Whatever might be his knowledge of character, and his observations upon it from without, he found large contributions laid upon his own from within, as well as ample scope for the exercise of patience. Among those who loved him least, were two influential families, the K's and the D's, who finally left the society at the division. Mr. Clarke preached on one occasion on the rich man and Lazarus. The heads of the society then occupied seats in the back part of the gallery. There they sat, not in the spirit of candid hearers, desirous of profiting by the word preached, but in the more stately character of critics, anxious to find fault.

Mr. Clarke having heard some of their remarks at second-hand, (for none of them had the honesty or candor to speak to himself on the subject,) took the same text a short time afterwards and gave his views upon it. On coming to a point, which had been either ignorantly misunderstood, or wilfully perverted, he gave an honest look towards the large pew, and after a slight pause, said, "Now, listen to me. Do not be sleeping, when you should be hearing; and take care to understand what you do hear. My remarks were, and still are," so and so. This was a temporary cure. Persons like these, who hear but to find fault, would have been compared by Swift, had he been living in Dublin at the time, to the judge, who should adopt the barbarous resolution of executing every person who appeared before him on a trial.

But notwithstanding the censorious spirit which was manifested in certain quarters, the work of God prospered in the society generally. To this, as well as to the ruling party, Mr. Wesley refers, in one of his letters to Mr. Clarke.

"Bristol, September 9, 1790.

"Dear Adam, -- Did not the terrible weather you had at sea make you forget your fatigue by land? Come, set one against the other, and you have no great reason to complain of your journey. You will have need of all the courage and prudence which God has given you. Indeed you will want constant supplies of both. Very gently, and very steadily, you should proceed between the rocks on either hand. In the great revival at London, my first difficulty was, to bring into temper those who opposed the work; and my next, to check and regulate the extravagances of those who

promoted it. And this was far the harder part of the work; for many of them would bear no check at all. But I followed one rule, though with all calmness 'You must either bend or break.' Meantime, while you act exactly right, expect to be blamed by both sides. I will give you a few directions: 1. See that no prayer-meeting continue later than nine at night, particularly on Sunday. Let the house be emptied before the clock strikes nine. [78] 2. Let there be no exhortation at any prayer-meeting. 3. Beware of jealousy, or judging one another. 4. Never think a man is an enemy to the work, because he reproves irregularities. Peace be with you and yours! I am, dear Adam, your affectionate friend and brother,

"J. WESLEY."

The discrepancy observable between Mr. Clarke's "gentle breeze," and "calm sea," and Mr. Wesley's "terrible weather," can only be accounted for on the possibility of the latter referring to a subsequent passage across the channel, or to the greater probability of a lapse of memory, (of which he had some time complained,) thus coupling with some other circumstance and time, the voyage in question.
Mr. Wesley again wrote to him from

"London, November 26, 1790.

"Dear Adam, -- The account you send me of the continuance of the great work of God in Jersey, gives me much satisfaction. To retain the grace of God is much more than to gain it: hardly one in three does so. And this should be strongly and explicitly urged on all who have tasted of perfect love. If we can prove that any of our local preachers or leaders, either directly or indirectly, speak against it, let him be a local preacher or leader no longer. I doubt whether he should continue in the society. Because he who could speak thus in our congregations cannot be an honest man. I wish sister Clarke to do what she can, but no more than she can. Betsy Ritchie, Miss Johnson, and Mary Clarke, are women after my own heart. Last week I had an excellent letter from Mrs. Pawson, (a glorious witness of full salvation,) showing how impossible it is to retain pure love without growing therein. Wishing every blessing to you and all the family, I am, dear Adam, your affectionate friend and brother, -- J. WESLEY."

Mr. Clarke's constant correspondence with some of the friends in the island of Jersey, afforded him the opportunity of noticing the prosperity of the work of God there, as well as in Dublin. The points, however, referred to by Mr. Wesley, show that the sea which Mr. Clarke was called to navigate, "wrought and was tempestuous," and that the wisdom and experience of an additional pilot were required at this critical moment.

A winter of unusual severity was rapidly approaching, and to meet its rigors, Mr. Clarke was but slenderly provided. Mental anxiety and personal privation, had made heavy demands upon his health. The income of Methodist ministers in those days, was, from the necessity of the case, extremely limited, because the majority of persons comprising the societies were those of the lower and uninfluential class, and the few who formed the exception amid the mass, were, in the city of Dublin, the very families who, though he had espoused their side of the question, exercised none of those benevolent emotions which ought especially to characterize a Christian community. It is an observation borne out by painful experience, that wealth has a tendency to blunt the moral

feelings, and to shut up those sympathies which ought to be ever traveling forth in acts of beneficence. Thus it was in Dublin. To follow out a tale of heavy affliction, the combined effect of depressed circumstances in his own case, and of unfeeling neglect on the part of others, would be, at this distant period, but the record of sorrows past, borne by the sufferers with exemplary patience and submission.

One circumstance, the recital of which we had from his own lips, shall suffice in this part of the narrative, as affording a fair criterion by which to judge of the general state of affairs connected with the Methodist ministers of that day, in Dublin. "We were allowed," said the subject of this memoir, "half a guinea a week for board: we were expected, it is true, to be out a good deal, but to this dependent state of things neither my Mary nor myself could consent; fuel was very dear, and the weather was intensely cold. On one occasion, having neither food nor money, I went to my books, and selecting with an aching heart, some which might be better spared than the rest, I repaired with them to a bookseller, who gave me three pounds for what had cost me nine: the hunger and the cold I would rather have borne than the loss of a portion of my small library, but that my wife and children should lack such scanty comfort as this sacrifice supplied, was a thought not to be endured for a moment."

At this time, too, Mr. Clarke was called to sustain a severe domestic bereavement, which he touchingly relates in a letter to his old and tried friend, Miss E. Cooke.

"Dublin, Deer. 16th, 1790.

"My very dear sister, -- A fortnight ago, we entered our new habitation. This morning, one of the loveliest babes with which Divine goodness ever blessed mortals, has been taken away from your afflicted brother and sister. I need not say, -- sympathize with us! None can taste our woe! Not anything has ever gone so near to breaking my heart, as this affliction. I feel I have lost part of my own being, in the loss of my child. I cannot thank God for removing her; this would be unnatural: nor can I in the least repine; this would be impious. Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon us! Thou Eternal Power, we bow before thee; we submit to thee. Thou canst do only that which is right:-- but remember, oh, remember us in thy mercy, for thou knowest what we feel! Oh, my sister, we want you here. All are strangers to us. Since we are deprived of our old friends, we wish to suffer alone: we do not want to form new acquaintance. My whole spirit is averse to it. I could wish to have in the wilderness, 'the lodging of a way-faring man.' It is enough -- 'Shall a living man complain.?'

"Yours, in a sea of sorrow, -- ADAM CLARKE."

On witnessing the general ignorance of parents, as evidenced in the improper treatment of children, Mr. Clarke has been heard to state, that it might admit of a question, whether it entered into the original design of God, that the flower should be thus nipped in the bud; whether it was not his design that every human being should advance to maturity, and whether it was not owing to ignorance, improper treatment, and hereditary complaints, that the order of God was reversed. This, he found, might serve the purpose of speculation in the season of health, but was not a subject for consolatory reflection, when "the desire of the eyes" was removed "with a stroke."

Before time had been able to wear away the acuteness of this heavy calamity, we find him again addressing his sister in a letter of absorbing interest, and in which is discoverable the same spirit of submission to the will of the Supreme Being; and the same acquiescence in the dispensations of providence, as so signally distinguished the whole tenor of his walk among men, from the hour that the conviction first possessed his mind, that all the ways of God are mercy and truth, unto them that fear him. And it is well to pause a moment on the subject passing under review, and note how entirely the rational persuasion of a ceaseless interference of omnipotent wisdom and love, is able to brace up the mind to the endurance of sorrow; to nerve it to the calm contemplation of the clouds which may be gathering around it, and to empower it to behold -- even in the furnace of the hottest affliction, "a form like unto the Son of God."

About the middle of January, 1791, Mr. Clarke thus writes to Miss E. Cooke:--

"Dublin, Jan. 20, 1791.

My very dear sister, -- I have requested these writing materials to be brought to my bedside, and occupy them in order to prove to you, that because the Lord liveth, I still exist. But a short time ago, there was no probability you would ever have received a line from my hand; -- even since you received that from Mr. Boyle, my well tried friend, giving an account of the prospect there was of amendment. My (beyond all comparison) excellent Mary, continued my close attendant in the time of unutterable distress. It added to my affliction, to see the part she took in it, night and day. This is my nineteenth day, and I begin, though slowly, to gather a little strength; but have had hardly any sleep since I was first seized, and my spasms are not yet gone. Everything considered, I think it little less than a miracle that I still exist.

"You will perhaps wish to know in what stead my profession stood me in the time of sore trouble. I cannot wait to enumerate particulars, nor am I able. Suffice it to say, -- God did not leave my soul one moment. I was kept, through the whole, in such a state of perfect resignation, that not a single desire that the Lord would either remove, or lessen the pain, took place in my mind, from the beginning until now. I could speak of nothing but mercy. Jesus was my all, and in all. The Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Blessed, blessed for ever, be the name of the Lord! Mary is now almost recovered. Give our love to all who love us in the Lord Jesus. I am fully wearied with this scrawl. Continue to pray for us. For five months we have had sore affliction, but the Lord does all things well! If they will receive it, give our love to your sisters. Shall I ever see you? With a heart full of affection, I am yours in the Lord, -- A. CLARKE."

The account of his severe and long continued illness having reached England, a report was widely and confidently circulated that Mr. Clarke was dead: a letter written from Jersey to Mr. Brackenbury, by Mr. A. B. Bishop, says, -- "I am glad to hear brother Clarke still lives: his funeral sermon has been preached here by brother Stevens, and the society was much afflicted on his account."

Assured of the deep interest Mr. Wesley took, as well in his personal welfare, as in that of the work of God, Mr. Clarke addressed a letter to him so soon as he was sufficiently recovered to be capable of writing. Mr. Wesley was at this time, on the verge of that stream which separates between the life that now is, and that which has neither bound nor limit: yet his interest in the great

work which he had been the honored instrument of achieving, suffered neither diminution nor decay; the wintry frost of age could neither blight the healthfulness, nor decrease the vigor of his thinkings and feelings on the great question of, how God may be just, and yet the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus, -- hence we find him looking back upon the scene he was so soon to quit, and with peculiar freshness and energy writing upon the various subjects touched in Mr. Clarke's communication.

"London, February 9, 1791.

"Dear Adam, -- You have great reason to bless God for giving you strength according to your day. He has indeed supported you, in a wonderful manner, under these complicated afflictions. You may well say, 'I will put my trust in thee as long as I live.' I will desire Dr. Whitehead to consider your case, and give you his thoughts upon it. I am not afraid of your doing too little, but too much. I am in imminent danger of this. Do a little at a time, that you may do the more. My love to sisters Coopman and Boyle; but it is a doubt with me, whether I shall cross the seas any more. What preacher was it who first omitted meeting the select society? I wonder it did not destroy the work! You have done right in setting up the Strangers' (Friend) Society. It is an excellent institution. I am quite at a loss concerning Mr. Maddan. I know not what to think of him. Send me your best thoughts concerning him. At any rate, write, and send me your thoughts on Animal Magnetism. I set my face against this device of Satan. I know its principles full well. With much love to your wife. I am, my dear Adam, your affectionate brother, -- J. WESLEY."

In less than a month from the date of this letter, the apostolic Wesley closed his eyes on this scene, to open them on that beatific vision which had engaged his sublimest thoughts, and been a chief subject of his powerful ministry, for more than sixty years. Confirmatory of what has been stated of the high estimation in which he held his young friend, it may be mentioned, that, though but a junior preacher, Mr. Wesley nominated him as one of his seven executors.

Upon Mr. Wesley's general character, Mr. Clarke observed, -- "As a scholar, poet, logician, critic, philosopher, politician, legislator, divine, public teacher, and deeply pious and extensively useful man, he had no superior; few, if any, equals; and can never have justice done him, unless accurately viewed in all these lights, for he sustained all these characters: so that the use he made of these various talents may appear as it brought glory to God, and good to mankind. After undergoing innumerable hardships -- sustaining labors beyond all ordinary belief -- being the instrument of turning many from the power of Satan unto God -- giving the most unequivocal example of extraordinary self-denial and disinterestedness, full of the life and hope of the gospel, he died in London, at his own house, in the City Road, March, 2nd 1791, in the 88th year of his age, and the 66th of his ministry." [79]

After several lives of Mr. Wesley had been published, by the Rev. J. Hamson, Dr. Whitehead, Dr. Coke, Rev. H. Moor, Dr. Southey, and others, the Conference, many years subsequent to this, requested [Adam Clarke] the subject of these pages to prepare a Life of the Founder of Methodism. This, however, for reasons that may appear hereafter, was relinquished on the part of Mr. Clarke; though, to the close of life, he contemplated a character of him, and of publishing that character, if not separately, at least in the "Wesley Family."

To the writer he observed, in his private correspondence, so late as 1829, "I think I will endeavor to give a sketch of Mr. J. Wesley's Life, with some anecdotes, and a proper character, so that he should have some justice done to him, and not abandon him to the scurrility of such persons as Lord _____, who glean their henbane [henbane n. 1 a poisonous herbaceous plant, Hyoscyamus niger, with sticky hairy leaves and an unpleasant smell. 2 a narcotic drug obtained from this. -- Oxford Dict.] from such lives as the apostate Nightingale. By this, the new edition of the Wesley Family will make two good 8vo. vols."

In another letter, he remarked, Deer. 7, 1831, only about nine months before [Wesley's] his death: "No man out of heaven is capable of writing Mr. Wesley's life, [referring to the one written by the Rev. Richard Watson,] who had not an intimate acquaintance with him. I lay in his bosom; and perhaps the world, or rather the church may find, when Adam Clarke is no more among men, that John Wesley is not left without a proper notice of the rare excellences of his life, written by one whom he affectionately loved."

For some time after Mr. Clarke was able to stir abroad, he continued very thin, and was unequal to the work of the circuit. But on regaining his physical strength, he might be seen passing along the streets, a lank figure, with long hair, blue coat, and a cocked hat -- such an one as he appears in, in the second portrait taken for the Methodist Magazine. He appeared to see no one as he passed on his way, -- taking long strides, as if measuring the ground: and, as one of his peculiarities, it may be noticed, that he knew the number of steps necessary to be taken from chapel to chapel, and the precise time it would require to reach particular places.

The Strangers' Friend Society, to which a brief allusion has been already made, was established in Dublin, by Mr. Clarke, on a similar plan to one he set on foot in Bristol the preceding year. This Dublin one was preeminently distinguished, in the aid it received from George the Fourth, who, upon his visit to Ireland in the summer of 1821, directed, among other munificent acts, that fifty pounds should be added from the privy purse, to the funds of the Strangers' Friend Society. It was during the period of his ministrations in Dublin, that Mr. Clarke became acquainted (as noticed elsewhere as a subscriber to the Strangers' Friend Society) with the elegant authoress of "Psyche," a poem of peculiar delicacy and beauty. As no record has ever been given to the public of a life full of deep and touching interest, a lightly sketched outline will not be unwelcome in connection with our Memoir.

The maiden name of Mrs. Tighe was Blashford: she was allied, on the maternal side, both to rank and fortune. The years of childhood were distinguished by promises of that future talent which marked her, even amid the most polished and intellectual society; but there was belonging to her also, that peculiar delicacy of physical health, which is too frequently found in alliance with the higher order of intellect. Upon her introduction into fashionable life, her hand was sought by many; but the selection fell on one, who though possessing talent and moral worth, had little else to offer. The desired alliance was frowned upon by the parents; and the object of his deep affection surrendered her own inclination to what she imagined to be the claim of filial duty. A wealthy cousin, "an honorable man," sought the hand of his fair and talented relative; and the gifted girl became his wife. She lived but a short time after this event: her health failed, but her mind was sustained by the love and aids of philosophy and poesy [poesy n. archaic 1 poetry. 2 the art or composition of poetry. -- Oxford Dict]; till at length, to satisfy the cravings of an unhealthy

abstractedness, she wandered amid the mazes of skepticism. Six years of dreadful physical suffering were endured with a fortitude supplied by such resources as her strong intellect and varied reading afforded. But the hour drew nigh, in which philosophy and skepticism were alike powerless: she felt that she must die, and she dared not look onward. Her spirit, engirt only with imagined strength, quailed beneath the single dart of the enemy; and she stood on the verge of the deep gulf unprepared and alone. Then, for the first time, she felt that "the foolishness of God was wiser than men, and the weakness of God stronger than men;" and casting herself at once upon the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, -- peace, assurance, and joy succeeded alarm, and doubt, and terror. Two more days she survived, a glorious instance of that power which "saves to the uttermost," and then quietly fell asleep!

The entire history is one of thrilling interest, and cannot be contemplated, in conjunction with the productions of her elegant and classic pen, without intense feeling. Mrs. Hemans, a somewhat kindred spirit, knew and loved her. In pausing a moment, to pay the tribute of sympathy to the memory of the talented and the good, we are but doing justice to their worth, and our own feelings.

To extend his knowledge of anatomy and medicine, Mr. Clarke entered Trinity College, Dublin. It was at a time, however, when the college was not empowered to grant diplomas. In addition to the lectures, he paid close attention to the fine specimens of anatomical representations in wax, for which the college is famed. He could enter, both minutely and largely, into the anatomy of the human frame, when in conversation with gentlemen of the medical profession; and though far from being forward in showing his knowledge in this department of science, yet the writer has a perfect recollection of the advantage to which he appeared, on one occasion, when his knowledge was called forth by some remarks on the subjects which Mr. Hunter had left behind him in Scotland. When pleasantly correcting an overweening fondness for medicine, he said, --

"Two or three vegetables, and about the same number of minerals, will constitute nearly the whole ground-work of medicine, -- say bark, antimony, quicksilver, the rust of iron, &c., &c. All the others may be swept into the sea to feed the fishes with."

He had a strong objection to all quackery in medicine; wishing every science to be carried to its highest state of perfection. Some of his own attainments in medicine and anatomy, while in Dublin, may be seen from the easy and familiar manner in which he has acquitted himself, in one of the "Detached Pieces," in his "Miscellaneous Works," vol. x, on the Philadelphia Medical Museum.

The library of Trinity College afforded him fine scope, not only for general reading, but for particular literary research; and here he collected much of that biblical treasure, which he afterwards poured forth in his Notes on the Bible. Among other works with which he was pleased, and which he carefully examined, was the Codex Montifortii, or Codex Dubliniensis, cited by Erasmus, under the title of Codex Britannicus. His opinion of this MS., supposed by Michaelis, (vol. iv, page 417, of his Introductory Lecture,) to have been written after 1500, was, that though comparatively modern, it was in existence long before the invention of printing, and never penned with a design to deceive. He was inclined to think it was the work of some unknown bold critic, who formed a text from one or more MSS., in connection with the Vulgate; and who was by no

means sparing of his own conjectural emendations. To this conclusion he came the more readily, on finding in it various readings that did not exist in any other MS., then discovered. But how far the writer had, in any place, faithfully copied the text of any ancient MS., he considered it impossible to determine. He has given what he called a perfect facsimile of a part of the MS., copied by Dr. Barrett, the librarian, though he himself had made a transcript of the disputed passage in 1 John v. 7, 8, 9. He afterwards examined the MS. still more minutely. An account of it is given in his Notes, in his Succession of Sacred Literature, p. 86, 94, 12mo., and in his elaborate critique on Dr. Barrett's Evangelium Secundum Matthæum, in his Miscellaneous Works, written originally for the Eclectic Review.

All subjects connected with sacred or profane history, were examined by him with critical and scrupulous nicety; especially the former, owing, (to employ his own language,) to "the most heartfelt veneration for the uncorrupted oracles of God," and a sense of duty to the religious public, as a public character. Hence arose his careful and patient examination of authorities, his recurrence to references, and his verification of all the calculations brought before him and hence, too, his sentence of condemnation on "the discreditable shifts," as he denominates them, "which some will adopt, who cut the knots they cannot untie; and because they find it impracticable to reconcile certain seeming difficulties in the sacred history, first affect to doubt its authenticity, and afterwards put forth their criminal hands, and lop off whole branches from the tree of life: a text is too small a portion; difficulties (to them) still remain; another text must follow, and another; till at last whole chapters are tossed away into the limbo of vanity. Then, to be sure, all is fair and clear; for by this species of criticism anything may be proved or denied: but God never appointed such a method to discover truth, and sound criticism should hold it disgraceful to resort to it."

Everything connected with literature had, to Mr. Clarke's mind, the attractive influence of the lodestone; and true as the needle to the pole, it was sure to move in that direction. Though scanty his means, he was unable, on a particular occasion, to resist the temptation of a book sale, where, when he arrived, he found several of the clergy present. Among other articles, a Bible, (which was exceedingly valuable, from the circumstance of its having been partly printed on plates, and the plates having been destroyed when only a very limited number of copies had been thrown off,) was offered to the company. Mr. Clarke, knowing its value, as one of the "Curiosities of Literature, and anxious to possess it, was afraid to be seen bidding. The hammer hung some time in the hands of the auctioneer, who was either ignorant of the rarity of the work, and therefore less loquacious than usual, or had not an over-eager audience. After pausing, -- looking round, -- inviting attention, -- and modestly threatening to pass it over, for want of a bidder, -- a plain man bid three shillings "to set it a-going." It hung again; when Mr. Clarke, softly stole out with, -- "Sixpence more." It rose at length, to seven shillings, when it was again in a state of suspension. Mr. Clarke knowing the effects of too great eagerness on such an occasion, very prudently imposed a momentary silence upon himself, during which the knight of the hammer directed his eye towards him, saying, -- "Come, try again;" when he hesitatingly said, "Sixpence more, on which the hammer fell. He took his treasure under his arm; and as he was proceeding to the door, was met by a person, who inquired what he had purchased; and knowing the value of the book, he directed his way instantly towards his clerical acquaintance, and rated them for suffering a comparatively young man to go off with such a treasure. They, in return, were astonished, and were told by their censor, that the purchaser possessed more knowledge than the whole of them put together.

The mournful intelligence now reached Mr. Clarke of the death of Mrs. Hall, Mr. Wesley's sister, for whom he entertained a high respect, and to whose memory he has done no small service. A little before her death, she called Miss Sarah Wesley, her niece, to her bedside, and said, "I have now a sensation, which convinces me that my departure is near; the heartstrings seem gently, but entirely loosened." Miss Wesley inquired whether she was in pain? "No," said she "but a new feeling." Just before she closed her eyes, she requested her niece to come near, when she pressed her hand, and said, "I have the assurance which I have long prayed for. Shout!" she added, and expired. Thus, her truly noble and happy spirit passed into the presence of her Redeemer on the 12th of July, 1791, about four months and nine days after the death of her brother John, (of whom she was a perfect transcript in intelligence, temper, feature, and manners,) in the 85th year of her age.

Almost immediately after this, Mr. Clarke left Dublin to attend the sittings of Conference at Manchester; being entrusted with several affairs connected with the societies in Ireland. [80]

It would appear that no biography should be more varied and interesting than that of a Methodist preacher; going about from place to place, and from people to people, every opportunity is afforded him, of studying human character in all its varieties, and of amassing a large stock of information and experience, both with respect to the general laws which direct human action, and those less obvious impulses which, however, are an element of intellectual conformation: indeed the special duties of his office, not only sanction, but require such an intimate union with the sentiments and passions of others as must constitute him, if a man of sensitive and active mind, a tolerably correct judge of the powers of the moral system, and enable him, in this contemplation of mind marked by its peculiarities of taste and disposition, to address himself with effective energy to the important work in which he is engaged, at the same time that it renders him an interesting subject for the contemplation of the thoughtful man.

It is with peculiar pleasure we follow Mr. Clarke in his successful and important course; marking his progress by the overthrow of the strongholds of sin and Satan, -- turning rebellion to submission, -- curses to blessings, -- stubbornness to tears, -- and tears to joy! On leaving the Dublin Circuit, the choice of the scene of future labor was referred to himself, but he signified his unwillingness to make a selection: "I am afraid to choose," he observed to a friend; "I want God to station me. May he do it, for his name sake!" The Conference ultimately decided on Manchester, and he appears cheerfully to have acquiesced in this appointment.

Referring to the Conference at which he was present, he spoke in very warm terms touching the unanimity and close brotherhood which prevailed among the preachers in this their first general assembling, after the death of their venerable founder. "I have been," he remarks, "at several Conferences, but have never seen one in which the spirit of unity, love, and a sound mind, so generally prevailed. I would have this intelligence transmitted from Dan to Beersheba, and let the earth know, that the dying words of our revered father have had their accomplishment: 'The Lord is with us.'" Thus it was under solemn and auspicious circumstances, that he entered upon his ministerial duties at Manchester. The loss of the head, had caused no disorder or strife among the members of the Methodist body, but in the spirit of Wesley's parting words, they appeared now, still more entirely to depend on the great Head of the Church, for that direction and life which had hitherto marked their course.

The state of Mr. Clarke's health proved a painful hindrance to his ministerial duties. The immediate cause of a great degree of physical weakness, will be best seen from a conversation he had with a friend, many years afterwards, in his study at Heydon Hall. On reference being made to a week's stay at Liverpool, previously to his repairing to Manchester, this friend observed; "Doctor, the first time I saw you, was in the pulpit of the old chapel, Pitt-Street, Liverpool: you preached from Jude 21; this was in the year 1791, and you then appeared very ill, and remarkably thin."

Dr. -- "I will soon tell you whether you are correct;" and taking up, and examining his textbook; -- "yes, you are right; that was the subject, on that Sabbath morning: indeed, it is no wonder I looked thin and ill then; for God had raised me apparently from death a few days before you saw me in the chapel. My Mary and I were both ill of a fever at the same time; she was in one room, I lay in another, and so soon as I was able to move at all, I crept occasionally upon my hands and knees to her bedside, to see how she was; for I was too weak to walk."

Friend. -- "And did you continue long in that miserable state?"

Dr. -- "Thanks to the mercy of God, and a good constitution, I recovered soon so far as to be able to get out a little; and as soon as I could, I left my Mary, who was also getting about, went down to the quay [dock], and took a passage for Liverpool, which place we reached in forty-eight hours: when there, I lodged in the preacher's house by myself. I had but little to eat, and that was brought me in the morning by a person whom I saw no more that day. Having preached in Liverpool, one and another who met me the next day, shook hands with me, wished me well, said my sermons had been rendered a blessing to them -- but no man asked me to partake of his hospitality. This made little impression, but I was, besides, in great misery, in consequence of the prolonged voyage of my wife and children, whom I had reason to fear were swallowed up in the great deep. Twice every day, for a week, I went down to the dock to look out for the Dublin packet, which contrary winds had detained at sea. At length, while standing on the quay one evening, the vessel, to my inexpressible joy, hove in sight: I beheld my Mary and the children upon deck, and hailed them as from the dead. I got on board as soon as possible, and found the little ones almost starved; for, owing to the tediousness of the voyage, -- being several days on the water, all provision had been for some time expended. I instantly took Adam, (I had an Adam then -- I have none now!) on one arm and John on the other, and running with them into a baker's shop, gave to each a twopenny loaf; and in an instant their little faces were almost buried in them. I then hastened with something to my wife, and we walked to a home -- no longer desolate to me, blessing the God of all mercy for the protection he had extended, while in the midst of peril and distress."

He added, on another occasion, "The children had the measles just before Mrs. Clarke left Dublin. The nursery-maid, who accompanied her, had pledged her hand to a young man who attended them to the vessel, and who perceiving the circumstances in which Mrs. Clarke and her children were placed, generously insisted on sailing with them, to render any assistance necessary for their comfort. He had even to beg a little provision from the cabin boy, to support himself and the immediate objects of his care."

Mr. Clarke was not a little annoyed with the conduct of the custom-house officers, on the landing of his boxes of books, all of which they opened, turned out and examined. The officers were most puzzled with the classical ones; and taking up one, and being unable to read it, they concluded it to be foreign in the imprint, and therefore charged him threepence per pound for it. A box of tools also became a matter of dispute, and to free it from duty, they would insist upon his swearing that the tools were made in England. This, he told them he could not do, he knew not whether they were made in Ireland or England, all he knew was, that he purchased them in England. One article especially, which had been presented to him by a friend, of peculiar construction, and the use of which they had partly collected from a slight experiment or two by himself, became a source of considerable litigation. With this they walked from place to place, wishing him to set a value upon it. "One of the men, " -- to use a strong expression of his own, "swore till he was almost black in the face." They stated that there was a duty of eighty per cent on such things, and charged him five pounds for it. A person standing by, interested himself on his behalf, and told the officers to refer to their books, but they could not find it there. This same gentleman met him some years afterwards at Buxton, reminded him of the circumstance, and told him that it was a wanton stretch of power. But to return to his ministerial character:--

Signal as was the success by which the ministrations of Mr. Clarke were crowned, he continued the same simple and unostentatious walk which had marked him from the beginning; no man ever found him elevating or valuing himself on the triumphs, which, as a soldier of the cross, he was permitted to achieve. So genuine was the spirit of Christian humility within him, that he would descend from his high office as teacher, himself to become the taught; and for this purpose associated himself with a class conducted by one of his own congregation, intimating that he "could not so well feel himself a member of society without it." [81]

All who knew anything of Adam Clarke could testify, that his conduct in this instance, proceeded from a truly devotional and Christian frame of mind; for he was among the last who would have appeared as a specimen of that voluntary humility with which some have been chargeable in all ages of the church's history. It is, however, a very false and gratuitous kind of assumption, which will dare, in the too general spirit of these professing times, to spurn every record of the past, which bears the impress of lowliness and meekness of spirit. We might fairly infer that such a disposition was compatible with a great mind, speaking in a specific and religious point of view, from the admission, that it is not the necessary consequence of greatness, that it be always employed about great things, or among great persons.

The facility with which Mr. Clarke could imbend his noble strength to what might appear not only incompatible with, but much beneath it, affords one more instance to the many already existing, of the consistency there is between the attention both to high, and comparatively trifling things. When Adam Clarke, in the prime of physical and mental strength, extensively read, and deeply taught in the sacred volume, looked up to by thousands, as a "guide, philosopher, and friend;" -- was found playing marbles with Samuel Bradburn, in the large room in Manchester, he would, doubtless, have been deemed half a fool by some profound pedant, who would also, by a parity of reasoning, have passed the same, or even a severer censure upon the philosopher Boyle, of whom an anonymous writer has told, that one of his principal amusements was to hasten to places where mountebanks [mountebank n. 2 a clown. -- Oxford Dict.] resorted; -- or upon Spinosa, watching with great interest, and laughing immoderately at, the combat between two

spiders; -- or on the logician, Samuel Clarke, leaping over chairs and tables; -- or on Cardinal Richelieu, endeavoring to out-jump his servant. The observation made by Mr. Prince Hoare, in his Life of Granville Sharp, may be applied with equal justice to the subject of these pages: "The history of his amusements," he observes, "cannot be told without adding to the dignity of his character."

A certain singularity and quaintness is frequently connected with a mind of extraordinary powers, sometimes extending itself beyond such matters as those just alluded to, and may be discovered in the more sober employment of giving advice, an instance of which we shall cite, in proof of the general assertion.

During his residence in this circuit, he was consulted by two religiously disposed young persons who were just married, relative to the propriety of keeping a public-house: "I would die on a dung-hill first," exclaimed he, on the excitement of the moment; but reflecting upon how far even such an occupation might be made useful, he added; "If, however, you do begin one, act on the following plan: never supply liquor to a person already giving symptoms of having had enough elsewhere; -- fill no more to any one man, than two pints; -- have a wholesome tap; -- always keep good hours; -- shut up your doors on the Sabbath-day; -- distribute a Bible and prayer-book through every room; -- and introduce religious subjects when you can prudently do so."

The advice was listened to, and acted upon, and the result was prosperous: in less than seven years, the honest and worthy couple retired from the business on a comfortable property.

Some time after this, he was preaching an occasional sermon in the circuit, when a lady, at the close of the service, tried to press through the crowd to shake hands with him, but being unable to reach him, was overcome with emotion. This being named to him by another lady, he said, "Ah, Madam, she had a reason for that; I recollect when she came to me in a different state, the heavens were as a sheet of brass to her, -- the world was a blank, -- the earth made of pitch, -- and despair was in her cry, and in her tears; but God had mercy upon her, and turned her sorrow into joy!: she had been recalling to mind past days."

He proceeded: "She had a husband, and I dare say he was a good man; but he was godly now and then, with a vengeance. I was seated with him in the parlor one day, and while conversing with each other, the room door was opened and one of the children entered with downcast eyes, and a large whip in his hand. The child went up to his father, who looked sternly at him (the look itself was punishment sufficient:) 'What,' exclaimed the father, 'you have been in mischief!' I said, 'Mr. is this the way you educate your children?' I looked at the child -- then at the whip, which was by far too large for the offense; my bowels yearned over the child, to see him made the instrument of his own punishment, and I pleaded for mitigation. He was ordered into a corner of the room -- there he stood -- and we talked; but every now and then I directed my eye towards the child, and when opportunity offered, I put in the harrow, (Mr. Clarke accompanying the expression, by raking his fingers across his breast,) and tried to produce a father's feeling. Oh, if Michael, the archangel had declared he educated his children in that way, I should have concluded he came up, (pointing to the ground,) and not down. The impression was never effaced, nor shall I ever be brought to think that this was the most excellent way."

To a person afflicted with a hasty spirit, he told the story of Athenodorus, which may probably not be so generally known, as to render its recital in the present connection unwelcome. Athenodorus had been many years resident in the court of Augustus, and being advanced in life, requested permission of the emperor to retire into the country, that he might pass the evening of his day in peace and privacy. On the wish being granted, he took leave of Augustus in the following words:-- "Cæsar, I have an advice to give thee: whensoever thou art angry, take heed that thou never say, or do anything, until thou hast distinctly repeated to thyself the twenty-four letters of the alphabet." The emperor grasped his hand -- "Athenodorus, thou must stay; I still have need of thee." After telling this anecdote, Mr. Clarke addressed his friend thus: "You will readily perceive, that he who suppresses his anger until he has distinctly repeated twenty-four letters, is not likely to do or say anything, which, from its precipitancy, would cause pain on the retrospect."

The estimation in which he was held by his colleague, Mr. Bradburn, who was much his senior, and a close observer of public character, as well as a powerful and highly influential preacher, will be seen from a remark made in a letter written to Mr. Rodda during this period: "Mr. Clarke," he observes, "and I, are as one; he is a choice companion when known." And again, in relation to some circumstances of difficulty in which the two ministers were placed, and in which they had been co-workers, and fellow-helpers, Mr. Bradburn remarks, "Mr. Clarke is all in all, as my own soul."

These notices are the more valuable, as evincing the unanimity which, notwithstanding some slight differences of sentiment on lesser points, subsisted between these colleagues in the Christian ministry.

One little incident may here be noticed, truly Bradburnian in its character. Mr. Clarke was at Flixton, from whence he had previously promised to return after preaching. It was winter, and the evening closed in with a heavy snowstorm. Mr. John Wood, with whom the preachers domiciled in that part of the circuit, persuaded Mr. Clarke to tarry till morning. Mrs. Clarke, knowing her husband's punctuality, became uneasy lest he should have braved the storm, and lost his way in the wildness of the night. She went into Mr. Bradburn's two or three times -- he had retired to rest; but perceiving, from what Mrs. Bradburn had said, the state of mind in which Mrs. Clarke was, he immediately, on her leaving the house, most kindly arose, -- took a lantern, and calling on a friend, they proceeded through the almost impassable lanes, narrowly examining every ditch with which he was acquainted, as they passed along. They arrived at the house of John Wood about twelve o'clock at night, jaded, wet, and weather-beaten, having traveled several miles. Awakening the family, and gaining admittance, Mr. Bradburn ordered Mr. Clarke downstairs with jocose authority; when, after a few words of explanation, they set out, and footed their way though the storm to Manchester. On arriving at the house of Mr. Clarke, about two o'clock in the morning, Mr. Bradburn, with the frolic of youth, pushed him into the doorway before him, and said to Mrs. Clarke, "There he is for you, take him;" then instantly turning on his heel, he repaired to his own house, to repose himself on the couch he had left a few hours before, lost to the dreary interval with its pains and perils.

The question respecting the introduction of worship into the Methodist chapels during "church hours," was at this time agitated in various parts of the connection, and the society in

Manchester bore its full share in the dispute. Mr. Bradburn was in favor of it, and in the same opinion Mr. Clarke also concurred.

A majority of nine out of ten of the trustees of the Salford chapel, voted for its adoption, and notice was accordingly given of the intention to change the time for the celebration of divine worship from eight o'clock to ten. Some discontented spirits, who hoped to impress the public mind with the belief that the Methodists were intending to withdraw themselves from the spirit and communion of the Established Church, inserted the notice in the newspapers, which, however, had only the effect of making the alteration more fully known, and of securing a large congregation to the Salford chapel, where the notice had been read. Mr. Bradburn, who preached on the occasion, defended the change they were adopting on several grounds, and advised that the subject should not be peevishly disputed, with those who were hot-headed and bigoted, but temperately reasoned upon. His text, which was from Isaiah ix. 6., led him to speak of the government of Christ, especially as Head of the church. Unfortunately his arguments were not characterized so much by a forbearing spirit, as by their depth and soundness; and perhaps it might have better served their cause had his colleague been its advocate, who, judging from his generally clear and temperate style, was better adapted for conducting an argument.

The question of the slave-trade, had, at this period, induced several persons (the subject of this memoir among the number) to refrain from the use of sugar; but it was not to this circumstance that the abandonment of tea also, is to be attributed. In his Letter to a preacher, he says, "Shun tea-drinking parties; these in general murder time, and can answer no good purpose, either to your body or your soul. If you go out in this way at any time, let it be only where you have reason to believe your visit is likely to be useful to the souls of the people, but it is not very likely to be so where there is a large party. Several years ago, I met with Mr. Wesley's Letter on Tea -- read it, and resolved from that hour to drink no more of the juice of that herb, till I could answer his arguments and objections. I have seen the tract but once since, yet from that day until now, I have not taken a cup of tea or coffee; for these things I have mostly found a substitute at the breakfast table; and in the afternoon I take nothing: by this line of conduct I can demonstrate that I have actually saved several years of time, which otherwise must have been irrecoverably lost." "Audi et alteram partem."

[In the following remarks, Everett shows that he disagreed with Clarke's position on not drinking tea. -- DVM] Few who knew the writer of this letter, would be disposed to agree with the concluding sentence of the above quotation; for not only would the influence of such a man impart a healthy tone of conversational feeling to any company in which he might be found, and thus would the refreshing beverage under review be redeemed from the opprobrious epithet of "scandal broth," wherewith he was wont half playfully to designate it, but his own remarks, which ever contained much interest and edification, would, doubtless, have amply redeemed any hour spent at the social tea-table; but the influence under which he made the resolve "to drink no more of the juice of that herb," is obvious. A man who was enough of a devotee to ride a horse, at the risk of his life, because it had belonged to Mr. Wesley, would inevitably follow his advice in a matter which could be so placed before him, as to embrace the two essential points of the preservation of health, and the saving of time: these lay obviously on the face of the argument; presenting themselves in the character of important considerations; but the good reasonably to be expected from compliance with the general usage in the case, was not so readily. apprehended: thus the

palpable was seized with avidity by the eager scholar, insatiably athirst for knowledge, and tremblingly sensitive to the escape of a moment; but a shadow was passed across what would have been gained to others, in the event of Mr. Wesley's cogent reasonings upon the matter, having been received under the impression, that probably his judgment was not universally infallible.

The writer has been, upon many occasions, a delighted witness of how great a savor of good dwelt upon a company assembling around the tea-table in Mr. Clarke's own house; when, coming forth from the toils of the study, he would, while pacing the room with arms folded, recount some wonders of the olden time, and deduct from the same a healthy moral; or reply to a question proposed by a philosophic friend; or call forth the scholarship or ingenuity of the junior members of the party by proposing some puzzling question from a favorite classic author; or, which was not infrequently the case, expatiate on the theme his heart best loved, when his mind would expand, and his speech distill as the dew; for then he was dwelling on the benevolence of God in creation, and upon his love in redemption! [82]

Of the Strangers' Friend Society, which was this year formed in Manchester, too much, in the way of eulogy, cannot be said, nor of Mr. Clarke, as its principal originator. In a letter of Mr. Bradburn's, the following notice is made. "Mr. Clarke and I have instituted a new charity, called the Strangers' Friend Society; it succeeds beyond our most sanguine expectations, we have many pounds in hand; it is certainly very affecting to hear of the good done every week by it." [83] Some brief notice of the nature, design, and rules of this society, is due to the subject of our memoir, and to the Methodist body at large, upon whom it continues to reflect, by its benevolent character and benign operations, the most signal and Christian credit.

Though, to the honor of our nation, charitable institutions abound in the land, yet the good contemplated and accomplished by them, is local and confined, inasmuch as only a certain number or class, according to circumstances, can be entitled to the advantages accruing from such charities: now the founders of the Strangers' Friend Society, taking for their motto, "As ye are, so shall the stranger be before the Lord," proposed, that weekly contributions should be made, and that strangers and such as had no helper should, without reference being made to the former cause of present distress, or to the nation, sect, or party to which the afflicted might belong, be forthwith relieved; no other recommendation being required, than a sufficiency of evident distress: this foundation rule decides the godlike nature of the institution.

A second noble proof of its disinterested character may be gathered by reference to a rule to the effect, that though the society is instituted and carried on by the Methodists, yet their own poor shall not be entitled to any relief from it, a fund for administering to their necessities being already in existence. It is impossible to estimate the amount of good which has been effected by this charity. The visitors appointed, being first approved as discreet and pious persons, money has not been partially or lavishly expended, and much spiritual benefit has likewise resulted from the visits of these devoted persons. The lines of Young have been nobly illustrated by the generous exertions and diffusive philanthropy of the Strangers' Friend Society.

"The generous mind is not confined at home,
But spreads itself abroad through all the public,
And feels for every member of the land."

It will have been perceived, however, from the preceding pages, that Manchester was not the birthplace of this institution, although it there first received the prominence and compactness of a society; for Mr. Clarke, together with Mr. Wesley, had entered on the benevolent design in Bristol, and then two or three rules were put together, and, as Mr. Clarke afterwards related to the writer, "They were printed on a piece of paper about the size of my hand, and I would give a guinea for them now, as I have no copy of them." Mr. Secretary Peel made a present to this society, some years after its formation, of £500 worth of marine [supplies] stores, rice, &c.

The establishment of the Strangers' Friend Society by Mr. Clarke, is in perfect keeping with the general benevolence of his character, and crowns him with the laurels placed on the brow of the great and the good by Bacon, who says, -- "If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them; and if he be compassionate towards the afflicted, it shows his heart to be like the noble tree, that is wounded itself, when it gives the balm."

It may be here remarked, that it is singular, -- with the apostle's injunction, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," and the fact that in almost every Jewish synagogue, there were two treasury-boxes, one for their own poor, and another for the poor of strangers, -- that the idea of such an institution was not earlier suggested to the mind of Mr. Clarke; and yet, that it should occur to him, combining as he did a thorough knowledge of Jewish customs, with a practical adherence to every scriptural precept, was perfectly natural.

In proposing and aiding a plan of extensive benevolence, Mr. Clarke terminated his first year of labor in Manchester, eminently approving himself throughout, "a workman who needed not to be ashamed," not only "rightly dividing the word of truth," but entering with zeal, and going forward with perseverance, into all the walks of ministerial usefulness: the lamp of God's Word illuminated his steps, and the voice of the Divine approbation continually encouraged him in his progress. It is with infinite satisfaction we record, that nothing occurred during this year, in reference to the subject of these pages, which ought to distract or divide the attention, in the contemplation of "the man of God thoroughly furnished unto every good work;" for although there might be some differences of opinion between himself and his able colleague upon political questions, at this spirit-stirring time, yet unity and love were alike the basis of their Christian creed; and we feel there is far more than enough of living and speaking contests in the church, and divisions in the body of Christ, to make it pleasant to us to strain the eye to discover more.

Indeed the admiration in which Mr. Clarke held his colleague as a public speaker, could only be equaled by the respect and affection which he entertained for the native benignity of his character as a man. Notwithstanding the frequency of their pulpit engagements, they were occasionally favored with an opportunity of hearing each other preach, and Mr. Clarke was always glad to avail himself of it. On one of these occasions, which was a public one, Mr. Clarke was a hearer. "Mr. B." said Mr. Clarke, "was in all his majesty; he perceived the impression that was made, and knew well the character of his pulpit material, as well as the general command he had over his congregations: he paused a moment, and then made an extravagant remark, which induced some dissenters who were present, to suppose that he was not perfectly satisfied with his situation as a Methodist preacher. He could say what no one else either could, or would dare to say; and

when his benevolence, which was unbounded, crippled him in his circumstances, he had a peculiar way of begging for himself, as well as for others.

The next day, a purse containing thirty guineas, was presented to him. The dissenters, who were captivated with him as a preacher, waited upon him, and among other questions to draw him from the Wesleyan body, and to which the extravagant remark alluded to in the pulpit might have given rise, asked whether he really thought his own people were sensible of his worth, when he replied with a fine flow of feeling, and somewhat emphatically, 'I cannot say whether they know my worth, but I know theirs.' The compliment was as sincere as it was good, and interposed an interdict on all further negotiations."

A friend who had never seen Mr. Bradburn, and who heard the relation, asked which of the preachers, of the more modern school, he resembled. "Put them all together," said Mr. Clarke, "your best preachers, -- your greatest men; -- he was not like any of them, they would not all make such a man; -- he was like no man but himself:-- I never knew a man in the Connection with so great command of language." Then, without anything egotistic in reference to himself, but simply with a view to impress the querist more fully with the character of Mr. Bradburn's oratory, he added pleasantly, -- "I said to myself, after hearing him one day, I have as good a sermon as that in my head, if I only knew how to come at it, and bring it out."

The men who entertained such exalted views of each other's character, could not move otherwise than in union on all vital questions. And though they might not in every instance see eye to eye, yet in most instances, the difference of opinion was unimportant, and may be compared to the muscæ volitantes, which exist in the vitreous humor of the natural eye, occupying a very small space and altogether harmless. It must not be inferred from this, however, that Mr. Clarke was indifferent in respect of all opinions, principles, and persuasions; for, as Coleridge justly observes, "This conduct is mere ostentation, or a poor trick that hypocrisy plays with the cards of nonsense; for the man professing it, either means to say, that he is utterly indifferent towards all truth, and finds nothing so insupportable as there being any such mighty value attached to the possession of it as should give a mark of preference to any one conviction above any other, or else he means nothing; and amuses himself with articulating the pulses of the air, instead of inhaling it in the more healthful and profitable exercise of yawning."

* * * * * * *

SECTION V.

1792.

"In heaven!" calmly replied the traveler Bruce, when interrupted by a serving-man, standing near him, with the question, "Where is your master?" With infinitely more propriety, because uttered in deep experience of its sublime and ennobling truth, would the subject of this memoir have appropriated the above reply to a similar question; for, in the spirit of that gracious enunciation, "One is your Master -- even Christ," he pursued, with unremitting diligence, and untiring strength, the work assigned him in the moral harvest field, -- "the spirit of glory and of God resting upon him." By the appointment of Conference, he was a second year stationed at

Manchester, where, as it has appeared, he was highly acceptable, and had been made greatly useful. It was here, indeed, that he assumed decided prominence as a public man. Under the well-directed energies of his admirable colleagues and himself, the state of the society underwent a decisive improvement, both in respect of numbers and pecuniary resources: an evidence of the fact in the latter case being, that the various collections rose to a height not attained in previous years.

It was one of the maxims of Epicurus, that "If a man would be rich, he should strive, not so much to add to his wealth, as to detract from his desires:" a sentiment exquisitely embodied and carried out in that higher (because divine) philosophy of the great apostle, -- "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." The little history to which the reader is about to be introduced, will show by contrast with the great secret of happiness above referred to, how vain and impotent are all the waking dreams of an abstruse philosophy, even though they may be golden ones, when brought into competition with the substantial riches supplied to the seeker in the practical application of the injunction, -- "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content." During his residence in this circuit, Mr. Clarke corresponded with Mr. Hand, of Dublin, a gentleman with whom he became acquainted in the course of his ministrations in that city. He had been nearly all his life a devotee to the science of alchemy, and dwelt with as much assurance in its visions as though they had not frequently applied the painful truth to his experience, uttered by the philosophic king, that "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." It might be, that the prophecy of a certain German doctor had stimulated Mr. Hand by the assurance he adventured, that in the nineteenth century, the transmutation of metals would be generally known and practiced, which discovery will, he tells its, "contribute more than anything else to prolong life, as culinary utensils will be made of gold and silver, and thus the poisonous oxides of copper, lead, and iron, which are daily swallowed in food, will be no longer taken;" but a more sober philosopher, [84] than Dr. Girtanner, has said, he did not consider the discovery of the art impossible, though he deemed it could not be brought to subserve any useful purpose. The ancients supposed, that the secret of alchemy was engraven by Hermes, before the flood, upon the table of emerald concealed under one of the pyramids; and many writers have fancied, that the secret which lay hidden under the various forms of Egyptian mythology, was that of the transmutation of metals; while others tell us, that the hieroglyphics which formerly covered the pyramids related to the same art. [85]

We have more than enough of Rosicrucian mystery in our own time, evolved from the complex laboratory of art, and the maze of difficult terms and processes; but since the conquest of Egypt by the Arabs, to which Gibbon refers the diffusion of this "vain science" over the globe, surely more strange arcana never baffled mental comprehension, than those which form the subject of correspondence between Mr. Clarke and Mr. Hand! The latter was an enthusiast upon the subject, and there is little reason to doubt, a sincere believer in the future development of its wonders and its benefits. From a letter written to a gentleman in Manchester, it will be seen how ardently he had entered into, and how deeply he was read upon the subject. After stating his anxiety to answer the letter of his correspondent, both on account of its own importance, and as being "written by a friend of his best beloved Adam Clarke," he proceeds to ask, "Are you worthy of the knowledge of so great a mystery as alchemy? Have you studied attentively this secret -- concealed from the best of men? Have you seen the philosopher's chaos? Have you seen the wine of the wise? Have you separated the heterogeneous parts of the matter? Have you united the homogeneous? Have you seen the green lion? In short, have you seen the naked Diana? [86]

Philalethes, in his 'Secrets Revealed, or Shut Palace of the King,' says, 'The main knot is, in finding the doors of Diana, which no eye but that of a true 'philosopher ever saw: this is the Gordian knot, and will be one forever, to a tyro [novice] in the art; read the discourse between Sudoxes and Pyrophilus, and there you will see what the philosopher's fire is, or what he properly calls the secret fire; without this, I solemnly declare, you can do nothing in this art.'" From this extract, the curious reader will form an idea of the mysterious and apparently absurd character of the alchemistic researches. Mr. Clarke frequently urged it upon this enthusiast in the science, to rest contented with what God had, in the order of his providence bestowed; telling him that if riches had been denied, the Supreme Being knew they would have been prejudicial to his happiness, and that if he were satisfied with what he had, more might be bestowed; that there could be no prosperity without the Divine blessing, and that, what in ignorance he might deem a good, would if given, prove a curse to the possessor; he warned him against all hastiness of temper, to which indeed he was prone, attributable no doubt to reiterated disappointment, occasioned by the processes of the laboratory; he begged him to be diligent in his attendance at the house of God, and at the class-meeting; to neglect no Divine ordinance, and to put his trust wholly in the unerring wisdom of Him, who, upon the submission of the will and the affections, would grant all needful providential supplies. That such exhortations had some effect upon Mr. Hand, and that though devoted to the prosecution of his favorite study, he would recognize in it, as in other matters, the presence of the Supreme Being, may be fairly inferred from the latter part of the letter from which an extract has been already made: "It has pleased God," he proceeds, "recently to remove from me my dear wife: the care, therefore, of my family, consumes much of my time; I want money to proceed in my researches, for I am confident under God, I could complete the work in one year; however, I shall with patience await the good time of God, and when it is his will to open a door that will enable me to proceed. I doubt not his blessing upon my endeavors; the knowledge I have acquired has been by long practice, much study, and great labor: theory only deludes -- practice sets right; if you are in the practice, pray that the most high God may assist you! pray too, that his Holy Spirit may make you fit not only to receive this wisdom, but to be made partaker of that glory which is in Christ Jesus; there and there only shall we find the true 'philosopher's stone:' in that estate, the Lord grant I may meet you in smoke, fire, and light!"

This latter extract, from undoubtedly a very singular letter, develops by far the most interesting portion of the mental history of this gentleman, though his ability, with an added supply of means, to complete the work of transmutation in twelve months, may reasonably be doubted, and might remind the reader of a dusty philosopher mentioned by D'Israeli, who prevailed upon a wealthy lady to become his patroness, -- assuring her that a vast quantity of lead could be turned into gold. Accordingly, a laboratory was built, Vulcanian fires blazed at its several corners, unintelligible jargon announced his progresses, and the deluded gentlewoman seemed to behold golden streams meandering among the recesses of this magic mine. Time passed on: still the mighty secret was behind the veil, whose dark fringes slightly raised, were illuminated only by the fires blazing behind. Somewhat disconcerted by the tardiness of the process, the lady ventured to hint some doubts to the philosopher, -- he owned himself puzzled, but not defeated; -- and resolved upon resorting to "the forlorn hope," in all such cases. The crisis was now approaching; -- the philosopher was hermetically sealed in his laboratory; -- the patroness was enjoying her siesta: a terrible shriek, followed by a report as loud as that of a cannon, burst upon her astonished ear; -- she flew forthwith to the scene of this unwonted commotion; -- the poor alchemist was in a state of

stupefied horror: two of the largest stills had burst; and the upper end of the scene of operations was in flames!

Poor Hand was more fortunate, simply because he was less presumptuous, and he met with a better lot finally, because he could say, -- "I fear God." He died somewhat suddenly, after having passed the noon-tide and summer of his life, in an elevated exposition of the fable of "the dog and the shadow;" but he was a man of taste and genius, -- of intelligent mind, and gentlemanly bearing; -- a pleasant companion, and a faithful friend; -- a man in whose heart there was "some good thing towards the Lord his God," and who would have foregone the mystic study of his life altogether, rather than have obtained its desired results by the employment of equivocal means: over the delusion which hurt none but himself, let the veil of charity fall! There have been other dreamers than he, but none who have left behind a more harmless track, or a more inoffensive name; the infatuation, if amounting in extravagance to a species of monomania, was a mere point in his character: on all other subjects he was "in his right mind:" and to this abstraction, therefore, we may well afford pity, even though not disposed to extend sympathy!

The sentiments, passions, and opinions, which, as a mighty moral earthquake, convulsed the bosom of society, and shook France to her very center, though overthrowing the abuses of the old government, were still, in the dreadful excesses to which they led, an outrage upon humanity. They made their way, in a modified form, throughout the public mind of England:
the manufacturing towns drank deeply of the spirit of disaffection, caused by the commercial distress consequent on the great national convulsions; and Manchester, having its full share of wretchedness, was in a most deplorable state. Political divisions and disagreements ran high, even to the dissevering of members of the same family, and the disruption of long-tried friendships; thousands of persons were out of employ, and had enlisted merely to save life:-- desolation and distress everywhere had way, and despairing anticipations "helped forward the affliction."

Influenced by the deep feeling of sympathy with which Mr. Clarke looked upon this dismaying picture, he writes to a friend; "Many of the principal houses in this place have stopped; the recruiting parties have enlisted upon an average, a thousand a week: a scene in the marketplace the other day, was almost enough to have split the nether millstone: some scores of men were crowding around a recruiting officer, imploring him with eager supplications and famishing countenances to enlist them; and this last of favors could be granted to only about fifty of the miserable group! It almost breaks my heart to behold such spectacles as the streets exhibit, and to listen to the melancholy tales poured into my ear: the principle language is, -- reform in parliament; -- diminution of taxes; -- no king; -- the majesty of the people; with all their deductions and inferences; and from the press teem the like sentiments, delivered with unparalleled boldness. I look abroad and think that the kingdom of heaven is at hand: 'Gird on Thy sword, O, Thou most mighty.' These are some of the consequences of that 'just and equitable war,' into which our ministry have plunged us:--

'At least distempered discontented thoughts,
Whence rise vain hopes, vain arms, inordinate desires."

It was Mr. Clarke's decided conviction, in reference to this war, that had not the French been interfered with, had they been permitted to settle their own government, they would have

made a system which would have been the glory of the whole earth. Speaking of the political state of our own country, at that time, he remarks; "I believe the basis of our government to be the very best in the world; but I am not ignorant of the corruptions which have crept into it, and I believe a reform in parliament essential to its salvation." And he lived to know that he had the sense of the nation on his side.

A trait in the ministerial character of Mr. Clarke, well worthy imitation, was his almost jealous feeling of any interference in what he deemed to be his own especial work. A person once wishing to relieve him of part of the weight of the service, by offering up the introductory prayer -- "Oh no," he replied, "if I have to fell the tree, I must whet my own axe;" an expression employed afterwards, and with equal propriety, by the Rev. Richard Watson. Mr. Clarke would admit of no proxy upon these occasions, being desirous of avoiding all possibility of interruption to the fine flow of devotional feeling, which he considered to be an indispensable preparative to the spirit of preaching; thus, by his own example, maintained with increasing force to the close of his days, he inculcated the necessity of unwearied perseverance in the prosecution of ministerial duties, as well as in every other good work. It was on the same principle also, that he advocated the acquisition of a variety of information, and would seize the slightest circumstance from which to educe instruction.

Walking one day with a gentleman, they passed a stable door, the fastening of which attracted his attention; and stopping to examine it, he found it to be one of antique date and curious workmanship, and remarked to his friend, "We ought to learn something every day; Methodist preachers should know everything, and be capable of assisting themselves in every way, because of the peculiar situations in which they are frequently placed: for my own part, I can build a haystack, or a chimney-piece; -- mend my own shoes; -- put sleeves into my coat; -- repair a frying-pan; -- put bars to a gridiron; -- and turn a lathe. A physician once advised, on account of my health, that I should purchase one, and work at it: I did so, and found benefit from the exercise, and really became tolerably expert in the art of manufacturing little boxes, and other articles of use and amusement for my children." Thus Mr. Clarke never thought of confining his sources of information to

"The sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books enrolled,"

but made the world, as far as he could search into it, his lesson, and his reference-book.

It was during this year, that a controversy arose in Manchester, somewhat similar to the one, on the introduction of Divine worship into the chapels during church-hours, and to which reference has been made. The point at issue now, was, whether the design of Mr. Wesley, in recommending Christian brotherhood with the established church, would not be frustrated by having the sacrament of the Lord's supper administered in the Methodist chapels? or whether the increasing numbers and increasing growth of their prominence and usefulness as a church, ("a body of faithful men,") would not render the adoption of the measure advisable if not necessary. The result of this important question is well known, as witnessed in the distinct communion at present universally enjoyed by the Wesleyan body; though there are those still, who hold, that the injunction of their founder, "always to receive the sacrament at church," was not lightly to be

infringed upon, and that its breach could only be sanctioned by the arbitrary position of circumstances. [87] Mr. Benson opposed the measure, with all the strength of his mighty intellect. [88]

Once, while preaching in Oldham-Street chapel, a somewhat ludicrous interruption was created, which may be taken as a characteristic of the rudeness, approaching to irreverence, which distinguished some of the warm spirits in those days. Mr. Benson was intimating the danger of innovation, as conducive to a weakening of the bond of union; and while increasingly impressed with the importance of the subject upon which he was dilating, his voice rose to what Mr. Clarke playfully denominated "the master scream," calling out in an impassioned manner, in reference to the union of the Methodist body, -- "It is going -- it is going;" a rough Yorkshireman, James Selby by name, resting on his staff, and presenting altogether a grotesque figure, shouted out from the midst of the audience, "stick fast tull it then." The gravity of the congregation was put to the rout; an irrepressible smile arose upon every countenance, and even the learned preacher could not resist the universal contagion.

It was perhaps the occasional occurrence of similar circumstances, which operated to bring upon the name of Methodist, the opprobrium which has been so unworthily attached to it, and which is now happily passing away under the influence of a better spirit; the respect entertained by all parties in these more sober times, for this large and important section of the universal church, is in beautiful and striking contrast with the contempt affected by a self-important individual, who in passing Oldham-Street chapel, during the period of which we are speaking, thought proper to express his assumed disgust in the following way. The people were thronging out after divine service; a lady with whom he was walking, demanded in a tone of surprise what that crowd meant? "Oh," said the pseudo-gentleman, pulling her hastily away, apparently fearful of contact with some strange pollution, "it is only a canting Methodist house, disembogueing [pouring forth] its filth; let us get away, or someone may think we have been there."

The subject of these pages felt an especial interest in Oldham-Street chapel, seeming to respect and have affection for the place itself. "God is much used to that place," he once observed to a friend, "He seems to come familiarly to it." "Yes," replied the friend, "but God was in Birchen-Lane also;" (alluding to the temporary place where service was held before the erection of the chapel.) "Yes," subjoined Mr. Clarke, "but that was not the spot where God seemed to say, 'Here will I make my rest;' it was only the tabernacle in the wilderness, to be worshipped in, till the temple should be built."

During the existence of the commercial distress already referred to, the Conference was held in Manchester. It was, at that time, the custom among the senior preachers, to wear powdered wigs. In the excited state of the public mind, it needed less manifestation of useless expenditure than the said adornment, to irritate and inflame a starving populace, who, with the acute perception of causes for which they are ever remarkable, affirmed it was those wigs which were eating up the bread of the people, and vowed vengeance upon their wearers, -- cannibals as they were, for thus living upon their fellow-men. To one of these gentlemen, by name Peard Dickinson, remarkable for the super-abundance of wig-powder, Mr. Clarke, in connection with a friend, addressed, in a serio-comic tone, the following letter:--

"Sir, -- The people want food: they consider you, by wearing powder, to be an unnecessary consumer, and call you and your party cannibals, and vow vengeance; we take the liberty to caution you, as you are narrowly watched, and sign ourselves -- Provident, and Little-faith."

A day or two after the delivery of this ominous note, Mr. Clarke perceived, while sitting at the dinner-table, a tall person with hasty step, marching up the street, bag in hand; it was the Rev. Peard Dickinson, who having taken alarm at the contents of the letter, was actually wending his way to the coach-office, where, mounting the earliest conveyance, he was soon beyond the reach of threatened vengeance. At the same Conference, Bradburn was seen to take off his wig upon some sudden popular out-break, and shake the powder from it until none remained.

It was one of the peculiarities of Mr. Clarke, in performing the duty of what is usually termed "saying grace," not to do it in the language of petition as asking a blessing, but in the strain of general thanksgiving, alleging as his reason, that a mistaken idea originated and continued the practice. "The food," he observed, "is already blessed, and will bless and nourish us; all the graces which the Bible demands and enjoins to be exercised for temporal benefits, may be summed up in the term gratitude: hence, I thank God before, as well as after the meal." This view of the subject was prominently brought before his mind by the absurd request of a man who, "wiser than the elders," once said to him, on joining the dinner-table, -- "Uncurse this food for us Mr. Clarke," imagining, in the sufficiency of his ignorance, that it was under the curse of Him whose every creature is good, and thankfully to be received. "That is a strange hymn of Charles Wesley's," Mr. Clarke observed, (in continuation of the above subject,) where he says, --

'Enslaved to sense, to pleasure prone;
We trembling taste our food;'

he must surely just then, have fallen out with God, with his works, and with man, to have written thus."

It was during the latter period of his residence in Manchester, that, after repeated solicitation, he was induced by his friend Dr. Easton, to sit for his portrait, to a Mr. S., just then rising into note. This was the first likeness in oils which had been attempted. Through some cause now hidden from view, the bright morn of the young artist became clouded; -- was succeeded by a gloomy mid-day, and a blackness of darkness in its even-tide; he was reduced to the inglorious occupation of a common scene painter, and finally died in circumstances of great destitution and wretchedness.

So highly did the good people of Manchester appreciate the value of Mr. Clarke's labors among them, and so prominently did their results stand out in the Methodist body, that he was invited, with great cordiality, by the influential members of the society, to remain with them a third year; to this kind and grateful request, he replied with characteristic pleasantry, "Ah, I fear some of the friends have drank into the Hutchinsonian theory, which speaks of disposers and shifters; now the disposers among you might be desirous to appoint, while the shifters would be equally willing to remove, their obedient servant, Adam Clarke." The decision of Conference, however, settled the matter, by determining the exercise of his future labors for a period, to Liverpool, whither we invite the reader, if he be not weary, to follow; promising him some instruction and amusement

even in a circuit, which we find upon looking through our memoranda, to be rather barren of stirring events and important information.

The subjoined inscriptions were written, "with the point of a diamond" upon his study window in Dale-Street; they will go, in the mind of the thoughtful peruser of Mr. Clarke's intellectual and moral progress, still further to develop some points of character, and will therefore prove interesting addenda to this account of his sojourn in Manchester.

"Good Men Need Not Marble: I Dare Trust Glass With
The Memory
Of
John Wesley, AM.,
Late Fellow of Lincoln College,
Oxford.

Who, with Indefatigable Zeal And Perseverance,
Traveled Through These Kingdoms,
Preaching Jesus,
For More Than Half A Century.

By His Unparalleled Labors and Writings
He Lived and Spread
Scriptural Christianity
Wherever He Went,
For God Was With Him.

But Having Finished His Work,
By Keeping, Preaching, and Defending the Faith,
He Ceased to Live Among Mortals,
March 2nd, MDCCXCI (1791)
In The Eighty-Eighth Year of His Age.

As a Small Token of Continued Filial Respect,
This Inscription
Is Humbly Dedicated to the Memory of the Above,
By His Affectionate Son in the Gospel,
Adam Clarke."

The house in which Mr. Clarke resided when he wrote the above, adjoins Oldham-Street chapel; and the "window" belongs to one of the upper rooms, still used as a study. Persons of minute observation will find a small crack in one of the corners of the pane, and as though Mr. Clarke had anticipated an objection against the durability of his "glass" monument, he intimates within the crack, by the point of the diamond, that the flaw was there before the epitaph was cut. The other inscriptions, cut with equal care, are as follows [in Greek, but translated into English in the printed text -- DVM]:

"I dwell with my own information: if thou acknowledge me, the fire shall serve (or be subject to) thee." -- Clement Alex. Pæd. lib. 3. c. 12.

"Not to err, is the property of God; and to act right in all things, or to set all things right."

"Being baptized, we are enlightened; being enlightened, we are adopted; being adopted, we are made perfect." -- Clement Alex. Pædag. lib. 1. c. 6.

On the wall of an inn in Sweden, was written the following inscription: "You will find at Trollhatte, excellent bread, meat, and wine, provided you take them with you." It was, comparatively speaking, of little consequence to Mr. Clarke, where the scene of his labors for the time being lay. The calm temper of mind in which he met all the events of life, and the judgment with which he provided against circumstances of inconvenience, prevented all feeling of dissatisfaction; and the native cheerfulness of his spirit, united to the most unshaken confidence in the moral government of God, provided him (to quote the advertisement we have appropriated in a figure) with "excellent bread, meat, and wine," in whatsoever quarter he was sent, for the fulfillment of his high and important calling in the ministration of the gospel of the grace of God!

The Conference (which he attended) was this year held at Leeds; he expressed himself much pleased and profited by the spirit which had characterized the conduct and proceedings of his brethren, in their grand annual meeting.

"Since we were a people," he remarked, "we never had such a Conference: heaven and earth have been united, harmony and unity alone have prevailed. Our business has met with uncommon dispatch: the particulars relative to the sacramental question have been adjusted in the most excellent way that I believe could have been devised in order to meet the wishes of both parties."

The success which resulted from Mr. Clarke's ministerial devotedness will be seen from the following account, contained in a letter written from Liverpool to his intelligent friend, Miss E. Cooke, dated Sept. 13th, 1793.

"Upon the commencement of my preaching here, the Lord began to work; crowds attended. Such times of refreshing from His presence, I never saw: should I die tomorrow, I shall praise God to all eternity that I lived to the present time. The labor is severe; nine or ten times a week we have to preach, but God carries on his own work, and this is enough. My soul lies at his feet. He has graciously renewed and enlarged my commission. All is happiness and prosperity. We have a most blessed work; numbers are added, and multitudes built up on our most holy faith. Such a year as this I never knew: all ranks and conditions come to hear us; -- the presence of God is with us; -- his glory dwells in our land, and the shout of a king is in our camp. Mr. M. is at present here; he is an extraordinary young man, and has an uncommon depth of understanding, and the most solid piety. God has much honored me, in making me the instrument of his introduction to the ministry.

Thus, in concert with the venerable Pawson, his superintendent and colleague, (of whom he ever spake in the terms in which a son would speak of a tender and affectionate father,) Mr. Clarke labored with ability and signal success in his new scene; nor was his usefulness restricted to his

own people; -- it extended to persons whose minds there was much less probability of biasing in favor of religious truth. It happened at this period, that Deism and Socinianism were rife in Liverpool: three gentlemen of the former class came one Sunday to the chapel for the purpose of hearing the strong arguments adduced in vindication of the doctrine of the atonement by Christ, and the pardon of transgression through belief in the same, which they had been informed were persuasively advanced by Mr. Clarke. The minister, as usual, placed prominently before his audience, the plan of salvation -- set forth the great sacrifice, through faith in which, man was brought into a state of reconciliation with God; and as he reasoned upon this gospel scheme -- upon the stability of its foundation in Christ; upon the preciousness of its promises, and the exceeding love of Him whom it described to have agonized, and bled, and died, for the offenses of a lost world, the three men gave the most earnest heed -- grew stricken at the history -- felt the demand it made upon their intelligent belief -- yielded to conviction -- became converts to the faith they had till this moment derided, and suppliants at the throne of mercy! One of them, with his wife, a woman of good understanding and elegant person, became consistent members of the Methodist society; and so, by the foolishness of preaching, the wisdom of the world was baffled -- sinners saved, and stars of eternal glory added to the ever brightening diadem of Immanuel!

Those who knew Liverpool nearly half a century ago, will recollect how different a place it then was, to the noble and splendid appearance it now exhibits. What is at present the old part of the town, will furnish a tolerable idea of the best part of it at the time of which we are speaking; but even then, building was carried on upon a pretty extensive scale, and large portions of waste land, where it was clay soil, were appropriated to brick-making. In the neighborhood of Pitt-Street, in which was Mr. Clarke's residence, a considerable manufacture of the above article [bricks] created a constant nuisance; the house was also in a confined situation, and surrounded by that description of small habitations, which, from want of cleanliness in their inmates, create a perpetual annoyance; his own description is as follows;--

"The house is small; the street in which it stands, miserable; -- the neighborhood wretchedly poor, and miserably wicked; -- the rest I leave."

A gentleman desirous of paying his respects, demanded; "Pray where do you reside, Sir?" "Neither in hell nor purgatory, yet in a place of torment," was the extraordinary reply. "Well, but where is it?" was the reiterated question. "You must go down Dale-Street, then along East-Street, and when you are up to the middle in clay and mud, call out lustily for Adam Clarke." Referring once to the confined yard adjoining the house, he said, "A poor shaving happened to be carried by a high wind into our yard, and there it was kept prisoner nearly six weeks; unable to effect its escape I watched that shaving from day to day; sometimes it would rise a little, and move from one spot to another by favor of an eddy of the air: on one occasion, as by a strong and desperate effort, it rose about a yard, but alas, dropped again; at length, I set the poor captive at liberty." Whether or not, as the Plummæ summa nantes in aqua of Virgil, gave warning when storms were coming on, so the presence and movement of this shaving indicated the approach of sickness, languor, and gloom, the imaginative reader shall decide; certain however it was, that the good people of Liverpool would no longer bear to see the injurious effects of the situation of this house, upon the wasting health and failing strength of their beloved minister, and accordingly, having in vain urged it upon him to make a formal complaint to the trustees, they took the occasion of an absence from home, to bring the matter to an issue, by summarily removing his household to a fine healthy situation, in one

of the best parts of Liverpool. This demonstration of affection was ever regarded by him, with emotions of the liveliest gratitude. [89]

About this time Mr. Clarke narrowly escaped a violent death. Roman Catholicism, (which would fain consecrate deeds of blood, by an assumed Divine right to persecute and slay all heretics,) was very popular in Liverpool among, the laboring classes of society, made up by constant influxes of Irish peasantry. The mere fact of religious difference, was sufficient to stir up some of these worthies to the most brutal outrage, as in the instance now to be recorded.

He had been preaching at a village in the neighborhood of Liverpool, and upon returning, received a dangerous blow on the head from a stone, which some miscreant [villain], in concealment, had thrown at him. For some time the most serious consequences were apprehended from this affair. The stone was thrown at him by a member of the Infallible Church, who was forthwith seized and carried before a magistrate, but Mr. Clarke refused to prosecute, esteeming it more consistent with the character of a Christian minister to forgive, than to enforce punishment. This attack was instigated merely by ruthless bigotry, which can, under given circumstances, make any action meritorious, although it be stained with blood; there was not, in the present instance, a shadow of reason for this murderous act, as no allusion had been made throughout the sermon which might have been adduced as a pretext for the violence.

"The day of small and feeble things" in Methodism was fast passing away, and it was beginning to assume a form of strength and compactness, which demanded attention, and awakened interest; and though in many places it was "a sect spoken against," yet its admirable adaptation to the circumstances and condition of the multitude, was acknowledged; as the results of its operation were undeniably prominent, especially among that portion of the community, who, utterly incapable of comprehending the well-digested and elaborate sermons read in the pulpits of the Anglican church, were still "as sheep going astray," or "looking up, and not fed." There are thousands of minds, which can be reached only by homely, and even rude addresses, who must be made to smile, before they can be made to weep; and whose attention can be gained only by illustrations, from which an educated taste would recoil with disgust and horror. To such, the familiar and often rough style of the early Methodist preacher, was intelligible and tangible. The public mind took cognizance of it, and the results were strikingly displayed in the conversion of thousands, and the consequent renovation of the whole moral scene. "Ever since the day of Pentecost, God has permitted his religion variously to embody itself," and adapts the instruments which accomplish his manifold ends; each one entering into the welfare, and eternal salvation of all who believe.

The original plan of annual stations was found to be inconvenient and expensive; but it was one of the natural results of that timidity which is attendant upon the infancy of institutions, as well as of arts, it being perhaps supposed in the early age of Methodism, that the taste of the people was more fastidious than a riper experience proved it to be. It must now be understood, that an invitation from a society to their preacher to remain a second year, was more a matter of courteous form, than of necessity; and it need scarcely be added, that the subject of this memoir was invited to continue in Liverpool; -- he acceded to the request, and steadily pursuing the same course of diligent usefulness, -- "walking by the same rule, and minding the same thing," was made the instrument of increasing and permanent good.

In the course of this year, he established a class, consisting of persons whom he designated as "outward-court-worshippers," by which he meant, persons who were not united to the church, and yet were not fit for the world; several met together under this denomination, and great good was effected by it. The first night of its assembling, he put down the sum usually contributed by the members of this brotherhood, exclaiming with evident satisfaction and pleasure upon doing so, -- "There, thank God, I am once more in class!"

It was his custom, while reading the lessons in his public ministrations, to comment upon them at some length; a plan which cannot be too much approved, as introducing prominently to notice, the Word of God, by more generally enforcing its precepts, and explaining its doctrines. Some persons, "understanding neither what they said, nor whereof they affirmed," gave him a quiet hint upon the length to which the service was protracted by this plan; intimating that it might perhaps he advisable when a lengthy exposition [90] of the lessons had been given, that the sermon should be curtailed; he made no reply, but evidently pondered the thing in his heart, for when it was next his turn to dispense the Word to these Pitt-Street censors, (having made his exposition of the lessons,) he opened, in his peculiarly lucid and interesting style, the subject of his sermon, enriched "with thoughts that wander through eternity;" -- just at the moment that his hearers were wound up to the pitch of a breathless attention -- "all eye -- all ear," he suddenly closed the Bible, and striking his hand upon its covers, exclaimed, in a tone of emphatic meaning, -- "I pray God to bless short sermons, and to those especially who wish a man to preach by the hour, rather than by the Holy Ghost!" -- then sat down, and blank disappointment was visible on every countenance.

We simply furnish the anecdote. To some, it might seem to savor of the courageous, though sarcastic spirit of Oliver Maillard: but it was decisive as a demonstration of the absurdity and unprofitableness of what is usually meant by short sermons. For though we by no means contend for a revival in our pulpits, of the long-winded harangues of the Cameronian divines, who permitted the hour-glass to be turned two or three times in the course of the service; or, for the introduction of the equally lengthy, and more dry and absurd disquisitions of the quod-libetarians, with those of Aquinas at their head; yet it is frequently necessary for the full and efficient exposition of Scripture, that more time should be taken, than the intensely comfortable ease of many would be disposed to allow. It has been urged, that long sermons, needing much preparation, prevent the becoming discharge of other ministerial duties.

How much success would result from attempting a defense of some preachers upon this point, it is not the present design to essay against Mr. Clarke, however, the objection does not lie: he was peculiarly adapted for, and zealously devoted to, this department of pastoral duty. The progress of the history to the present moment has evidenced, how admirably fitted; alike by the tender sympathies of his nature, and the deep and varied experiences of his own religious course, he was, for this "work of patience, and labor of love;" and the additional circumstance of his being conversant with the science of medicine, in its elementary parts, adapted him, in every sense, for the able performance of this difficult and delicate branch of ministerial duty.

It was during this period, that the societies became agitated by the famous Kilhamite division, upon which, as it is so generally known in the religious world, we shall not detain the attention of the readers by any other notice than the date of its occurrence. Mr. Clarke was far from

being the protagonist in the different maneuvers of that important era, yet his whole energies were concentrated for the benefit of the church; and albeit, he was not a sign, (as were some of the great men of the Connection,) around which the preachers rallied; yet he was an important helper in seasons of difficulty and danger. Through the united talents, zeal, and consecrated service of Mr. Clarke, and his venerable colleague, the Methodist societies in the town of Liverpool, were, in the course of these two years, doubled.

That in the space of two years, the numbers of a Christian society should be doubled, is an undeniable evidence of the diligence, fidelity, and zeal of the men who have labored in the word and doctrine, among the people composing any given section of the church of Christ, and it is most gratifying to find such a testimony of the success which followed upon these "labors more abundant," in the case of Mr. Clarke, and his venerable colleague, [91] than had been before witnessed in the Methodist Society in Liverpool.

It appears, that in several signal instances, that word of our Lord was verified; -- "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." The banner of the cross, unfurled by these colleagues in affection, as well as in ministerial duties, had emblazoned upon it, -- "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world;" and in the spirit of this invitatory command, "the ambassadors of Christ crucified," called upon all men everywhere "to repent, and believe the gospel." The test of truth, is evidence; and evidence, strong and irresistible, followed upon the declaration of the truth.

But before we pass onward, with the subject of these pages, to his next circuit, appropriate matter for reflection, for a few moments, presents itself to the mind. The character under review, we may not simply look upon, and hurriedly pass by; for it is, in intellectual formation, onward progress, and decisive and impressive action, -- a study; a subject to be contemplated in the results of certain modes of thinking and to be traced in its curious operations, alike upon the broad scale of progression to the final result, and in the mores minute, and delicate, and intricate workings which terminated in the same grand and infinitely important object.

The union of spirit which subsisted between Mr. Clarke and Mr. Pawson, was purely Christian. There was little in it of a literary character. Mr. Pawson published an edition of the life of Alexander Pedan, which was not exactly to the taste of Mr. Clarke. Viewed merely as a speculation, it was not altogether unprofitable. "But," said Mr. Clarke, -- though far from believing gain to be the object of his respected friend, "I should rather prefer making money in some other way. I have much less faith in the veracity of the book than Mr. Pawson: indeed, I strongly doubt the truth of many of the statements: and besides, there is no faith working by love in the man, but, on the contrary, working by malice: there is no apparent concern for human salvation, but prayers and prophecies for judgments. This was too much the case with some of the other Scotch reformers, who were more remarkable for their bitterness than their charity."

Adverting to another subject in connection with Mr. Pawson, who had recorded various facts illustrative of providence and grace, he remarked, that he himself had sometimes resolved on penning all the Methodistical anecdotes he possessed, just as they arose in the mind, without any reference to order, but simply to preserve them. "Dr. Whitehead," said he, deviating a little from the subject, "frequently refers to family papers, in the early part of his Life of Mr. Wesley. I spake,

and also wrote, to Miss Sarah Wesley respecting these papers. Though willing to impart the necessary information, she stated that she had no knowledge of such papers, and that she had not even heard of them from anyone of the family.

Such references," continued he, "must be considered apocryphal, till either the originals are produced, or some satisfactory account can be given of them. When Dr. Whitehead had made what use he judged proper of the papers, he gave them to Mr. Mortimer, one of the trustees. There was great dissension at the time; Mr. Mortimer retained what he thought fit, and gave the remainder to Mr. Pawson, who in his turn, presented Mr. Moor with what he deemed most valuable, and made a general conflagration of the greater part of the rest, save what was torn up as waste paper. Being in London at the time, I went into the yard at City Road, when the fire was at its height; and among other things, saw hundreds of Miss Bolton's letters committed to the flames, many of which would have thrown light upon her character, for she was an excellent sensible woman."

Being asked why he did not endeavor to prevent it, he replied, "I was young, and had but little power, in those days." It may be remarked, however, that he rescued a few of the MSS. from destruction; and these, he added, "greatly aided me in writing 'The Wesley Family,' though some of them were greatly mutilated." This was a subject which cost him much pain, and he could not refrain from some internal upbraidings as to the conduct of his otherwise excellent friend. He rejoiced, however, over the spoils he possessed, and among other treasures, about one hundred letters from Mr. Wesley to Miss Bolton.

The passion which the human mind has for hastening to general conclusions, makes it a difficult task to the biographer to arrest the attention of the reader, and to fix him upon the consideration of those minutiæ which are yet a part of the history of his subject, and go necessarily to the completion of his character; for each act of a reflective mind, is the consequence of a series of reasonings going on within itself, and is a representative of the ultimate fulfillment of the great whole. In the spirit of the axiom, that "speculative truth can never be alien from practical wisdom," Mr. Clarke sought to "intermeddle with all knowledge," and to profit by all the varieties of condition inseparable from this state of existence deeming it indispensably necessary, that truth, physical, philosophical, and theological, should be studied and absorbed by him, because the sublime object of his own intellectual movements was, the moral and spiritual progression of the people to evangelical holiness; and in reference to the oneness of the motive, the energetic declaration of the great apostle might, with the utmost fitness, be appropriated by him; -- "This one thing I do;" and thus the sunlights of philosophy, and heaven's revelation, permeated the entire substance of his mind; entering all its immeasurable, and ever-deepening capacities; illuminating, wherever they penetrated; producing energy, and buoyancy, and grandeur; because their essence was found in the primal source of influence, -- the supreme Father mind! -- and having thus furnished himself, he acted upon the great principle of a kindred intellect, concerning whom it is recorded, -- "He communicated to all, ungrudgingly, of his own."

Bacon says, "some knowledges, like the stars, are so high, that they give no light." This objection could never be made to the description of information with which Mr. Clarke supplied his mind; his knowledge was laid under perpetual contribution to the efficient discharge of duty in the ministrations, alike of the pulpit, and the sick chamber; for its varieties were adapted to all circumstances, and its resources were proved to be unfailing; he put to everlasting shame the

impudent monastic axiom, that "ignorance is the parent of religion," by pressing into the service of truth, the ever accumulating stores of knowledge, culled from ancient and modern sources, proving the value of that declarative opinion of Milton, that, "Books are not dead things, but do contain a potency of life to be in them, as active as that one was, whose progeny they are." Nay, he pursues, in his own nervous style; "they do preserve as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them."

It is a remark of Warburton, that of all literary exercitations, there are none of so much importance, or of so immediate concern to ourselves, as those which let us into the knowledge of our own nature; for these alone improve the heart and form the mind to wisdom. Mr. Clarke, thoroughly imbued by such studies, stood forth in the midst of his people with a nobleness and strength, to which the contemplation of philosophic and divine light had mainly contributed, and his teachings were in harmonious and striking correspondence with his acquirements, and their ennobling and spirit-stirring influence was felt, wherever his voice was raised in the exercise of his holy office on behalf of his Lord and Master.

* * * * * * *

ENDNOTES

1 The words in capitals are substituted by the writer, as suiting the purpose better than the original ones.

2 Aristotle.

3 An "Authentic Account of M. Thurot's Expedition," with "Particulars of his Life," is to be found in the Gen. Mag. for 1760, p. 107-112.

The following letter will not be uninteresting. It was written to Mr. Ebenezer Blackwell, respecting the taking of Carrickfergus.

"Carrickfergus, May 7, 1760.

"Dear Sir, -- I can now give you a clear and full account of the late proceedings of the French here; as I now lodge at Mr. Cobham's, under the same roof with Mons. Cabinot, the French Lieutenant General. When the people here saw three large ships about ten in the morning anchor near the town, they took it for granted they were English, till about eleven the French began landing their men. The first party came to the North Gate between twelve and one. Twelve soldiers planted on the wall (there were 160 in the town) fired on them as they advanced, wounded the General and killed several. But when they had fired four rounds, having no more ammunition, they were obliged to retire. The French then entered the town (at the same time another party entered at the east end of it) keeping a steady fire up the street, till they came near the Castle. The English then fired hotly from the gate and walls, killed their second General (who had burst open the gates, and gone in sword in hand) with upwards of four-score men. But having no more cartridges, nor any man that knew how to make them; they thought it best to capitulate. They agreed to furnish such a quantity of provisions in six hours, on condition the French should not plunder -- But they began immediately

to serve themselves with meat and drink; having been in such pressing want, that before they landed, the men were glad to eat raw oats to sustain nature. And some hours after, no provisions being brought, they took all they could find, with a good deal of linen and wearing apparel, chiefly from the houses where the inhabitants had run away. But they neither hurt, nor affronted man, woman, or child, nor did any mischief for mischief's sake; though many of the inhabitants affronted them, cursed them to their face, and even took up pokers or other things to strike them.

"I have had much conversation with Mons. Cabinot, who speaks Latin pretty readily. He is a Lieut. Colonel in the King's Guards, and a Knight of the Order of St. Louis. Indeed all the soldiers were picked men, drafted out of the Guards, and more like officers than men. I found him not only a very sensible man, but thoroughly instructed even in heart religion. I asked him, if it was true, that they had a design to burn Carrick and Belfast? (After the General was killed and the other wounded, the command had devolved upon him.) He cried out 'Jesu! Maria! we never had such a thought. To burn, to destroy, cannot enter into the head or heart of a good man.' One would think the French King sent these men on purpose, to show what officers he had in his army. I hope there are some such in the English army. But I never found them yet.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate servant,
JOHN WESLEY."

For further particulars, the reader may consult Mr. Wesley's Journals of May 5th and 6th, 1760.

4 The maiden name of Adam's grandmother was Boyd, into whose family the MacAuley's married, one of the descendants of whom was the celebrated Hugh MacAuley Boyd, ambassador to the Court of Candy, and one of the reputed authors of the Letters of Junius. Mr. Boyd, therefore, stood in the double capacity of relation and sponsor.

5 It was the opinion of Aristotle, that for the first seven years, more care should be taken of the body, than of the mind, and that intellectual education should not commence until the eighth year so it would appear, that little Adam was unconsciously obeying a dictate of philosophy in the inaptitude for learning which he manifested in early years.

6 Georgic I. 163.

7 Globe, April 26th, 1842.

8 Mr. Moore, observes, "that the enthusiastic admiration of chivalry which Edward III manifested during the whole course of his reigo, was probably owing to his having studied romances. In one of the Revenue Rolls of Henry III. there is an entry of silver clasps and studs for his majesty's 'Great flask of Romances.' Most likely, the descendant had studied the clasp book in his great grandfather's library. -- See D'Israeli's curiosities of Literature, vol. a. p. 292.

9 These gentlemen were the two principal lords of the soil, their estates joining each other. It was at the residence of the son of the Mr. Cromie alluded to, son-in-law of Judge Pennyfeather, and

proprietor of the Cromie Estates, that the Dr. and the writer were affectionately, intellectually and munificently entertained, while at Portstuart.

10 Vol. 1. p. 24

11 The sermon was founded on John v. 25, and was preached on Sunday morning, March 23, 1832.

12 Poetical Works, vol. 1.

13 The critic sticklers for mere correctness, do not seem to be of this opinion, who find limit with the magnificent imagery of Coleridge. "This love of correctness, remind one of those pictures of the Garden of Eden, which we see in old Bibles:-- an exact square, enclosed by the rivers, -- Pison, Gihan, Hiddekel, and Euphrates; each with a convenient bridge in the center, -- rectangular beds of flowers, a long canal neatly bricked and railed in the tree of knowledge, clipped like one of the Limes behind the Tuilleries, standing in the center of the grand alley: the snake twined round it; -- the man on the right hand, -- the woman on the left, and the beasts drawn up in an exact circle round them. In one sense the picture is correct enough: but compare with this, the effort of a painter, (if there were indeed one so richly gifted,) who could place on the canvas, that glorious paradise -- seen by the interior eye of him, whose outward sight had failed with long watching and laboring for liberty and truth:-- who could set before us the mazes of the sapphire brook, -- the lake with its fringe of myrtles -- the flowery meadows:-- the grottoes over-hung by vines -- the forests hanging with Hesperion fruit, and with the plumage of gorgeous birds; and the massy shade of that bower which showered down roses on the happy inmates; what should we think of that critic who should tell us, that this painting, though finer than the absurd picture in the old Bible, -- was not so correct!

14 Scott's Poetical Works.

15 Hear how the gentle Sidney speaks of such compositions. -- "I never heard the old song of 'Percy and Douglas,' that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet is sung by some blind crowder, with no mightier a voice than rude style."

The ballad acted an important part in the civil wars. "The songs of the Rump;" -- "The Downfall of Noll," -- "The Coming of the King," -- "The King shall have his own again:" these were the burden of songs, which, says a modern writer on the subject, "made the mob frantic with joy, and caused the giddy-headed crowd to toss up their arms, and dance like satyrs; for the very songs, written at first for a few, and sung in watchful secrecy, were, as the commonwealth waned and died, bellowed to the multitude." In our own day, we mean much within the last half-century, the potent spell of the ballad was not less felt; the "Hero of the Nile," confessed, that he owed to its influence, many of the victories which crowned our fleets: for the ballad by inculcating at once hatred of the French, and assurance of our own invulnerability, supplied an irresistible force and strength to the heart and arm of England. And we have heard of a country whose conquerors have forbidden her sons, on the pain of death, to troll forth the national air!

16 "What is generally called song," observes Alison, in his Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste, "will be found in reality not only the most expressive species of composition, but the only

one which affects the minds of uninstructed men: it is the only music of early ages -- the only music of the common people -- the only music which pleases us in infancy and early youth."

The same elegant author hazards an ingenious conjecture in reference to the origin of poetic composition, and its precedence to the prosaic form; a short extract from which we take for the gratification of the intelligent reader. "Before the invention of writing, the only expedient by which it seems possible that composition could be distinguished from common language, must have been some species of uniformity or regularity which right immediately convey the belief of art or design, and thus separate it from that vulgar language, which appeared to imply neither: it is hence, that in every country, proverbs, or ancient maxims of wisdom, are distinguished by alliteration, or measure, or some otter artifice of a like nature; -- that in many countries the earliest laws have been written in verse; -- and in general, that the artificial composition which now appropriated to poetry alone, was naturally the prevailing character of composition, and applied to every subject which was the fruit of labor or meditation, as the mark, the only one, which could be given, of the employment of this labor and meditation. The invention of writing occasioned a great revolution in composition, for what was written, was itself expressive of design: prose, therefore, when written, was equally expressive of design with verse, and the restraints which these imposed, led men naturally to forsake that artificial composition, which now no longer had the value it bore before this invention. The discovery of writing, then, occurs naturally to have led to the composition of prose. It might be expected also, that the same cause should have freed poetry from the restraints with which the ignorance or necessities of a rude age had shackled it, and that the great distinctions of imagery -- of enthusiasm -- of being directed to the imagination, &c., should have been sufficient distinctions of it from prosaic compositions, without preserving those rude inventions which were founded solely upon the expression of art."

17 Scott's Poetical Works; Edinburgh: Caddell.

18 Frazer's Mag., 1830.

19 Perhaps he was of the opinion expressed by a certain author, that "the cost of building without material was but trifling." The intelligent reader will recollect the reply of Ariosto, when told of the magnificence of his palaces: "The cost of poetical architecture," he observed, "is very little."

19 This is a subject in which a descendant may be permitted to glory and the family, perhaps, is not to be found in the Protestant world, that would not avail itself of such a notice of ancestral dignity. In the margin of Paul Knapton's beautiful London edition of Rapin's History of England, with Tindell's Continuation, 6 vols., folio, 1747, which belonged to Mr. Clarke, he had written, where the historian speaks of the landing of the Prince, vol. iii. page 113, -- "And was received by my great-great-grandfather, W. Clarke, who was a Quaker, with these words, -- 'William, thou art well-come to this kingdom,' -- and behaved himself in such a way, that the King was pleased to say, 'Sir, you are one of the most polite gentlemen I ever met.'

20 There are particulars connected with the address to the Prince, which occupied a place in the conversations of the subject of the memoir, in social life, which have not found their way into the graver pages of composition from his pen, and which exemplify the character of his great-great-grandfather. One of them shows a knowledge of the power of words on the part of his

ancestor, and a disposition to ascertain their various meanings and adaptations on the part of the descendant. More than once the latter stated to the writer, that he believed the address -- "William, thou art welcome to this kingdom," "contained a double entendre;" giving as the interpretation, -- "William, thou art welcome to this kingdom, to reign over us, -- take us for thine own; and William, thou art well-come, that is, it is well that thou hast come, at this critical time, to conquer our enemies." The principal difficulty in the way of giving the grandsire the credit of this double entendre, will be found to lie in the hostility of his religious principles, as a Quaker, to war though even to conquer an enemy. That William Clarke was extremely rigid in his adherence to the principles and practice of George Fox, is confirmed by another circumstance noticed by his descendant, viz. -- his repugnance to the office conferred upon him, -- repeatedly declining, and stating that it was foreign to the views he entertained of paying court to mortal man. -- The merit may be safely left between them.

21 Archbishop Tillotson has a somewhat amusing figure, in his "Thanksgiving Sermon" before the King and Queen, Oct. 27, 1692, on this circumstance. The text is Jer. ix. 23, 24. Speaking of the reigning powers, he observes of one of the sovereigns, "Thus have I represented unto you a mighty monarch, who, like a fiery comet, hath hung over Europe, for many years; and by his malignant influence hath made such terrible havoc and devastations in the world." Then, turning to William, he says, "This is the man whom God has honored to give a check to this mighty man of the earth, and to put a hook into the nostrils of this great leviathan, who has so long had his pastime in the seas. But we will not insult, as he once did, in a most unprincely manner, over a much better than himself, when he believed him to have been slain at the Boyne: and indeed death came then as near to him as was possible without killing him: but the merciful providence of God was pleased to step in for his preservation, almost by a miracle: for I do not believe, that from the first use of great guns to that day, any mortal man ever had his shoulder so kindly kissed by a cannon bullet."

22 There were two versifications of it, one of which was never obliterated from his memory, and for a copy of the other, together with a poetical piece composed in honor of the Prince, on landing at Carrickfergus, he applied, late in life, to a friend near the place. The verses are exceedingly humble in their structure, as the following specimens, penned from recital, will show:--

"July the first, on a morning clear,
One thousand six hundred and ninety,
King William gathered all his men,--
Of thousands he had thirty.

"July the first at Oldbridge town,
There was a grievous battle,
Where many a man lay dead on the ground,
By the cannons that did rattle."

To which of the versions the following verse belongs, is not for the writer to state; but it is worthy of either:--

"King William said, 'Be not dismayed,
For the loss of one commander,

For God will be your king this day,
And I'll he general-under."

That he should be curious in seeking after such compositions, at an advanced stage of life, when his mind was imbued with the hallowed principles of the "Songs of Zion," will not appear remarkable, when we recollect youthful associations, his partiality for the antique, their record of historical fact, and their connection with the place and persons of his ancestors, in the reflections of his mind.

23 "The Letters of Joseph Ritson, Esq., edited chiefly from originals in the possession of his Nephew," with "a Memoir of the author, by Sir Harris Nicolas," 2 vols., have since been published. He was born at Stockton-upon-Tees, 2 Oct., 1752, and died at Hoxton, near London, 23 Sept., 1803. He has been properly characterized as an enthusiastic laborer in the field of old English song and ballad -- unexampled in patience of inquiry and industry of research -- and, remarkable for his oddity of manners and sarcastic sallies against Scotchmen and his antiquarian brethren. It was his boast, that he was the only honest antiquarian; he disputed the accuracy of must of his brethren in the region of neglected verse, and shut his eyes resolutely on the light which glimmered from most lanterns save his own. He attacked, with indecent acrimony, the learning of Warton, and the poetic research of Percy. He was what the Scotch would call a bitter body, and made himself respected like a wasp. The character of an "unbeliever" might be sufficiently strong, taking it in its general acceptation, but not when particularly applied to a personal interest in Christ as a Savior. In one of his letters to his nephew, he observes, "That very officious person who told your mother that I had been informed of a great many Methodists coming about the house in order to sing, pray, &c., has been guilty of an enormous falsehood. I did hear, indeed, that her distemper was fostered and increased by a religious melancholy, which I very naturally concluded was supported by some of the above enthusiasts, and therefore I desired that none of them should be admitted in future. This commission was to have been entrusted to you, as I did not know, at the time, you were one of the gang."

24 Cadell published this edition, in 1813. The Dr's. copy is now in the possession of the writer, and has inserted in it, in the handwriting of the Doctor, -- "Greatly inferior to the ballad.--"

25 The world has seen many improvers since then, and most of them surpassing "Little Adam" in years. An American receives the credit of the following improvement, -- a little prejudicial, to say no more, to the gravity of an audience:--

"Ye finny monsters of the deep,
Your Maker's praises shout;
Ye coddlings, from your sand-banks peep,
And wag your tails about!"

There is little room, however, for triumph: we are not far behind the transatlantic sons of song. A parish clerk, having intimated to his master, that be intended to bless the church with an "Improved Version of the Psalms," was asked for a specimen of his work, with which, request he cheerfully complied; the clergyman was amply satisfied with the following couplet:--

"Blow, blow, blow ye breezes,
Whistle, whistle, through the treeses!"

26 The verses are taken from "The Bible; translated according to the Ebrew and Greeke, &c. Imprinted at London, by Robert Barker, Printer to the King's most excellent Majestie, 1606; commonly called, the 'breeches' Bible."

27 'sop's Fables have long been considered as lectures of moral and domestic wisdom, so well adapted to the faculties of man, that they have been received by all civilized nations; and the Arabs themselves have honored his translator with the appellation of "Locman the Wise."

28 Mr. Cottle, the author of "Alfred," and other poems, has published, in a small volume, connected with other subjects, some interesting particulars respecting this extraordinary man. There is also a good, condensed biographical notice of him, in the Wesleyan Meth. Mag., for 1793, p. 140-114 John's mother, speaking of his great evenness of temper, to a friend of the present writer, stated, That the servant girl found a number of his MSS. in an apartment of the house, and taking them for waste paper, lit the fire with, them. The case was detected and explained on one of his visits from college when he simply said, -- "Ah Mary, you have destroyed the hard toil of many a midnight hour; and much of what is gone, can never be recalled." It is to this extraordinary man that Dean Tucker refers, in a letter to Miss. H. More. See Roberts' Memoirs of Mrs. H. More, vol. 1, p. 195.

29 A few of the titles may be transcribed:-- Agrippa'a Occult Philosophy; -- Agrippa's Vanity of Arts and Sciences; -- Bulwer's Chirologia and Chironomia; -- Choice Manual of Rare Secrets; -- Manuduction to the Philosopher's Magical Gold; -- Cambachius' Philosopher's a True Secret; -- Coley's Key to Astrology; -- System of Magic; -- Barrett's Occult Philosophy; -- Glanvil on Witches and Apparitions; -- Indagine's Palmistry and Physiognomy, &c.; -- Middleton's Practical Astrology; -- Magia Adamica; -- Marrow of Alchemy; -- Ashmole's Theatrum Chemicum; -- Gifford on Witches; -- Dee's True Relation of his Action with Spirits; -- Gadbury's Collections of Nativities; -- Glauber's Works, containing Choice Secrets; -- Haly de Judicus Astrorum; -- Indaginis Chiromantia; -- Ramsey's Astrology Vindicated; -- Nazari della Tramutatione Metallica; -- Prætorii Chiromantia; -- Prynne's Queen Gold; -- New Light of Alchymie; Tryals of Witchcraft and Pyracy - Traite de l'Enchantement; -- Vallement Physique Occulte; -- Scott's Discovery of witchcraft; -- Treatise of Specters and Apparitions; -- Ramsey's Astrology Restored; -- Taisnierii Chiromantia; &c. The lots, from whence these titles are taken, are 32, 33, 109, 272, 273, 323, 345, 352, 523, 705, 912, 1003, 1024, 1088, 1089, 1303, 1317, 1429, 1459, 1465, 1719, 1721, 1731, 1766, 1791, 1810, 1882.

30 Christian Observer, 1813, Nov., p. 673.

31 Ibid. p. 871-2.

32 Slemish; formed, in some aspects of it, something like a tortoise, and unconnected with any other mountain. It is about three or four miles distant from Balleymena, and twenty-four from Coleraine.

33
*See Meth. Mag., 1824, p. 456.

34 Wesleyan Meth. Mag., 1824, p. 456.

35 Act II, Scene 2.

36 The eleventh edition, printed in London, for Churchill, in 1713, is now lying before the writer, and is entitled," The English Expositor Improved: being a complete dictionary, teaching the interpretation of the most difficult words, which are commonly made use of in our English tongue. First set forth by J. B., Doctor of Physic. And now carefully revised, corrected, &.c., &c., by J. Browne, author of the English School Reformed, &c., &c.

37 Hist. of the Jews, vol. I.

38 Arminian Mag., vol. 1., p. 264, for 1792.

39 Smith's "Consecutive History, &c., of Wesleyan Methodism, in Ireland," page 289 -- 290.

40 There is an anecdote respecting the good man worth recording, which Adam heard from his own lips. When they were sufficiently familiarized with each other, -- and no doubt with a view to guard his young friend against such things, who was sufficiently quick to perceive their bearings, he remarked, that he was invited once to take tea with a family, and that cards were introduced on the occasion. On having a set handed to him, he rose from his seat, assuming the attitude of invocation, and observed, that they had better ask a blessing upon the game before they commenced. It was objected by one of the party, that they were not in the habit of doing so: he returned "Never mind, we must have a blessing." Seeing him still standing, as if about to implore heaven to grant its blessing upon the act, and perceiving the incongruity of the affair altogether, first one, and then another, began to push the cards from him; and the feeling becoming general, they were thrown aside for more rational and profitable amusement. In this single circumstance, there is a volume of instruction; it told Adam, what it must tell every intelligent, accountable, immortal being, that be ought not to enter upon any act, which he could not unhesitatingly convert into a matter of prayer, and in the course of which, he could not, with confidence, look up to heaven for the blessing of God, in the sanctification of its use.

Two or three other circumstances, though not related by Adam, may be noticed as illustrative of character. On one of the occasions of his meeting some members in class after preaching, Mr. Barber came to a person of some property, who made profession of piety, but who did very little for the support of the Wesleyan interest in the place, and inquired into his state of mind, when he expressed himself as being happy. He again asked, "And you have Christ in your heart?" "Yes," replied the man. On this, Mr. Barber immediately pounced upon the selfish part of his nature, and inquired, "Have you room for a Methodist preacher in your house?" This was rather unexpected; and after a little hesitation, he intimated, that the family had not convenience for the entertainment of a preacher. Mr. Barber, who had felt the inconvenience of traveling a considerable distance for a bed after preaching, and still suspicious, that the principal difficulty was to be found in the want of disposition, again inquired, "If an intimate friend, or relation, were

to visit you, and to be thrown upon your hospitality for the night, do you think you could, with a little contrivance, find a bed for himself, and a stable for his horse?" This was equally unexpected, and in the midst of his embarrassment for an honest reply, -- (a case rather unusual on the other side of the channel,) he at length returned, "Why, in that case, we should be obliged," when Mr. Barber proceeded to speak to another of his auditors. His conduct, in another instance, was as singular as his address on the present occasion. He had some business to transact with Lord Annesley near Castlewetlan, county Downs. After concluding the object of his visit, he proposed prayer to his lordship. The latter, not quite prepared for the exercise, as well as unaccustomed to it on such occasions, politely interposed his interdict, by observing, "Oh, Mr. Barber, the ladies are in the room, and they will only laughs at us." Mr. Barber, too intent on what he deemed the religious improvement of his lordship, replied, "The ladies, my lord, have too much good sense and politeness to laugh at prayer;" and so saying, instantly dropped upon his knees before his lordship had time to meet him with another reply, which he was apprehensive might defeat his purpose. No one, except an honest, zealous man, would thus have ventured to presume on nobility, on its own domain; but Mr. Barber could take liberties, which would mar the credit of many men through life, with the parties concerned, without giving offense.

He resided some time at Glass Lough, a beautiful village on the border of a lake, where he was on terms of intimacy with the family of Colonel Lesley, the brother of Bishop Lesley. The Colonel, during his residence there, had entered into the marriage state a second time, with a lady much younger than himself, and remarkable for beauty. They called upon Mr. and Mrs. Barber, soon after their marriage. The names being announced, they were introduced. The usual ceremonies having passed, Mrs. Lesley entered into conversation, while Mr. Barber, in the opposite part of the room, and near the window, was rubbing and adjusting his spectacles. He placed one pair, of a different focus, in a certain position, in order to aid those commonly used, and then took an eye glass, with, a view to assist both. After having prepared the whole, he stalked across the room, took Mrs. Lesley by the hand, led her up to the window, and peering in her face, through his helps to vision, remarked, "The people say you are very handsome, and I am sure they have not belied you." He then conducted her to her seat. These show the man -- straightforward and unceremonious.

41 Meth. Mag. for 1832, p. 820.

42 Wesleyan Meth. Mag., 1832, p. 720.

43 Wesleyan Mag., 1832, p. 720.

44 Wesleyan Mag., 1832, p. 720.

45 Smith's Wesleyan Methodism in Ireland, p. 219.

46 John xv. 16.

47 "In defiance of all changes, two strange old poems, the wonder of ninety generations, still retain all their freshness; still command the veneration of minds enriched by the literature of many ages and nations they are still the delight of school-boys, having survived ten thousand capricious

fashions having seen successive codes of criticism become obsolete, they still remain immortal with the immortality of truths; -- the same when perused in the study of an English scholar, as when they were first chanted at the banquet of the Ionian princes."

48 Æid lib, I. 207.

49 The full title of this book is -- "The Godly Man's Picture, drawn with a Scripture Pencil: or some Characteristical Notes of a Man that shall go to Heaven. By Thomas Watson, Minister of The Gospel of Stephen's, Walbrook, in the city of London. Published 1666." The sentiment is to be found, c. i. p.8.

50 Page 15th, Fourth Edition, 1819.

51 The writer was presented with one of those singular instances of the transmission of literary property from hand to hand, when passing through the "Grand Exhibition" of Paintings, Antiques, &c., at Derby, Aug., 1843. Among other books, "Britannia Depicta, or, Ogilby Improved," was laid on one of the tables stated to have been given by John Wesley to John Bredin with the additional fact, that Adam Clarke allowed the latter £10 per annum towards the close of life, because of the service he had been to him at the commencement of his religious course.

52 Wesleyan Meth. Mag , 1832, p. 721.

53 Mr. Wesley refers to the unpleasant feeling which was experienced, and observed, -- "Tuesday, 27, Aug. Our Conference began; at which four of our brethren, after long debate, (in which; Mr. Fletcher took much pains), acknowledged their fault, and all that was past was forgotten. " -- Works, 8vo., vol. iv. p. 285.

54 A poetaster, who essayed to tune his harp, (he had better have hung it on the willows,) to a metrical version of the Bible; as a specimen of his signal ability for the task, take the following couplet;

"Was not Pharaoh a very great rascal,
Not to let the children of Israel,
Their wives and little ones,
Their servants and cattle,
Go into the wilderness,
To eat the Lords Pascal?"

55 In the Life of John Albert Bengel, by Burk, the reader will find at p. 61, an excellent letter written to a Mr. S____, who, from a mistaken
notion of piety, was under the temptation to abandon scientific pursuits, and to give up study. The two cases pair off well on the general principle laid down by our modern cynic.

56 Letter p. 13.

57 Mr. Marriott, who appears to have examined the Bible in his usual microscopic way, observes, "The following verses I conclude to have been his texts, being marked with rosettes. -- Gen. i. 27. -- xxviii. 15. Lev. xix. 17 Num. vi. 23-27. -- x. 29. -- xiv. 24. -- xxiii. 10. -- xxxv. 27, 28. Deut. iv. 9. -- xi. 13. -- xi. 13. -- xxx. 19. -- 1 Sam. ix. pt. 27, "stand thou, &c." -- xii. 23, 24, 23. 2 Kings, iv. 23. -- v. 12. -- xvii. 36. 1 Chron. xxviii. 9. Ezra, ix. 8. Job. xxiii. 10. Psa. i, whole -- v. 11. -- ix. 9, 10. -- xxv. 1,2,3,4, 5. -- xxxiv. 1 -- 6 -- 10. -- xxxvii. 39. -- lvi 13. Isaiah. ix. 6. -- xxii. 20, to the end. -- li. 14. -- lii. 7, 8, 9, 10. -- lvii. 15. Jer. xvii. 7, 8. -- xxxi. 9 -- 18 -- 19. -- i. 3. -- Ezekiel, xi. 16 -- 21 -- xiv. 14 -- 20. -- xvii. 24. -- xxxiii. 31, 32. -- xxxiv. 4. -- xxxiv. 16. -- xxxvi. 2.5 -- 31. Dan. vii. 13, 14. Micah a. 10. Matt. iii. 10. -- iii. 12, -- v. 3. -- v. 16. -- v. 25. -- vi. 9 -- 13. -- vi. 24, latter clause. -- vi. 34. -- vii 13. -- xi. 5. -- xi. 28, -- xiii. 3 -- 8. -- xiii. 24. -- xiii. 31,32, 33. -- xiii. 37 -- 41. -- xiii. 47, 48, 49. -- xv. 28. -- xviii. 1. -- xv iii. 23, &c. -- xix. 6. -- xx. 2, -- xxi. 28. Mark xii. 1 -- 8. Luke xiii. 8, 9, John iv. 23. -- v. 2 -- 9. -- viii. 12. Acts xvi. 14. 1 Cor. xv. 33,34. 2 Cor. iv. 51-- vi. 1. Phil. 1. 27. Heb. iv. 11. -- vii. 25.

In a subsequent letter, Mr. Marriott remarks, "The little pocket Bible, belonging to Dr. Clarke, has many chapters marked with two dots, which I cannot explain. Perhaps they refer to his daily reading. You have these chapters marked on the paper enclosed, distinguished with two dots." Gen. 1, 4,7, 14, 18,23,21, 23, 24, 25,27,30,33, 37, 40, 43, 46:, 47, Exod. 7, 10, 13, 19, 23,26,29,34. Lev. 6,8,11,16,19:, 21, 22:, 24, 2.5:, 27. Num. 1:, 4, 7, 10:, 11;, 13;, 16:, 19:,22:, 26,27:, 30:, 31,33. Deut. 1:, 4, 7, 10, 13, 16:, 19, 22:, 25, 28:, 29, 32. Josh. 4, 8, 11, 14, 17, 20,23. Jud. 1, 4, 7, 11, 14, 18. Ruth 1:, 1 Sam. 1,4,7,10, 13, 16:, 20:, 25:. 2 Sam. 1;, 5, 13, 18, 22. 1 Kings 4:, 7:, 9, 12, 16, 20:. 2 King 8: 11:, 14:, 17:, 20:. 1 Chron. 2:, 6: 1.5:, 22:, 26:,29:. 2 Chron. 4:,7:, 10:, 15,18:, 21:, 25: Ezrah:, 4:. Neh. 4:, 7:, 13:. Esther 3:, 7:. Job 1, 9:, 20:, 21:, 33:, 36:. Psa. 7:, 16:, 25:, 33:, 40:, 53:, 59:, 66:, 72:, 78:, 107:, 119:, 139:. Prov. 11:, 14:, 22:. Isaiah 5:, 9:, 16:, 21:, 24:, 37:, 44., 49:,54:,58:, 61- ..Jer. 4:,8:, 11, 14:, 18, 21:, 25:, 29:, 32:, 35:, 38:, 43:, 23,51:. Lam. 1:. Ezek. 1:, 4:, 8;, 12:, 16:, 18:, 21:, 26:, 28:, 34,37:, 43:. Dan. 4:, 7:, 10:. Hosea 5:, 10:. Zech. 11:. Matt. 7, 10, 13, 16, 22, 25. Mark 1:, 6, 7, 13. Luke 1,4, 7,10:, 13, 16, 22. John 1, 4, 7, 10, 13, 16. Acts 7, 10, 13, 20, 24, 27. Rom. 1, 7, 10, 14. 1 Cor. 4, 7, 10. 2 Cor. 4,7, 11. Gal. 1. 1 Tim. 4. James 1:. 1 Pet. 1:, 4. 1 John 1. 2 John 1. Rev. 1, 4, 8, 12.

58 Letter to a Preacher, p. 14, Fourth Edition, 1819.

59 Though the writer has others, the following will be proof sufficient on this point. The letters themselves were written to the Rev. Walter Sellon.

LETTER I. AD., 1754.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"I have seen your honest friendly letter to C. P., for which I thank you, both in behalf of myself, and the Church of England.

"You see through him and his fellows. Pride, cursed pride, has perverted him and them: and, unless the Lord interpose, will destroy the work of God, and scatter us all as sheep upon the mountains.

"In your fidelity to my old honored mother, you are a man after my own heart. I always loved you; but never so much as now.

"O pray on for the peace of Jerusalem. They shall prosper that love her. I know you wish her prosperity: you think upon her stones, and it pitieth you to see her in the dust.

"How unlike the spirit of poor Perronet, and his associates! What a pity such spirits should have any influence over my brother! They are continually urging him to a separation. Yet it is to pull down all he has built, to put a sword in our enemies' hands, to destroy the work, scatter the flock, disgrace himself and go out -- like the snuff of a candle.

"May I not desire it of you, as a debt you owe the Methodists and me, and the church -- as well as him, to write him a full, close, plain, transcript if your heart on the occasion. C. P., you know, has taken upon him to administer the sacrament, for a month together to the preachers, and twice to some of the people. Walsh, and three others, have followed his vile example. The consequence you see with open eyes. Oh! that my brother did so too! Our worthy friend at Clifton could not but believe my brother had laid on hands, or they would not have dared to act so. You have her thoughts in mine.

"I have heard your sincerity called in question, as if you ran with the hare, and held with the horses. I don't believe a word of it; as this letter proves.

"Inclose, if you think proper, your letter to my brother, in one to me, at Samuel Lloyd's, Esq., in Devonshire-Square. I shalt not grudge double postage. You must make one at our Conference in Leeds, which will be in May. Pray for us. I stand atone as the preachers imagine. Nevertheless, the Lord stands by me. Fain would they thrust me out that they may carry all before them." &c.

LETTER II., A. D., 1754.

"MY DEAR BROTHER AND FRIEND,

Write again, and spare not. My brother took no notice to me of your letter. Since the Melchisedeckians have been taken in, I have been excluded from the cabinet council. They know me too well to trust him with me. He is come so far as to believe a separation quite awful; only not yet expedient. They are indefatigable in urging him to go so far as that he may not be able to retreat. He may lay on hands, say they, without separating. I charge you keep it to yourself, that I stand in doubt of him: which I tell you, that you may pray for him the more earnestly, and write to him the more plainly.

"In May, our Conference is. You must be there, if alive. Direct to my brother at the F., to me, at Samuel Lloyd's, Esq., in Devonshire-Square.

"We can hold it no longer, (the Methodist preachers I mean), but must quickly divide to the right or left, -- the church or meeting. God be praised for this, that Satan is dragged out to do his worst, while we are yet living to look him in the face. I know none fitter for training up the young

men in learning than yourself or J. Jones. We must, among us, get the sound preachers qualified for orders.' &c.

LETTER III., A. D., 1755.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

"There is no danger of my countenancing them; but rather of my opposing them too fiercely. 'Tis pity a good cause should suffer by a warm advocate. If God gives me meekness, I shall, at the Conference, speak, and spare not. Till then, 'tis best the matter should sleep; or we should make the delinquent, desperate, and their associates, among the preachers, hypocrites. My brother purposely holds his peace, that he may come to the bottom of them. Your letters, (and some others wrote with the same honesty), have had the due effect on him; and made him forget he was ever inclined to their party. He has spoken as strongly, of late, in behalf of the Church of England, as I could wish; and everywhere declares he never intends to leave her. This has made the Melchisedeckians draw in their horns, and drop their design. 'Sed non ege credulus illis.' We must know the heart of every preacher; and give them their choice of the church or meeting. The wound can no longer be healed slightly. Those who are disposed to separate, had best do it while we are yet alive.

"It seems not so proper to show my brother your last to me. Write to him again, and urge it upon his conscience, -- Whether he is not bound to prevent a separation, both before, and after his death? whether, in order to this, he should not take the utmost pains to settle the preachers, discharging those who are irreclaimable, and never receiving another, without this previous condition, -- 'That he will never leave the Church.'

"He is writing an excellent treatise on the question, whether it is expedient to separate from the Church of England? which he talks of printing.

"Be very mild and loving in your next, lest he should still say, -- "The separatists show a better spirit than their opposers.' You may honestly suppose him now of our mind. I will answer for your admission to the Conference at Leeds in the beginning of May. My brother says his book will be out next summer. I will allow him till next winter. Is not Nicholas Norton under the influence of Charles Perronet? Keep copies of yours to my brother. J. Jones will thank you for a title. W. Prior, I suppose you know, is ordained? without learning, interest, or ought but Providence to recommend him. What are you doing in your part of the vineyard, and how does the work prosper? Write largely, and often. The Lord of the harvest is thrusting out laborers in diverse places. Mr. Romaine, Venn, Dodd, Jones, and others here, [London], are much blessed." &c.

In this way, to the latest period of life, Mr. Clarke Wesley added both to his own discomfort, and that of his brother, as well as of many of the preachers, by an over-anxiety, and high-wrought zeal for this church, while his union with his brother and the body, only added to the fever within.

60 Mr. McNab was in this Bristol circuit in 1779, at which period, Bath was included in it.

61 This letter was seen by Mr. Clarke, and the impression on the writer's mind at the time was, that he either possessed the original, or a copy of it.

62 The Wesley Family, p. 538, 8vo. edit.

63 Nov. 22-24, 1779. Mr. Wesley states: -- "My brother and I set out for Bath, on a very extraordinary occasion. Some time since, Mr. Smyth, a clergyman, whose labors God had greatly blessed in the North of Ireland, brought his wife over to Bath, who had been for some time in a declining state of health, I desired him to preach every Sunday evening in our chapel, while he remained there. But as soon as I was gone, Mr. McNab, one of the preachers, vehemently opposed that; affirming, it was the common cause of all the lay-preachers; -- that they were appointed by the Conference, not by me, and would not suffer the clergy to ride over their heads; Mr. Smyth, in particular, of whom he said all manner of evil. Others warmly defended him. Hence the Society was torn in pieces, and thrown into the utmost confusion. "I read to the Society a paper, which I wrote near twenty years ago, on a like occasion. Herein I observed, that 'the rules of our preachers were fixed by me, before any Conference existed, particularly the twelfth: -- 'Above all, you are to preach when and where I appoint.' By obstinately opposing which rule, Mr. McNab has made all this uproar. In the morning, at a meeting of the preachers, I informed Mr. McNab, that, as he did not agree to our fundamental rule, I could not receive him as one of our preachers, till he was of another mind.

"I read the same paper to the Society at Bristol, as I found the flame had spread thither also. A few at Bath separated from us on this account: but the rest were satisfied."

64 Miss Eliza, afterwards married to the Rev. John Thomas, rector of Begelley.

65 Journal, Oct. 20th, 1783.

66 The writer mentioned this anecdote to the author of "The World Before The Flood," when spending a few days with him; he remarked in return, -- "It was very likely the result of early instruction, and in all probability he carried up from his childhood the recollection of a similar case. His mother had one of the children before her one day, who was very slow at learning. Mr. Wesley came in, and said, 'Why do you sit there, my dear, telling that dull child a thing twenty times over?' 'Because,' replied Mrs. Wesley, 'the nineteenth is not enough.'"

66 Within the last century," observes Mr. Vaughan, in his able and spiritual work on Congregationalism; "God has blest the Church of England with a growing number of devout ministers; but this change she owes to Methodism.

67 Swinnock, of the puritanic school, employs this maxim in his "Christian Man's Calling;" a work calculated both to make, and keep, Christians.

68 Page 190.

69 This preposterous demonstration of loyalty, reminds us of the divine, who, preaching before the French king, "in an unguarded moment astonished the monarch, by declaring, that all men must die,

but as speedily amended his indiscretion, by adding, with a penitent look at his royal auditor, -- at least -- almost all."

70 This involves, in some measure, the principle taken up by Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Candlish, and other Christian-minded men, who are at present enlisted on the side of the Free church of Scotland, -- opposing an authority not recognized in Scripture.

71 Dugald Stewart, Sir James Mackintosh, J. Playfair, and Sir John Leslie; Dissertation on the History of Metaphysical, Ethical, Mathematical and Physical Science.

72 The lines are these --

"Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and thick
On German Crousaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck."

73 Professor Robison was at this time in the zenith of his glory. He became professor of natural philosophy in Edinburgh, in 1773, and contributed largely to the later volumes of the third edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," in co-operation with Dr. Gleig; from which time the work is acknowledged to have ceased to be a compilation, and to have attained a high degree of scientific excellence, but it is to the Supplement," in 2 Vols., generally ascribed to the professor, that a reference in all probability is made.

75 Her name is variously spelled by the preachers, on her Society tickets, but generally as above. These tickets were given by her to Mr. Clarke, who, for several years, was endeavoring to collect a series from the commencement; but failing in his purpose, and finding the collection of the present writer much larger than his own, he gave them to him, saying, -- "For the last thirty years, I have been trying to make up a set; but as you are more likely to effect this than any one besides, you shall have mine." The first female class-paper in Bristol accompanied them, written, apparently, by Mr. Charles Wesley, at the head. of which, the name of Dame Somerhill stands, as the leader.

76 Though Mr. Southey misunderstood the religious character of Mr. Wesley, no one understood his intellectual character more clearly, or has done greater justice to it, than he has in his life of that great man. In a conversation whirl, the present writer had upon the subject with the laureate, he observed, "I may state to you, that, in reference to my Life of Wesley, I have had letters from dignitaries of the church of England, from statesmen, and various literary characters, lauding the work, and thanking me for its publication. Mr. Watson's Observations I have not seen, nor do I intend to read them. I rarely read works written against me. I wrote the Life of Wesley independent of party -- with as little hope of favor from the churchman as from the dissenter; but no man can take up that life, and read it, who, on laying it down, will not say -- John Wesley was a great and a good man. I may have been mistaken, but no man can say, 'an enemy hath done this;' an enemy to John Wesley I could not be. Some of my earliest recollections and associations are in his favor. I was in a house in Bristol where he was, when a mere child. On running downstairs before him, with a beautiful little sister of my own, whose ringlets were floating over her shoulders, he overtook us on the landing, when he took my sister in his arms, and kissed her. Placing her on her feet again, he then put his hand upon my head, and blessed me; and I feel," continued the bard,

(highly impassioned -- his eyes glistening with, tears -- and yet in a tone of grateful and tender recollection,) "I feel as though I had the blessing of that good man upon me at the present moment!" Mr. Southey adverts to the subject also in a letter to Mr. Wilberforce. Mr. Wesley's attention to children is proverbial; and the grateful remembrance of Southey, together with his ready recurrence to the fact, is highly creditable alike to lift feelings and to his character.

77 It was here, especially, that his mind received a spring, the beneficial influence of which it never lost. While upon this circuit, he reaped great advantage from the friendship of James Hore, Esq., R. N., who lent him books, and amongst them Chambers' Encyclopædia, to which he was extremely partial. Miss Kennicott also lent him her brother's edition of the Hebrew Bible, which he studied with diligent care; and purchasing Leigh's Critica Sacra about this period, he was greatly aided in his Hebrew studies. It was here he entered the harvest field and the sheaves with which he was laden in after life, prove both the excellence of the crop, and the diligence of the reaper. But a circumstance occurred which had nearly proved fatal, alike to his studies and his life; he was put into a damp bed at Beeralston, one effect of which was, a violent cough, which continued several years in its wasting influence; he complained of it so far down as the present year -- 1780; and he never entirely lost it.

78 This advice on the subject of prayer-meetings was necessary at this period especially, in consequence of the "long prayers" of some of the persons who officiated. Mr. Clarke remarks on this; "I said to a pious couple whom I had known to be diligent in all the means of grace; 'Why do you not attend the public prayer-meeting, as you were accustomed to do?' 'We cannot, without standing, during prayer, which we think is unbecoming, and would be a bad example; the prayers are so long that we cannot kneel all the time; sometimes a verse of a hymn is given out while the people are on their knees, and two or three pray: we cannot kneel so long, and therefore are obliged to keep away.' In such a case I could only say, I shall endeavor to remedy this evil. In another instance, I was the chief sufferer. At a public meeting, a pious brother went to prayer, I kneeled on the floor, having nothing to lean against, or to support me -- he prayed forty minutes, I was unwilling to rise, and several times was nearly fainting -- what I suffered I cannot describe. After the meeting was over, I ventured to expostulate with the good man, and in addition to the injury sustained by his unmerciful prayer, I had the following reproof: 'My brother, if your mind had been more spiritual, you would not have felt the prayer too long.' I mention these circumstances not to excuse the careless multitude, but in vindication of such sufferers, and to show the necessity of being short in our prayers, if we expect others to join us.

79 Dr. Clarke's Miscellaneous Works, vol. ii, page 359.

80 One petition which he was requested to present to the Conference, may be noted for its ardor and singularity:--

"To Adam Clarke, Assistant, of Whitefriar -- Street, Dublin.

"To the a General Assembly, Greeting.

"The important occasion of writing, urges our agitated powers into swiftness and energy, -- petitioning the united command of all the arbitrary preachers, whom we hold in general esteem,

retracting this one, namely William Wilson, of the Balleyconnel circuit, who we see, by a providence of God was sent to us, and have enjoyed the year with particular advantage: and if permitted another year, we trust it will be a greater advancement to the Methodist Community, and interior work of souls, and at a future period will be most pleasing to his co-adjutors, and will gratify the infinite desire of the undersigned, with many other subscribers."

Had the petitioners not been known to be simple-hearted men, and warm admirers of the preacher in question, the petition might have passed off as a piece of pleasantry. Mr. Clarke could do little more than smile at the zeal of his countrymen, who were only to be surpassed in ardor afterwards by the advocates for the repeal of the Union.

81 The writer has several of his tickets, regularly received, as any other member, from his brethren in the ministry, and the case in which he deposited them; several of them with dates subsequent to this period.

82 It is amusing sometimes to read the adverse opinions of great men. It is stated of the Rev. B. Hall, that "In his manners, he was a close imitator of Dr. Johnson; fond of tea-table talk, and of the society of cultivated females, who had the taste to lend him an ear, and the ability requisite to make attention a favor. He has confessed to me the taking of thirty cups of tea, in an afternoon, and told me his method was to visit four families, and drink seven or eight cups at each." -- Memoir by Dr. Gregory.

83 A discrepancy appears between the Minutes of Conference and some of the facts noticed in connection with Manchester. In the Minutes of 1791 and 1792, Mr. Benson and Mr. Clarke appear to be the preachers stationed by the Conference on the circuit. But in consequence of changes having been made towards the close and after the sittings of Conference, though under the sanction of the president, the names of preachers have occasionally stood opposite circuits to which they have not been sent. This was the case with the young man, as already noticed, whose place Mr. Clarke was called to supply, the former not having gone to his appointment, and also in the Norwich appointment of 1783. In 1805, not to mention other cases, Mr. Burdsall stands for Salisbury, and Mr. Pearson for St. Austell; but the fact of the case is, as stated to the writer by Mr. Burdsall himself, that he went to the latter place, and Mr. Pearson to the former; yet, in each case, the error has been transferred from the 12mo. to the 8vo. edition of the Minutes. So it is here; Mr. Bradburn stands for Birmingham in 1791, but was in fact at Manchester, where he had been stationed the year preceding. To one published account of the Strangers' Friend Society, the Rules are represented as signed by Messrs. Bradburn and Clarke, "Manchester, March 7th, 1791;" while this confirms the fact of Mr. Bradburn's connection with Manchester in 1791, the date is nevertheless incorrect as to the Strangers' Friend Society; for, in addition to the improbability of the preachers having their minds engrossed in the establishment of such a society, just at the period of Mr. Wesley's death, Mr. Clarke was at that time in Dublin. In support of the fact, that Mr. Bradburn was traveling in Manchester with Mr. Clarke, after the Conference of 1791, the following extract from the original rules, now lying before the writer, (a folio sheet, printed in Manchester, by C. Wheeler, in double columns, signed by Messrs. Bradburn and Clarke,) will afford fair evidence:-- "The Nature, Design, and General Rules of the Strangers' Friend Society, Instituted at Manchester, Nov. 7th, 1791." On the back of this sheet, which was left blank by the

printer, Mr. Bradburn thus writes to Mr. Rodda, to whom the sheet was addressed, and which, we give entire for the sake of the insight it gives into society.

"Manchester, Dec. 8, 1791.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, -- According to promise, I send you the Rues of our infant Society. I have no doubt, you will wish it prosperity. It is the instrument of great good.

"I may state to you, that Mr. Clarke and I have given up the use of sugar in everything, except medicine, which has sugar in it; and this we shall continue, till the slave-trade is abolished. We have avowed this both in public and in private; and have induced members to leave off that drug, -- a drug composed of the slave-dealers sin, and the slave's misery. Nor have I tasted tea since the 10th of October and, I believe, I shall never taste it again. Leaving it off, cost me a few headaches at first; but I glory in having obtained a complete conquest over that which led me captive upwards of twenty years.

"Mr. Richard Barlow is doing all he can to justify Dr. Whitehead. I wish you would send me, without delay, a copy of your full answer to all that he advances in his printed letter. The subscriptions are at a full stop, in consequence of Mr. B. having read (of course in my absence) the Doctor's Letter to the Leaders. What are the executors about? Their names are the foremost of, I suppose, forty -- however, of a great many who have signed his Letter. Send me, I beseech you, all the help you can on this head; for as Manchester is, so will many surrounding places be. Rely upon this, -- I will spare no pains to serve the preachers, and strengthen the hands of the London Committee. No one can be too zealous in this cause.

"I am, your truly affectionate friend,
"SAMUEL BRADBURN."

The two dates -- that of the printed Rules, and that of the autograph letter, are confirmatory of the same fact. Another link in the chain of evidence, that he was there through the whole of that Methodistical year, is to be deduced from the fact of his having published his "Address to the People called Methodists, concerning the Evil of encouraging the Slave-Trade," at "Manchester," in "1792," which was printed at the press of "T. Harper, Smithy-Door," in which pamphlet, he mixes himself up with the Wesleyan Society there, having taken an active part in procuring signatures for a petition against the vile traffic in human blood, pp. 13, 14.

It may be noticed in passing, that Dr. Whitehead's Letter, alluded to in Mr. Bradburn's communication to Mr. Rodda, refers to the misunderstanding that subsisted between the Doctor and the Preachers, relative to his intended Life of Mr. Wesley.

84 Sir Humphrey Davy.

85 See Moore's notes in "The Epicurean."

86 Ashmole, in one of his chemical works, prefixed a frontispiece, which, in its several compartments, exhibited Phoebus on a Lion, and opposite to him Diana, with the moon in one hand, and an arrow in the other. -- See Curiosities of Literature, vol. 2.

87 For a condensed view of the controversy upon this subject, the reader may consult a pamphlet by the Rev. R. Hodgson, entitled, "Wesleyan Methodism, Considered in Relation to the Church:" beginning at page 43, and reading on attentively, he will find a fair and temperate epitome of this important controversy; culled from the mass, by the hand of a master -- in the spirit of a truly Christian minister.

88 Thomas Marriott, Esq., observes, in a letter to the writer, "Looking into a MS. diary of the late John Valton, I find the following remarks: 'Augt. 15, 1792. This night, at half-past 10 o'clock, our Conference ended, it was the most solemn and important I ever attended. We spent much time in debate, and had need of all the reason we could command. Two or three of the brethren were very warm, which grieved me. I could not, however, but remark three answers to prayer during our sittings. We agreed, on the first meeting, to ask the Lord to send us suitable weather for the sake of the corn, and He granted our request. We had no rain during the Conference, except a small shower. The next referred to the sacrament of the Lord's supper; whether or not it should be administered by us. At a time when there was much confusion, not a little warmth, without any probability of a speedy and satisfactory close, Mr. Pawson proposed, that several of the brethren should solemnly and devoutly make it subject matter of prayer to God, and then proceed to decide it by lot. The motion was carried, lots were prepared, and some time was spent in prayer. Mr. Clarke, then, standing on the table, read the lot, which was, 'You shall not give the sacrament this year.' His voice, in reading it, was like a voice from the clouds! A solemn awe rested on the assembly, and we could say, 'The Lord is here of a truth.' All were either satisfied, or submitted, and harmony and love returned. The last night, between 9 and 10 o'clock, we were in great confusion and uncertainty how to act towards the disaffected trustees. We went to prayer, calling upon God to appear in our behalf. The Lord answered us in rich mercy. The affair was settled, and love possessed every breast. A day of thanksgiving was appointed, and we all stood up to testify our determination to give ourselves more fully than ever to God. Having done this, we sung -- 'Praise God,' and went to prayer, and parted in the utmost love and harmony." In drawing lots, after prayer, there was evidently a reference for support, to Acts i. 24-26; "And they prayed -- and they gave forth their lots; and the lot tell upon Matthias." Mr. Clarke has been heard pleasantly to remark, that he drew the first lot that was ever drawn in a Methodist Conference.

89 Mr. Clarke crowded a pane of one of the windows of one of his Liverpool residences, with diamond records, as he had done in Manchester. The characters in English, Greek, Latin, Arabic, Persaic. &c., are cut with the greatest precision; long sentences, in most instances, from each language, being transcribed. The house having since then been pulled down, the pane thus referred to was preserved by Mr. W. Comber, one of the trustees, and passed successively into the hands of the Rev. David MacNicoll, the Rev. W. B. Stephenson, and lastly into those of the writer; and it is here noticed because of the beautiful manner in which the characters are executed.

90 The great Robert Hall found his people, both at Cambridge and Leicester, averse to exposition. In this, they outdid the friends at Liverpool, who were neither averse to expositions nor sermons, but only to the length of the latter, in connection with the former.

91 For a short, yet interesting Memoir of this admirable and devoted minister, the reader is referred to Vol. XII. of Dr. Clarke's "Miscellaneous Works."

* * * * * * *

END OF VOL. I.

York -- Coultas, Printer, Ouse-Bridge.